THE FORUM

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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

WHY PROHIBITION WILL WIN

VISCOUNT ASTOR

I HAVE just paid my second visit to the United States and Canada since the War. I did not set out to make a special inquiry into temperance on either occasion, but used every opportunity to ascertain people's views on this question.

I have been interested in the question ever since I was put on the British Liquor Control Board during the War. This body was set up by the Government to control drink, — the objective being to increase national efficiency. When I got this appointment I had no views on, or special knowledge of, the temperance question and so was able to approach it with an unprejudiced mind. The Board tried a variety of experiments, such as diminishing the hours during which intoxicants could be sold, reducing the amount of pure alcohol in whisky, encouraging canteens where workers could get better meals than those provided in the public houses.* The Board also in one town (Carlisle) bought out the whole liquor business, — breweries and public houses. They

*In England saloons, i.e., places where intoxicants are sold retail for consumption on the premises, are called public-houses. They are usually owned by breweries which forbid the sale in their houses of beer made by any rival firm.

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established there a system of disinterested public ownership under government supervision and a monopoly for the manufacture and sale of drink. Since then no trading in alcohol for private gain has been permitted in Carlisle. There ceased to be any private capital demanding dividends or investors clamoring for increased sales.

In Carlisle no money is spent on advertising drink, on hoardings, railway stations, newspapers, etc. Those who sell behind the counter, who work in breweries, or who bottle imported spirits are employed by a public body and are not responsible to investors for keeping up profits; their income is not dependent on the quantity of liquor sold to customers. The sale of food and non-intoxicants is encouraged. A system of public audit of accounts has been established. No money made out of intoxicants in Carlisle can be given to political associations or as subsidies to politicians to protect the interests of "booze" in the legislature. This Carlisle experiment differs in many respects from the Quebec and other Canadian methods of government control. It has shown both the advantages and the limitations of complete public control. It has taken the Liquor Traffic in Carlisle itself entirely out of politics, — a gain which, if spread over the whole country, would be immense. Whether the social and physiological gains are sufficient is still being violently debated. Prohibitionists rightly point out that intoxicants intoxicate even when sold under public control. The Liquor Trade attack it continuously and unscrupulously. They realize that in England this system is at least as great a danger to their future prospects of making money out of the community as Prohibition.

The Control Board also set up a committee of medical and scientific experts to survey existing knowledge and acquire new information by original experiments on the physiological effects of alcohol.

Later, I was at the Ministry of Health, where I had a further opportunity of studying the effects of alcohol on health and life. I was also one of the Prime Minister's secretaries when the Cabinet was considering legislation suggested to them by the Control Board for a drastic reform of the liquor business during the War. I then realized to the full the political power of this industry. As Mr. Lloyd George once rightly observed, it has fre-

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quently beaten the Government, the people's representatives. When my wife entered Parliament the Liquor Trade used the whole of their power to try to drive her out of public life because she was a temperance reformer. They have descended to depths which one would not have imagined anyone would have countenanced. Naturally, in order to protect her I have had to study their methods.

I mention these personal details to indicate that I am not unqualified to write about the Drink Problem, — that I have had special opportunities for studying its physiological, social, industrial, and political aspects. I have also devoted time to the religious aspect, — to thinking out whether the use of alcohol impedes the attempt all should make to be more unselfish, to develop one's higher and spiritual as distinct from one's lower and animal nature, and whether its effect on the brain and mind enables one to get a clearer apprehension of God and of His creation.

The real difficulty in dealing with Prohibition in the United States lies in the fact that its results vary enormously in this vast country; so does sentiment about it. This is only natural, but it is too often forgotten. There are large tracts of country (mainly in the interior) where the law is welcomed and respected, and where beneficial results are generally admitted. But there are also communities (particularly large cities on the coast) where there is admittedly a considerable amount of drinking, although apparently the total volume consumed is less than before the War. Without doubt the law is resented by a large proportion of the inhabitants of certain towns, and, unless a law which affects the social habits of men is approved of by a decided majority, it is likely to create those distinct and very real evils which have arisen and are causing anxiety to many who hitherto have backed Prohibition.

Since local option (i.e., the right of communities to vote on the use of alcohol) has been replaced by the Eighteenth Amendment, the chance of clear self-expression has been taken away from the people. Certain results follow. Both camps can claim, but neither can prove, that they have popular opinion on their side. It is quite possible that large cities now have a system which is disapproved of by a majority of their inhabitants. The discontents

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are usually more vociferous than the contented supporters of the law when they are in a majority. Lastly, people are no longer forced to face their responsibility toward the community and by their vote, as at a referendum under local option, to show approval or disapproval of the use of intoxicants. A new generation is rising which knows not the evils of the old days, which has not had to study the effects of alcohol, but which only hears abuse of the present system and sees a certain amount of dissipation and disorder. This new generation has not been forced to think out matters and decide between specific alternatives after having heard both sides.

What are the main criticisms one hears? They are that the nation's morale is suffering through law-breaking and lawlessness, and that this lawlessness is mainly due to Prohibition; that the machinery of government is being corrupted; that the rich can get intoxicants and so have an advantage over the poor; that there are drinking orgies amongst poor as well as rich; that the taxpayer spends millions in a vain attempt to enforce the law; that the use of drugs has increased; lastly, that the use of alcohol is constantly before people's minds because Prohibition forms such a frequent topic of conversation.

These criticisms might be true, and still the country, taken as a whole, be no worse than it used to be or than wet nations are. How do the gains and losses in the American national balance sheet compare with those of the drinking epoch? How does the dry United States compare with drinking countries? Does her balance sheet show a net loss and theirs a net gain? Does Prohibition create all the evils which are alleged to accompany this attempt at national total abstinence?

No complete investigation into the economic and social aspects of the problem has yet been made. Such a survey by impartial, trained men of standing and experience is much needed. We know that most large European cities have their "orgies" which are not to be explained as a by-product of Prohibition. Since the War both wet Britain and wet France have had to legislate against the increased use of drugs. The use of alcohol may not form so frequent a topic of conversation in the Old World, but it is constantly thrust before men, women, and children by commercial advertising. In England, for instance, over ten million dollars

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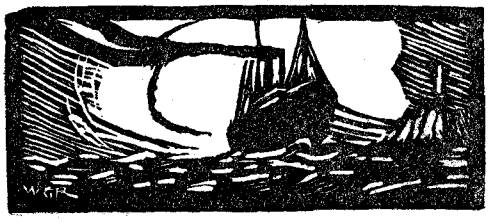
cess. At the moment, Prohibition as a national policy is supported by the business community, by all the Protestant churches, by the women's organizations, by the farmers, and probably by the bootleggers, — altogether a very powerful combination for any political party to challenge successfully. In Europe we are constantly told that American Labor desires to reestablish the liquor interests. Even if this were true, Labor is not so universally organized in America as in Britain and does not take the same part in politics. But it is not true. Manual workers in the United States belong in great measure to what is called the middle class. They belong to Labor but not to the lower classes. These men are often associated with church and chapel. These would be against drink. Then also, too many wives of manual workers attribute to Prohibition the comforts of their homes to make at all universal the pro-liquor views of a limited number of Labor leaders in districts where there are foreign-born workers.

Alcohol is the alternative to effective performance. America is going forward and means to continue doing so. In spite of the formidable constitutional difficulties I have indicated, some modification may be devised to improve matters in those large cities where a decided majority oppose the present law, but the people of the United States are unlikely to reestablish the liquor traffic as an industry. The business instincts and commercial expansion of this industry of necessity conflict too obviously with national welfare. Nor will the American people start again the general use of intoxicants, for science and experience have proved that these take the edge off efficiency, blunt ideals, and are always on the side of the flesh in its war against the Spirit.



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THE AMERICAN TAKES A HOLIDAY

AGNES REPPLIER

FIFTY years ago, when England had more money than she has now, and the United States a great deal less, Henry James observed that his countrymen possessed little aptitude for that "active leisure" which was the Englishman's delight and joy. "A large appetite for holidays, the ability not only to take them but to know what to do with them when taken, is the sign of a robust people. Judged by this measure, we Americans are sadly inexpert. Such holidays as we take are spent very often in Europe, where it is noticeable that our privilege is heavy on our hands."

Mr. James habitually confined his observations to the wealthy and cultured classes, to the very small minority of a very big world who make the *dramatis personae* of his novels. Moreover, though his own life was constructed after the pattern of a houseboat on the Thames, he had a deep and abiding admiration for crafts that sailed the open seas. He was by admission "the votary and victim of the single impression, the imperceptible adventure;" but he knew better than most men the value of wider impressions and rougher adventures to the intrepid human soul. He never forgave Alfred de Musset for refusing an appointment as attaché to the French embassy at Madrid. "There is something really exasperating," he wrote, "in the sight of a picturesque poet wantonly refusing to go to Spain, — the Spain of de Musset's youth. It does violence to even that minimum of intellectual eagerness which is the portion of the contemplative mind."

When the contemplative mind is a French mind, it is content, for the most part, to contemplate France. When the contemplative mind is an English mind, it is liable to be seized at any moment by an importunate desire to contemplate Morocco or Labrador. It took the seductive promptings of George Sand to get de Musset so far as Venice; but Shelley's first and last impulse was for flight. The roving instinct which peopled England has for a thousand years sent her sons wandering over the earth. She has been well aware that they wander to some purpose. A wise law of King Athelstan's conferred in 927 the rank of a thane, or gentle-

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man, upon any merchant who had made three voyages to the continent. Ranulf Higden, a Benedictine monk of Saint Werburg's monastery in Chester, and one of the most veracious chroniclers of the fourteenth century, comments keenly upon the restless spirit of his countrymen and upon its consequences. They are, he says, curious to see foreign countries and eager to tell what they have seen. They live for years in remote lands and thrive in them. They spread themselves over the earth and consider every region they inhabit as their own.

Certain it is that the first simple and rudimentary guide-book which we know anything about was written by an Englishman, William Wey, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford in 1460. It was designed for the use and benefit of pilgrims bound for the Holy Land or for the shrine of Saint James at Compostella; and gave useful directions for the handling of luggage, the choosing of good donkeys, and the payment of proper fees. It also contained a list of foreign phrases and told the traveler how to ask for what he wanted; how to say in divers tongues, "Gyff me that," "Woman have ye goyd wyne?" and (words forever on the wayfarer's lips) "Howe moche?"

There were not wanting then, as now, critics who denounced the wanderlust they did not share. In 1617, Joseph Hall, the good and cautious bishop of Exeter and Norwich, published a book entitled *A Juste Censure of Travel*, the contents of which may be imagined; and in 1579 John Lyly solemnly warned his countrymen that they did ill to relinquish, even for a season, the physical and moral safety of home: "Let not your minds be caryed away with vaine delights, as with travailling into farre and strange countries, wher you shal see more wickedness than learne virtue and wit."

The American, whose land is too vast to permit a sense of imprisonment by waters as the ocean imprisons Britain,

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,"

is a less intrepid voyager. Our aviators dash for the Pole, our scientists explore venomous jungles, our capitalists sail for Paris or London on gilded liners which supply swimming baths and moving pictures to beguile the tedious hours. These classes do not represent their country. They are not the spiritual descend-

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ants of the early settlers, any more than the men and women who roam in congested Fords along congested highways are the spiritual descendants of the men and women who trekked in prairie schooners over the limitless western plains. One might as well compare the Atlantic City surf bather to the viking. The pioneers were not trekking for amusement or in the spirit of vagabondage. They were making homes, making the State, making the Republic. They lived dangerously and could bear to be alone. The virility and sagacity of their descendants is an inheritance from fathers who combined individual initiative and primitive social responsibility, who could get along without neighbors, but who had to make up their minds where the rights of neighbors lay. To their courage, plus imagination, we owe everything but culture and a capacity for enjoyment, qualities which unfortunately perished from starvation during the struggle for bare existence.

Our early American mentors were all on the side of the stay-at-home. Emerson, whose words were received as gospel truths by men who had nothing in common with his intellectual aloofness, said repeatedly that his own spirit was spacious enough and varied enough to give him the rest and recreation he desired. He derived this notion from Marcus Aurelius, who habitually retired into himself as an agreeable change from Rome. Those of us, however, who are not philosophers are justified in preferring the exterior world to the recesses of our consciousness:

"Out of my country and myself I go!"

"Traveling," said Emerson, "is a fool's paradise." What pleasant thing is not? "The soul," said Emerson, "is no traveler." He was wrong. The soul begins to travel when the child begins to think. It travels far and fleetly while the man is pinned down to one familiar spot. It rushes onward into the unknown when he is made ready for his grave.

The impulse to travel is one of the hopeful symptoms of life. It indicates a touching confidence in age-old dreams of felicity. The Russian lady who said to the French ambassador, M. Paleologue, "How hard it is to be happy in the place where you are!" had never parted with illusions. She was aware that she had temporarily lost touch with happiness; but she believed she

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might recapture it elsewhere. Petrarch was driven to create the paradise of Vaucluse by the sweet and tormenting thought that seclusion might heal his soul of pain. When he found that it did not (pain being the portion of the sensitive soul), he returned to Parma, or perchance to Rome, long enough to make him sigh anew for solitude. That eminently prudent and practical person, the younger Pliny, solved the problem by building himself at his summer home near Tifernum a tower high enough to lift him above all sights and sounds which he had no mind to see or to hear. From this eyrie he would suddenly descend to join in the uproar of the Saturnalia, diverting himself with the coarse and clamorous humors of humanity until he was again ready for escape.

Americans can understand the Saturnalia better than the tower. They have no urge toward excess or intemperance; but crowds are their delight, and the noise and discomfort inseparable from crowds are incentives to enjoyment. Gregariousness is a national trait. American life is shot through with congresses, conferences, conventions, synods, old home weeks, boy scout weeks, assemblies of every kind and description that can serve to bring together masses of people whose lives are cast apart. The "secret" societies, those mysterious organizations of respectable citizens who have, we trust, nothing to conceal, gather in thousands every year. Their numbers are so great that any secrets known to them all must be of the open variety. Their costumes outshine the lilies of the field and would put Solomon in his glory to the blush. They carry their domestic shackles, in the shape of wives and daughters, along with them; and these ladies share in all their pleasures and privileges, save only the meetings (sacred to secrecy) and the parade.

The passion for parading is inextinguishable in the American heart. It is a simple, vigorous, childlike, manlike passion and it is common to all classes except the military. The Elks parade, the Knights Templar and the Knights of Pythias and the Knights of Columbus parade, the Mystic Shriners parade, policemen parade, veterans parade, prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists parade, ecclesiastics parade very grandly, and babies are pushed in parade by ambitious mothers competing for a prize. No climate could be less suited than ours to these demonstrations, no populace could more thoroughly enjoy them, and no big cities in

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the world save ours would suffer traffic to be tied up for half a day, and the serious things of life to be shunted aside, while this solemn play goes on.

The lure of an international exhibition drew to Philadelphia last June a giant convention of Shriners. Their numbers were estimated at two hundred thousand. They seemed to the crowded-out Philadelphian to be at least two millions. The exhibition consisting at that time of brick walls and a sea of mud, these visitors, who expected to be amused, were compelled to amuse themselves. What they did was to parade. They paraded by day and by night, *en masse* and in detachments. Nervous citizens sat for hours in miles of waiting trolleys, and bemoaned their fate to motormen and conductors whom the company does not permit to blaspheme. Bands played with amazing gusto at the most unexpected hours, two A.M. for example, and at that sleepiest of all sleepy moments, seven o'clock in the morning. The players seemed never to go to bed. Lodgings were scandalously dear. Perhaps they had no beds to go to and evened matters up by keeping the rest of the world awake.

The sober city orientalized itself in compliment to the red fez of the Shriners. Gigantic plastic columns were decorated with weird Egyptian symbols. Plaster camels wearing the fez cocked rakishly over one eye were perched on precarious ledges. Stout and smiling sphinxes sat about the streets. Silken banners coyly inscribed "Lulu greets you!" hung from countless windows. The City Hall was illuminated after night-fall with red lights, like a stage inferno. Men and women jostled one another in dense and slowly moving throngs. They consumed untold gallons of sugary drinks, and seemed none the worse for them. They had come from the far West and from the basking South. They had traveled the pitiless miles that divide state from state. They had spent their time and strength and money (a great deal of money) and they were getting what they had bargained for, — numbers. One gathered that if there had been room enough in the streets for them to walk, or quiet enough in the hotels for them to sleep, the great event would have been a failure. Occasionally a Shriner told his neighbor that this was the seventh or the seventeenth annual convention he had attended. He knew how many members had met in Milwaukee one year and how many in Atlanta the

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next. It was his conception of a holiday. Its incentive was companionship, its charm was the familiar, its vaunt was vastness, and its basis was discomfort.

"It is inevitable," says Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick, "that the mass of men who constitute the world should hold a social creed and believe in a communal cheek-by-jowl organization of society." The American believes in it so implicitly that all other convictions fade into obscurity by its side. There is an intellectual life. There is an artistic life. There is the principle of beauty to be considered and the austere delicacy of religion. The American recognizes these abstractions. He may even lay claim to one or the other of them. But the impelling motives which rule his conduct are derived from his neighbors. They summon him to "pile the bricks and lay the girders of their Tower of Babel," and he hears in the call the voice of humanity. They invite him to squander his leisure in vain activities, and he sees in the invitation the flickering wings of joy. The result is a world choked to suffocation by the strenuous whose conception of goodness and whose conception of pleasure are purely social, and who are so hard at work doing things together that they have no shadow of chance to be something apart.

It is folly to say that people in general are either happy or unhappy, because, for the most part, they are neither. They do not feel enough for happiness or think enough for unhappiness. Critics and commentators differ widely in their conclusions on this point. Two discerning Americans, Mr. Langdon Mitchell and Katharine Fullerton Gerould, find their countrymen to be sad. Mrs. Gerould thinks they are sad because they lack a sense of liberty. They are not free men in a free land, and nothing else contents the human soul. Mr. Mitchell thinks they are sad because they are devitalized. It is not the weight of thought or the pressure of circumstance which troubles them; but the absence of any stimulus strong enough to win a brave and glad response. On the other hand, Signor Ferrero considers Americans to be a singularly happy people. He admits that their happiness has in it no imaginative quality; but he sees in their love for crowds, in their passion for jazz, in their fondness for display, in their cheerfulness, politeness, and good temper, signs of exceptional vitality. They are, he says, "brimful of delightful elation."

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I should be more ready to believe this, if the country were less brimful of manufactured gaiety, — of optimists dispensing sunshine and philanthropists counseling pleasure. When people are happy, optimists are out of employment. When people are pleasure-loving, they need no urge to play. A serious article in a serious magazine on "Amusement as a Factor in Man's Spiritual Uplift" does not address itself to *le monde où l'on s'amuse*. The educator who tells us that "play is the most important business of life" (we know it isn't), and that "play makes the world go round" (we know it doesn't), assumes that we need some heavy inducement to sport. The pacifist who ten years ago announced that "play has a decided moral advantage over war" was like a man mounting a bicycle in a shipwreck.

It is the restless sentimentalism of our day which has set us all at work making people happy against their wills and against their sober judgment; denying to the dull the right to vegetate and to the tired the privilege of inaction. "Happy Hours for Old Ladies" is the insulting title of a paper I read recently in a woman's periodical. Its writer overflowed with the insufferable geniality of the well-intentioned. She has conformed to the "duties elective, pleasures prescribed" view of life, and she saw herself scattering sunbeams with every page. A prominent rector in New York has asked that holidays be made compulsory. If men and women will not take them for their own sakes, they should be compelled to take them for the sake of humanity, for the "spiritual uplift" of the world. A few years ago an enthusiastic orator at a "Recreation Congress" assured the play-leaders of San Francisco that if they would play "long, hard, and well," they would rule, not only the state, but the country, — which is the last thing the country asks at their hands. Why should California gambol its way into supremacy over its sister states?

The Ford car is said to have vastly increased the holiday habits of Americans. It has decreased their last lingering preference for privacy. Millions of cheap motors went bumping over the country last summer. Their occupants ate and slept as nomads do. Many years ago, Kinglake pointed out that the dweller in a London slum enjoys a dignified seclusion by contrast with the picturesque Arab in his tent. A summer camp by the sea, pre-

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pared for the accommodation of motorists, presents a scene of indescribable promiscuity. Men, women, and children huddled under bits of canvas, with none of the space and freedom of a gypsy bivouac, and with none of the gypsy's candid affiliation with nature, surrender the whilom decencies of life without acquiring liberty. Local authorities of an intolerant disposition have been known to object to their visitors' dressing and undressing in open cars, or on the off side of open cars — a feat which requires some dexterity. Therefore are tents spread on the beach, or in mosquito-infested clearings, as signs and tokens of respectability.

A fastidious American suggests that villages by the sea, or on the highway, have some esthetic rights, and that these rights are grossly violated by motor tramps who disfigure the landscape and leave behind them trails of dirt and disorder. Careful officials have inspected the camps and published some discouraging reports, — the water supply doubtful, the sanitation deplorable, the campers themselves indifferent to cleanliness and propriety. So great a lover of woods and waters as Thoreau admitted that the world of nature is more beautiful than convenient; and that while beauty stirs the lonely heart, conveniences beget civilization. There is no reason to suppose that nomadic Americans who have escaped from civilization are imbued with a love of nature. They desecrate it rudely, and with profound indifference to the enjoyment or the distress of gentler souls. Their conception of freedom is a disregard of other rights than theirs.

In the days before the World War enriched and impoverished mankind, I was often deeply impressed by the little bands of German students and German clerks whom I encountered in Switzerland. They were always on foot, carrying alpenstocks and heavy knapsacks. They were noisy, dirty, graceless, and much too frugal for popularity in a country which lives by its tourists. But what genuine delight in sombre heights and smiling valleys must have impelled them to daily endurance of fatigue and discomfort! What manliness in their activity! What inspiration in their pursuit of beauty! Compared to the rich and plethoric Germans who since the war hold eating matches in the costliest hotels of Europe, these youths revealed a purposeful intelligence and a Spartan austerity. Compared to the Americans for whom

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the lure of the sea means a row of Atlantic City "bathing beauties" (broad-hipped, open-mouthed young women, as near to nakedness as the law will allow), any man who climbs a mountain for sport seems a dignified human being. Physical fitness is a mighty asset. Pastimes count for most when character contributes to them, and effort crowns them with success. Viscount Grey did well to counsel the students of Epsom College not to let the radio suffice for their entertainment or the motor deprive them of the use of their legs.

Pleasure in motion is fundamental and universal. The sense of swiftness delights all living creatures that experience it. As man is a slow-moving animal, outdistanced on earth by beasts and in the water by fishes, he has devised means to overcome his natural disadvantages. When Dr. Johnson's ponderous bulk was hoisted to the top of a coach, he expressed an artless rapture at the speed with which four horses carried him over the ground. When Tom Moore rode for the first time behind a locomotive (railways being then in their tender infancy), he was enchanted by the miracle which "hurled" him from Birmingham to Liverpool in four hours and twenty minutes. Automobiles, which at the outset were almost leisurely, grow faster and faster every year, yet never fast enough to satisfy the raging hurry of their occupants. A fair proportion of the twenty-odd thousand Americans who are killed annually in motor accidents (to the conservative mind the number seems too large) owe their deaths to the senseless and lawless speed with which the cars are driven. So accustomed have we grown to this method of keeping down the surplus population, that we read of the daily holocaust without surprise and without excessive concern. It is the price of progress.

The gentler pleasures of a holiday, the amusements offered at thousands of resorts and recreation parks, are not murderous. This much must be allowed them. Neither do they awaken any spark of purpose, any dormant spirit of adventure. The sensations they afford are unrelated to life. Lamb, whose monotonous days were spent at a desk in the office of the East India Company, went mountain-mad when he found himself climbing Helvellyn. "Oh! its fine black head," he cried in ecstasy, "and the bleak air atop of it, with mountains all about and about, making you giddy; with Scotland not far off, nor the border countries of song

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and ballad." To feel the dark and silent hills closing in upon him at night excited this London clerk to sleepless transport. Hazlitt shed his moroseness as a garment when he did the thing he loved best to do, — tramp the English lanes, care-free and companionless.

"Give me," he asks, "the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner." One doubts the clear blue sky. The "high-piled, weather-bearing" clouds of England sweep ever overhead, changeful, foreboding, and more ineffably beautiful than the azure vault of Sicily.

The American tourist who said of his fellow tourists: "People who do not know how to spend their time must take what satisfaction they can in spending their money," was as wise as he was tolerant. Spending money is a real, if not an august, form of entertainment. It becomes ignoble only when we are pleased with ourselves and expect other people to be pleased with us, because we have it to spend. Statisticians, — a class of men whose statements we accept for the good and sufficient reason that we do not know how to refute them, — have calculated that Americans spend a half billion dollars yearly in foreign travel. They are not impelled to do this by a desire to benefit poorer nations.

The rate of exchange is perhaps a prevailing motive, legitimate but hardly philanthropic. The solemn comments of our press upon the unwisdom of flouting American purse-strings, the jeers of our humorists upon the rapacity of Paris tradesmen, fall short of their mark. We are engaged in the congenial task of getting the most we can for our money; and we are genuinely hurt because neither our presence nor our pursuit inspires those with whom we are bargaining with any especial sense of gratification.

A fifth of Uncle Sam's half billion is said to find its way to Canada, that illimitable and very accessible playground whose beauty we know and whose advantages are being continually pointed out to us. We can, — so we are reminded, — motor there in our own cars, drive on our accustomed side of the road, buy our home newspapers, "listen in" to home-made music and to home-made oratory, spend our national currency, and drink

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what was once our national beverage. We can also save money by buying furs, provided we are adroit enough to smuggle them over the border.

If, when we go to foreign parts, we still desire the familiar (like the sexton who took his first holiday in twenty years and spent it in watching the sexton of the next parish dig a grave), we cannot do better than turn our steps to that vast Dominion which holds a marvelous future in its keeping.

Traveling is, and has always been, more popular than the traveler. Saxon kings may have recognized his worth; but his neighbors abroad and his neighbors at home have seen in him little to commend. I am told, — though I find it hard to credit, — that there are small towns, the citizens of which take an intelligent interest in their townspeople's foreign tours. Ladies returning from Europe are asked to read papers before their clubs; and beaming gentlemen are sought, rather than avoided, at lodge meetings and coming out of church. This generous attitude of mind contrasts favorably with the nervous apprehension noticeable in larger circles, with the selfish efforts to head off the tourist before he can tell us something, — which it will do us no shadow of harm to hear, — about Paris or Geneva.

It was Dr. Johnson's opinion that foreign travel added little to the interest of domestic conversation, — which meant that he was sometimes forced to listen when he always wanted to talk. A sardonic American humorist has gone so far as to intimate that the only men who should be permitted to go abroad are those whom the experience cannot harm. A serviceable Senator, for example, is no more affected by it than is a serviceable valise. There is a little wear and tear, but no other visible result. As he went, so he comes back. "Nor should we forget, in the ennui of his return, the indubitable blessing of his absence."

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IS IT RIGHT TO BREAK UNJUST LAWS?

Winners of the Prize Debate

YES, says Mr. Sager, whose article took first prize on the affirmative side of The Forum's *Contest. The law itself recognizes the citizen's right to sit in judgment. It is undemocratic and unpatriotic to submit to injustice, even from the law. In many cases our fundamental law has arisen through the defiance of unjust laws. Disobedience is the best method of combating them.*

NO, says Mr. Hapgood, first prize-winner on the negative side. It may be worse to break some laws than others; but the general principle stands that laws are intended to be obeyed. There is no use striking insincere moral attitudes in special cases like the Volstead Act. It is the business of responsible citizens to find means of repealing or satisfactorily interpreting this or any other law that is held to be unjust.

I—THE CITIZEN ABOVE THE LAW

Benjamin Francis Sager

IN ten states of our Union juries in criminal cases are the judges of the law. This means, in effect, that none need suffer for any act that the common conscience of the community does not regard as wrong. This doctrine was fostered in our law by a colonial wariness of despotism, and found advocates in John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Chief Justice Marshall, and Chancellor Kent. Within six years after our Constitution was adopted, it was affirmed by the Supreme Court and remained unquestioned for the next thirty-four years. In a fifth of the nation, therefore, the right to break unjust laws is recognized by the law itself. In all but fifteen states judges in criminal trials may make no comment on the evidence and, since the facts blend with the law, this is but another phase of the same principle. The whole American legal structure rests upon the presumption that free men are not to be governed by a rule of thumb.

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Obedience to unjust laws is contrary to sound patriotism. By no one has this been more concisely put than by Thomas Jefferson shortly after he had left the Presidency: "A strict observance of the unwritten law is doubtless one of the high duties of a good citizen, but it is not the highest. The laws of necessity, of self-preservation, of saving our country when in danger, are of higher obligation. To lose our country by a scrupulous adherence to written law, would be to lose the law itself with life, liberty, property, and all those who are enjoying them with us; thus absurdly sacrificing the end to the means."

Acquiescence in unjust laws is inconsistent with the spirit of democracy. To deny the right to disregard unjust laws, there must be conceded an unlimited police power to the state; and once that is done, the government becomes a militaristic and not a free one. Unquestioning obedience is the duty of a soldier. With the citizen it must be always his "to reason why", and his failure to do so is a negation of his willingness to rule himself.

When the state passes an unjust act, it exceeds American limitations upon state authority. Our theory is that each man gets his freedom from his Creator; that he has turned over to the state only so much of it as is necessary for his security in connection with others like himself. If this be, then, a government deriving all its rightful powers from the consent of the governed, no free man can be said to have ever given it the right to oppress him.

The justice of laws is the American criterion of obedience. The Pilgrim Compact off Cape Cod contracted observance for "just and equal laws". In our prologue to government we told the world we believe that when despotism threatens a people "it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such a government." When Massachusetts objected that the original federal Constitution contained no bill of rights, Parsons answered: "The people themselves have it in their power effectually to resist usurpation, without being driven to an appeal to arms. An act of usurpation is not obligatory; it is not law; and any man may be justified in his resistance."

Individual man has never surrendered unreservedly his freedom of action to the commands of law. The very duration of this truth in human history is its proof and its justification. For three

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hundred years the Romans refused to be fed and dressed by their censors. For four hundred years the Jews clung to conscience despite the afflictions of Egyptian slavery and an edict that demanded the blood of their children. There followed the long line of early Christian martyrs and the victims of religious persecutions. And if we dismiss these as out of date, we have the Stamp Act, the Fugitive Slave Act, and the Volstead Act in our own brief annals, where men deeply attached to the existing government and of most law-abiding character in other things refused in these to subject their consciences to the law. So indispensable is conscience that the law confesses its utter dependence upon it, by the oaths required of its officers, by the discretion vested in its courts, and by the independence of the pardoning power. If it can be invoked to save the state from corruption, why may it not be otherwise invoked to spare the citizen from oppression?

Disobedience has leavened the law itself. In the field of morals Christianity began breaking the law in the catacombs. Magna Charta is the handiwork of mutinous barons. The principles of free speech, free press, trial by jury, civil and religious freedom patterned into our own basic code were woven by rebellious hands.

Breaking unjust laws is a feasible way of combatting them. If fifty-one per cent. of our people determine the passage of an unjust enactment under due constitutional forms, four courses are open to the great minority: rebellion, expatriation, repeal, or nullification. Being a minority, repeal is foreclosed them; and, if not, the tedium of a due process precludes an immediate relief. Moreover, it has been proved that a minority can forestall the repeal of unsatisfactory legislation if we elect to stand on technicalities. Expatriation is impracticable. There remains, then, to the great minority, or in some instances a majority, a choice between armed resistance and peaceful nullification. If nullification be challenged as a perilous course, experience has shown that the need to use it is infrequent, and to be successful it must be backed by such a force of public sentiment that the danger of its abuse is small. Stripped of all superstition, nullification is merely the veto of the people.

Resistance to unsavory laws has proved an effective way of

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securing their repeal. It has been sanctioned by American usage. Open defiance of the Supreme Court by Massachusetts and Georgia induced the Eleventh Amendment. There can be little doubt that the steady opposition to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments had some weight with our highest court when it emasculated them by upholding the educational tests. Almost nation wide to-day are laws forbidding Sunday amusements, petty gaming, public profanity, raffles; yet everywhere these go into the discard save in extreme cases. We have done little experimenting with bringing on repeal of unjust laws by enforcing them, but we have had a striking success by defying them.

Even our great presidents could, on occasion, take their law with a grain of salt. Thomas Jefferson purchased Louisiana troubled by doubts of his constitutional power. Abraham Lincoln resisted Chief Justice Taney and practically nullified the Dred Scott decision in his administrative policy. Time has not yet dimmed the memory of Roosevelt's laconic remark: "I took Panama." For the law is no religion. We owe it no faith in its infallibility. It can only be a practical vehicle on which we seek to cross the motley course of human affairs in a sane manner. Most certainly we will meet with places marked "Detour." Common sense is the unwritten amendment to all our constitutions.

And all this means one thing. The right to be ourselves is the Monroe Doctrine of American citizenship. We have a right to exclude a Chinese piety that commands our children to worship the ancestral tablets of a literal Genesis. We have a right to refuse the Mohammedan dogma on intoxicating liquor. We have a right to keep free from entangling alliances with Sabbatarian orthodoxy and smokeless theocracy. Just as our national, so this personal, doctrine finds no definition in a legal code. It is one of natural and moral right, a reflex against those things outside ourselves distasteful to us. It is our instinctive impulse toward the self-preservation of individuality. "This above all, — to thine own self be true." We can do no less and remain American.

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II — JUGGLING CONSCIENCES

NORMAN HAPGOOD

LAWS and customs are not absolute things, like the demonstrations of Euclid. They have every kind of shading. To treat as exactly the same the law against murder and the law against keeping currant bushes in certain years, when they breed bugs that destroy trees, is simply unintelligent. The house-wife who has to give up her currants or gooseberries thinks the law is fanatical, theoretical, and silly. That belief does not make her resistance right, but it does not class her with forgers or burglars. A large part of the traveling population smuggles in a few shirts and dresses and commits perjury to do it, asserting to itself the belief that the customs regulations are unreasonable. The delinquency may not be serious, but what sense would there be in asserting it to be right? To do so is simply to avoid the pain of thought.

There is no gain in confusing such realities, of varying importance, with laws that may have completely lapsed, without being repealed, like certain Sunday laws. The worst form of argument is strained analogy.

Nor should breaches of law, instigated by one's private interest or pleasure, be confused with breaches, very occasional indeed, that grow out of conviction. Beating the customs rules, the traffic regulations, or the income tax, cannot be likened to the case of the conscientious objector, for example, who if he is genuine and not a masquerader is prepared to go to prison or even to die rather than obey a law that tells him to stick a bayonet into the abdomen of another young man. Resistance to law because of conscience is a valuable need, but it is extremely rare, and we must look into our hearts carefully before we put forward that excuse for law-breaking. Otherwise we become hypocrites and confused thinkers, — both undesirable animals.

The actual form taken by this general question, in the year of grace 1926, is breach of the liquor law, which is practically always what people have in mind just now when they philosophize on the rightness of breaking laws in which they disbelieve. They do not mean conscription, or Sunday baseball, or customs duties,

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or income tax, or fornication. They wish to drink and they wish to justify it.

They have a hard time justifying it. They show a good deal more heat than light. Their degree of disinterested moral conviction may be considerable, like that of the parents who object to the child labor laws, or school attendance laws, or vaccination rules, but conviction is not their motive power. The motive power is the desire to get the booze or keep up with the momentary conventions in their set.

For my part I have more respect for a person who admits he is paying a stiff price for whisky, one third representing the whisky, and two thirds representing what is paid the bootlegger for the trouble and danger of committing perjury, forgery, bribery, and occasional murder, than I have for a person who pretends he is making a sacred effort in behalf of human freedom and against oppression. For that is complete bunk.

The Eighteenth Amendment to my thinking was a mistake. I am not discussing the best way of undoing that mistake. Repeal or amendment of the amendment would be the best method, if our constitution did not make it all but impossible. That being practically impossible, however, some device will be worked out, as was done in the case of voting in the South,

EDITOR'S FOOTNOTE

ALTHOUGH THE FORUM *is neutral, the Editor is often asked to state his own reaction to discussions published in* THE FORUM. *He has summarized his personal impressions of the Unjust Laws Debate in the following seven memoranda:*

1. An "Unjust" law is one that violates an "ideal" law.

2. The individual is arbiter of No. 1.

3. Usually the individual has not the experience sufficient to determine No. 1.

4. In general it is not *right to break unjust laws.*

5. In exceptional cases it is *right to break unjust laws.*

6. Under No. 5 the individual ought to suffer State punishment for violating the written law, but should enjoy the mental satisfaction of having served society as a whole by emphasizing the "ideal" law.

7. "No", Mr. Hapgood's paper, "It is not *right to break unjust laws," wins this debate.*

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whereby local expression, in interpretation or execution, will be the final answer.

If we mean prohibition, when we ask whether an unjust law should be obeyed, the best answer is to take a little look at those who are breaking down the law, and ask ourselves if they have the appearance of moral martyrs, making sacrifices for a principle. The lead in the lawbreaking has been taken by the self-indulgent rich, or well-to-do. The home brew of the miner is unimportant. We have always had home brew and illicit manufacture and sale, long before prohibition, and always shall have. The red ink of the Italian quarter is equally negligible.

What is important is the organized effort of the class that usually finds a way to beat a law it doesn't like. It has beaten the Sherman act and the Adamson act, within the letter of the law and with consequences much less harmful than it is bringing about with its mass-production bootlegging. It usually beats the accident laws when a rich company's truck runs over a poor widow, because she has to compromise on a fraction of what is due her, but that also is within the legal forms. It is to some extent now beating the immigration laws by bootleg labor and would gladly beat them more if it could.

I am a Jeffersonian and object decidedly to applying force to considerable minorities where it can be avoided. I went so far as to oppose the national child labor acts and the Susan B. Anthony amendment, because they imposed the civilization of Massachusetts on Louisiana. Even more, much more, clear is it that prohibition is a matter in which Kansas cannot successfully dictate to the city of New York. Not even the farmers up state in New York can do it to the city. Temperance was increasing, under the influence particularly of machine expertness and the demand for workmen who did not drink. Evolution should have been allowed to take its course, with prohibition only in those communities that were almost unanimous, as in certain states of the West and South.

But that is no reason for saying those of us do right who bring up our children to see us paying for bribery and forgery to get us drinks. Our business, the business of those of us who pretend to rank as responsible citizens, is to present to our children an example of patiently worked out plans of local option, first

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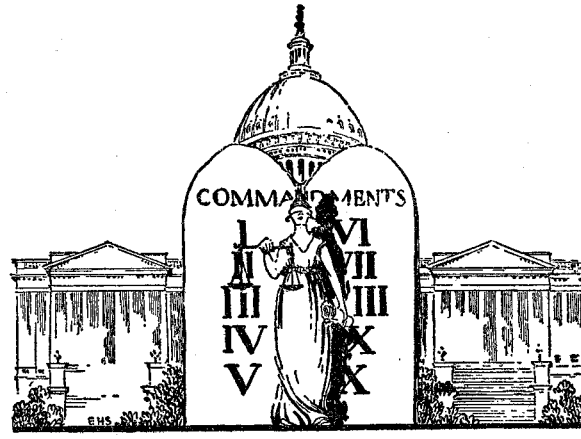
through the method of interpreting the word "intoxicating" and the words "concurrent jurisdiction" in the amendment, and in the end by repealing the amendment, which must take a long time. In the meantime let us not be such gross hypocrites as to pretend we are acting on principle, or on any conception of right, when actually we are telling the rising generation that their appetites should come ahead of self-control and civic order.

The amendment, mistaken as it is, was passed after decades of consideration. It is believed in by a large part of the population. It is not archaic, but is in its first few years. Disobedience to it on a small local scale is only what we have been used to for centuries where liquor taxes were being avoided. The big modern American organization to beat the amendment is a genuine menace. It is creating criminals by the thousand, and our dress suit and dinner party class are taking the lead in planting the criminal mind in their own children.



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WOMEN AND THE OLD IMMORALITY

SMITH ELY JELLIFFE

THE advocates of the new morality have misinterpreted the facts of history in breadth, depth, and quality, — and having proved their thesis by specious reasoning, shrink at the statement of its inevitable conclusion, content with the excuse that it is not their purpose to deal with the practical issues involved.

The central theme of their thesis, as it seems to me, is a curious distortion which might be expressed in the following platform:

One. Discussions of sex morality are a characteristic of modernity.

Two. A general weakening of traditional standards of ethics and morals has been taking place in business and in the social life under a quiet, subtle, specious type of rationalization. In the sexual sphere these changes have been led by the women, "in full view of all, with no apologies, and with little hesitation," as one feminist has expressed it; men being passive agents and "almost bewildered accessories to the overthrow of their long and firmly organized control of women's sexual conduct".

Three. The old sex morality, with its double standard, has for years been criticized by fair-minded persons of both sexes. This unequal condition produced results as unfortunate for the favored sex as for the restricted one, and because of this it could not be maintained indefinitely by a psychologically *developing* people.

Four. There has been an increasing economic independence of woman which permits her to act according to the same "single standard" as men, — "to do as their impulses dictated," — with much the same freedom that men have enjoyed so long. This "single standard" is rapidly becoming a *fait accompli* and has been the goal achieved chiefly because of man's stupidity in not anticipating the results of this economic emancipation.

Five. The old morality has failed and is disintegrating fast because it was imposed from without instead of evolving from within.

Six. Man has imposed his tabus upon women, as symbols of his own egotism and sexual inferiority, and woman in her inarticulate

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stage has succumbed to these restrictions. From these she has been recently freeing herself and is now becoming more conscious of her actual status and more interesting to herself.

Seven. There has resulted from this emancipation and from this loosening of old restrictions a new relation of women toward each other. They no longer remain unawakened; no longer are they "swallowed up in their biological value to the race".

Eight. Individualism, therefore, is the slogan of the future for women, and open defiance to the man-imposed traditional standards, — already outlined, — is the justification of woman's new standard. Natural desire is being substituted for collective moral rules, and individuals are becoming a law unto themselves.

Nine. It is admitted that it is difficult to predict the result of this revolt; at all events woman has gained a problem. She may lose her instinctive adaptation to her biological rôle, but she has won a development of her ego-function; she now demands a reality in her relations with man that heretofore has been lacking.

Admitting for the sake of discussion that this is a fair résumé of the position of the new moralists, let us take up the points in the order enumerated.

One. Discussions of sex morality are *not* characteristic of modernity. They are hoary with age. They even antedate man's appearance on earth, for in their essence, biologically speaking, they are simply the constant seething experimentation of reproduction. The development of consciousness is only a result of the conflicts precipitated by this experimentation of developing species in a changing environment. These discussions can be summarized in the simplest of formulae, — anything that permits evolution of higher forms is "moral" (i.e., good); anything that simply repeats the old is "immoral" (i.e., bad). Here we have the most characteristic sophistry of modernism, — the mistaking of the oscillation of a few decades for a movement in history, — and even at that the examples cited are almost invariably contradicted by other examples which are actually coexistent. The modernist reads and believes the history which was written as a sort of penance by the clergy, who had at various times a monopoly of literacy. The morality or immorality of an age is speciously

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determined by the whim of a literary coterie. Thus the Athenian age is dissolute, the Medieval is spiritual, — the early American Colonial is moral, etc., etc. But let us forget neither John the Baptist nor Fra Lippo Lippi, — and who are we to say that the Puritan custom of bundling produced no Houdinis? One has only to refer to any collection of "Americana" to reassure himself that virtually no stage of civilization has been lost in the frantic development of the race, — and think what might be revealed by a monthly "Mongoliana" or "Africana".

Nature has simply found practicable a separation of sex into male and female, and "sex morality" has as a fundamental postulate the crossing of the sexes, — and the fertilization of an alien stock is necessary if any advance is to take place. The development from non-sexual to bi-sexual fertilization produces a greater diversity of forms, — hence a greater possibility of cross-fertilization and new acquisitions. Discussions of sex morality are simply new mechanisms serving the eternal principle of cross-fertilization, — but with little hope of contradicting it. We cannot discuss ourselves back to a condition of asexual reproduction by simple fission as in the ameba.

Two. Here we detect the same ignorance of old problems, — the lack of the pathos of distance. Our pioneers see only a very obvious series of traditional standards of ethics and morals. There are really no traditional standards. There are only false standards. When we refer to Plato, Aristotle, or to any of the older students of the problems which would be considered modern, or even to Winkelmann or Frazer, we would find all the same discussions. In the development of the human race morality has not as yet arrived. The traditional standards are moral only in phraseology. They are hallucinations of absolutes not real. In actions, in deeds, in conduct, they still remain, as of old, immoral. The race is floundering toward an ideal, — an aspiration.

It may please man's vanity to rationalize to the effect that he has made woman what she is to-day, just as it may release the pang of an aching heart for woman to accuse him of doing it deliberately; but neither had anything to do with it. Nor will the exchange of the pet vanities of the opposing sexes alter it. Nature has produced the breach into two sexes, has widened that breach with physiological division of labor, and shows every evidence of

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widening it still further. Man has had nothing to do with it. It happens quite by chance that, in *genus homo* as in mammals in general, the male has certain apparent superiorities to the female (considered as a male, and vice versa). Let woman console herself with the obvious inferiority of the male (considered as a female) among insects. Let her meditate upon the notorious praying mantis who calmly eats her mate as a *bonne bouche* at love's banquet. Has any oppressed chastity in melodrama ever made the supreme sacrifice in bitterer irony? Let her compensate with the male nautilus, whose entire time is only a brief cycle of idle floating from his parent to the mouth of the next chance female.

As the vast majority of all living species are insects, — and as the male among insects plays in general a merely accessory rôle, — one could argue that in general the male is the inferior type in nature as a whole; and if it were within his power to dominate the female it would seem mere neglect that he had not already done so. Perhaps, unlike modern feminists, the male insects realize that they have a relatively soft job and have no intention of forfeiting it. "What! You expect us to go out into the world and lay a couple of million eggs every day? No thank you, we would rather be eaten." I recommend Remy de Gourmont's recent studies in comparative sexology to all who are interested in this aspect of their fellow creatures.

Three. Let us suppose that there are two islands: on one a man of twenty and a woman of fifty, on the other a man of fifty and a woman of twenty. We have no wish to rub it in, but the race would continue only from the latter island. There is a biological difference of important consequence. Might it not be possible that no morality which overlooks this difference is feasible while the difference persists? And is it not possible that the modern code of ethics contemplates this difference under all its specious rationalizations? Is it not possible that woman's protest (when it is protest, — which in spite of flapperism is relatively rare) may be founded in a relative inferiority, instead of man's egotism being founded on his superiority. Although men and women have approximately the same span of life, man is biologically a potential determinant in race fertilization for a greater portion of it than woman. Does it not follow that wherever nature needs to take advantage of this difference, she will do so regardless of

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rationalizations? Have there not been found at many times in various environments promiscuity, polygamy, and polyandry? Even such a minor biological event as the Great War has sufficed to bring back an attenuated form of polygamy in certain environments, — not to mention the shocking polyandry of the cantonments. Let us have done with this silly prattle about the injustice of separate laws for separate types. The law is made for the particular type by the exigencies of its function. The cry for equality is merely a delusional projection of the female wish to be a man, — found mostly among those females who have been subjected to a higher educational system, conceived and perfected by and for men only. She is relentlessly logical in demanding that she be permitted to play the man; but the educational system shows more signs of duplicating the differences of the sexes than the sexes do of approaching the same function.

Four. Another example of the same delusional projection is the so-called modern economic independence of woman. It may be granted that a Mary Pickford can make a million dollars a year or a week, but let her appear in a picture which does not feature her in the traditional rôle of poor, disenfranchised, pampered, manhandling woman, and what happens?

There are millions of women who identify themselves quite successfully with the father image and make a great deal of money thereby. And even if they do not produce their like, there will be others after them. But there is no evidence of this practice's having changed anything but the topic of the discussions of sex and morality. The hair is bobbed and bobbed again without shortening. The woman of the future will be descended from the more female of the present. Sterile female intellectuals and sterile male temperamentalists will continue as decadent forms enriching the lives of the diametrically polarized, — only we know from experience that repetition of the same forms is "bad" and tends to be discontinued.

Five. The "old morality" has failed. This reminds us of the old story which, at least for us, has never failed.

Hiram: "Old Jake ain't the man he used to be."

Jonas: "No, and he never was."

To speak of morality as having failed is little short of ludicrous in a person who presumes to offer a scientific interpretation of

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modern conditions. Morality as the scientist understands it has not yet arrived, — the morality of instinctive action, — when the being performs the necessary functions as a matter of course; when, as Nietzsche says, "anything else would be preposterous." The old immorality is failing surely. When nature devised consciousness as a time-saving device for the quickening of human and environmental interaction, she was always advancing on a vast front of experimentation. She thus left herself vulnerable to minor obstacles which stopped minor individuals, — who languished lamenting in the rear, — rationalizing their defeats with those convenient toys of consciousness, deism, fatalism, nihilism. But the advance continues, regardless of the philosophizing of the wounded, the deserters, and the camp followers. During the recent moments of the twenty-four hours of all history, the voice of the stragglers has swelled to a mighty noise, which they would fain acclaim as nature's mandate. "*Vox populi vox dei*," they cry. Well, if it is *vox* anything, it certainly is *Dei* and not *Naturae*.

The present obstacle is the fortuitous increase in devitalizing comforts of the last few centuries and the consequent survival of the unfit as well as the fit, and an intercontamination encouraged by modern sanitation. Hence, while the more obvious enemies of mankind such as typhoid, yellow fever, etc. have been largely checked, the degenerative diseases of heart, kidney, eye, etc. have made alarming progress, so they say. The piquant irony of the Life Extension Institute's platform in this regard is as neat a piece of modernistic sophistry as can be found: "We are prolonging the span of life, let us prolong it some more, because during the time of the movement, the quality of life has deteriorated." As proof they publish their telltale statistics in perfect naïveté. There is no question that man must acquire a new cleanliness in his crowded urban life, and there is every evidence that it is being acquired as a characteristic, but it must come from within in response to external stimuli. It will not be injected with the hypodermic in the form of serum and vaccine.

The morality to which the new moralists refer is doubtless the prudery of the Victorian era, — a momentary reaction against vitality among the effete of the mercantilistic disgression and, as a biological symptom, a mere trifle. Whenever the unfit flourish, children are coddled in luxury or brutalized in squalor, with

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largely the same results: females seize upon the pattern of father-identification, males upon the mother-identification. Their minds are fixated in these stages by the hideous ignorance of educational systems devised by ministers of a God of vengeance and exact accountancy, and then mature to wreak their own system on their descendants, much as the senior hazes the freshman at college. Eventually the hazing ceases and once over is not missed. While this system flourishes among the newspaper nobility of the race, the fit go on inaugurating their own changes unseen, unsung.

Moralities as such come and go. There is no human action that has not at one time been a sacred rite and at another a capital offense. Nature is not vitally interested in human opinions on her works. The actions continue or cease as they contribute to the progress of the species.

The present prevalence of female insurgency among an infinitesimal portion of modern urban populations is due in large part to the fact that man, preserved in all fitness and unfitness by all sorts of surgical and chemical tricks, has become obviously emasculated. He lacks the virility which attracts the female as a promise of strength for her offspring. She resents this because the time-old instinct of reproduction has not suffered a corresponding impoverishment in her. Her superior resistance to suffering leaves her less effeminized than man is emasculated by the civilization which the rebels describe. In her rage, she extraverts their creative impulse in a frantic reproachful identification with the father, the Darwinian "Old Man". The result is the deluge of mannish, bespectacled female lawyers, artists, politicians. But let it be said parenthetically that the imitation has produced results far short of man, even at his most emasculated. The instinct can be perverted with success only equal to the standard of a decadent civilization.

Did they but maintain that modern signs point to a gradual adoption of corrective sublimation as being the next step in evolution, they might not so frequently fall into this common error. Even in civilized environments there is coming to be a mode of conduct which springs as much from an inner impulse as from a rationale concerning pleasure and social penalities. In England, where there are less laws than elsewhere, there is now a growing morality, — as Albert Jay Nock has recently shown. It goes by

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the phrase of the "right thing". Thus the oldest industrial democracy shows some promise of an incipient instinctive morality. Likewise, the same could be said for the Scandinavian countries. All are recovering from their recent mercantilistic orgy and approaching an instinctive morality which the Eskimo has had for centuries.

Six. We are told that man has imposed his tabus upon woman as symbols of his own egotism. Once and for all let it be said that man has never done anything as his own free, chosen action. Nor, for that matter, has woman. Man and woman are mutually complementary, interdependent, and interacting. As far as nature is concerned, they exist only in this reciprocity and do not constitute a biological integer except in conjunction. Nature is concerned only with this unity, — such temporary celibacies as armies, monasteries, thanatopsis societies, and Browning clubs to the contrary notwithstanding.

Here again the protestation has been mistaken for the instinct. It is quite true that man rationalizes to the effect that he governs the community, makes the laws, — and imposes his rules upon women. And likewise woman rationalizes that she surrenders, submits, and gives her life up for her children. This is simply the illusion of free will, — a concept devised to keep humanity from facing the terrific determinism of instincts; for "that beast who has suffered so much that he has had to invent laughter" has had no less to invent a philosophy which makes him *invictus*, captain of his fate. But let him really choose, and what follows? Extinction. The recalcitrant of each sex carry this doctrine to the extreme. The man says, "She tempted me." The woman says, "He forced me." The blame is transferred wherever the conduct is so disastrous as to make it unacceptable as an act of free choice.

Then, too, the egotism with which man rationalizes about woman is as nothing compared with the egotism which woman projects upon her children in the form of narcissism. Picture the blind mother-love showered on the convicted murderer, swindler, even kidnaper, as he mounts the scaffold. It is virtually her own self that she forgives and loves, — another illusion of devotion found practicable through millions of years of experiment. Both man and woman of necessity sacrifice themselves to posterity. They can do no other. Martin Luther, Gaby Deslys, Mrs. Eddy,

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and Friederich Nietzsche accomplish their sacrifice for the benefit of the race, — whether it be precept of negation or affirmation. Even the woman who will be "interesting to herself" has her place, — just as the chorus man has his, — a constant reminder of what happens when the male or female opposes his own biological destiny. Sterility in numbers if not in individual cases, both biologically and spiritually. Look at them: Salome, Aspasia, Sappho, Rosa Bonheur, Vigée-Lebrun, George Sand, Alcibiades, Buddha, Hadrian, Oscar Wilde, William Fiona MacLeod Sharpe, Ghandi.

We are not decrying the popularity of these people, but we do decry their influence upon the biological development of the race. They may provide sound entertainment for the fit and at the same time lead the unfit into the sterility, pleasant and unpleasant, which nature always provides in one way or another for transgressors of her laws.

Seven. As an inevitable consequence of their reasoning, the new moralists often bring us, — somewhat shyly we must admit, — to the conclusion that the code of to-morrow will be characterized by a "new relation of woman to woman". Women are no longer interested in men, they are interested in each other. As Dr. Beatrice Hinkle has put it, they are no longer "swallowed up in their biological value" (as if there were any other: *bios* — life; *ology* — science). Is this the doctrine of female homosexuality or not?

If they are no longer interested in their ancient function, what is there left to them? A little maternity and a little "life"? A little *work* and a little "fun"? Or no maternity and all fun? If, as Dr. Hinkle claims, this is so, we shall have, in consequence, race suicide in a few generations; or, at best, reproduction by the illiterate so that favored daughters, continually emancipated from the parent stem, can shed their light on the toiling breeders, as they heave their burden on to posterity. But this has always been so, — in the eyes of the decadent. What paltry batik-pounder has not looked on herself as shedding beauty on the race at the vulgar pittance of her own sterility? But perhaps *man* is going to bear the child? What is this new relation of woman to woman?

An instinct as powerful as maternity will not remain long satis-

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fied in the symptom-formation afforded by mysticism, radicalism, mahjong, etc. Man admits his Don Juanism. Must there be also a recognized Great Catharinism?

Eight. In brief, this new "morality" is nothing less than the ancient and accepted free masonry of narcissism. The youth Narcissus, who fell in love with himself by the pool, left the continuance of the race to the vulgar beast of the *Bios*. If there is anything in heredity, we must of necessity be more in favor of breeding than not. But perhaps that also may be overcome by the new movement, as J. B. S. Haldane suggests in his *Daedalus*. This is woman's new standard of moral righteous, — her justification, — her freedom. "Natural, long restrained desire is being substituted for collective moral rules, and individuals are becoming a law unto themselves." How many in Wichita, Kansas, for instance? And long restrained desire for what? For a relation of woman to woman? We have the answer in the next contention.

Nine. Women, it is said, are demanding a reality in their relations with men that heretofore has been lacking. Yet we are here. Therefore there must have been a certain amount of reality in such relations hitherto. How many of us are here? Millions more than ever before, — therefore there must have been even recently the utmost reality in these relations. It is unreality that the new women are pleading for, the unreal, unproductive relations; unless they demand something that is obviously accomplished.

If by reality they mean the multiplying of relations, then they conjure up another problem, — promiscuity. But this is no new thing either. It has been tried and found wanting. The higher the civilization, the less of it we find, — not in the newspaper, perhaps, but certainly in actual fact. Monogamy even shows signs of becoming an instinct. Yes, horrible as it doubtless is to these wild, young, bobbed-haired *badineuses* and bandits, they are not launching a new era but merely sterilizing themselves with diseases under the ancient *lex talionis* and clearing the way for those who persist in the race's one sole purpose, — the race!

Biology has of late years been much interested in a special application of the relationship of growth to environment. This new branch of investigation under the title of "ecology" has studied the elasticity of plant and animal forms which thrive

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under special conditions. Experimental transplantation has produced a mass of data which proves the inflexibility of nature in the large and how she deftly and irrevocably weeds out the unadaptable and enhances the adaptable. When these laws are applied to mankind they will doubtless be found just as immutable in spite of vitamins and glands, surgeons and chiropractors.

As a rule the iconoclasts frankly abandon the attempt to deal with the practical issues of the new moral freedom. Of course. All moralities are wrecked on the facts. The practical issues would be, promiscuity, — male and female, — homosexuality, and eventual race suicide. We are not arguing that the race should be preserved, — if it really wants to commit suicide, — heaven forfend! We could not prevent it, even if we wanted to. We are simply challenging the "new morality" as an inconsiderable symptom, a pretty urban effervescence, — a mélange of minor protestations against prohibition, a reaction to wartime hysteria. We find in it merely the ancient viciousness of the interregna between religions, not a biological problem, but an economic one, — largely concerned with manipulations of real estate values, — and the constant clandestine possibilities of the ubiquitous flivver. A tempting thesis for some hound of sociology, provided he works it out while the material lasts. It is quite perishable. It would take a Wells to get it on the presses in time.

If only we could have these newly-freed passed through the free clinics of any great city. If only they could observe the principles of ecology working irrefutably among the poor morons of our populace who have not only talked this new freedom but have practised it; if only they could see themselves in the process of being weeded out in biological succession, they would have a little more delicious hesitancy before plunging into their liberation. After all, anticipation is the better part of pleasure, and where the pleasure is not an obbligato to a biological progression, it is invariably followed by a reciprocal pain. That is why the new morality will remain for the most part what it actually is and what it always has been, — the fantastic epic of the bungled and botched "who love to sigh over a life without a meaning".

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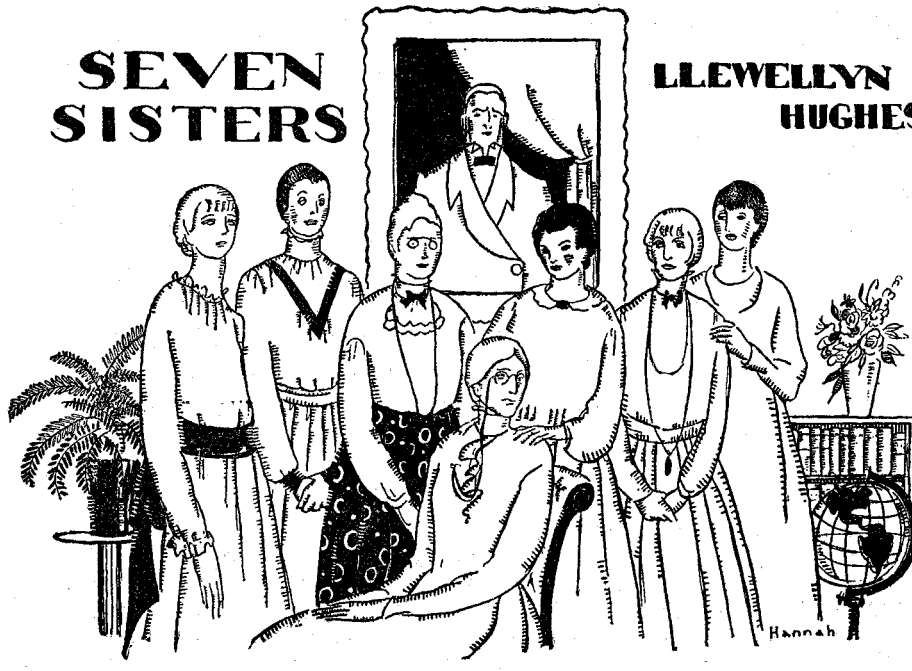
SEVEN SISTERS

LLEWELLYN HUGHES



THEY *had* been eight. But Emily died shortly before they left Salem. Now they were seven, and obliged to live together since the money their father had left them, including the proceeds from the sale of their house, amounted to very little. Their gregarious habits, however, lay deeper than circumstance. It was instinctive and traditional. If one Miss Pinney was missing from the dining-room before Martha said prayers, the rest of them went in search for her. When three of them came to a corner of the street on their way to church, they made sure the others were in sight before continuing. Only once had they been separated: the occasion when Agatha had been ordered to Bar Harbor.

The Pinney girls all looked alike. Martha wasn't very unlike Faith, despite the fact she was twenty-six years older. Maude, Sarah, and Grace, with four years proportionately balanced between them, were often taken for triplets. Agatha had faded a little, although she was actually two years younger than Grace. Faith came next; then Lucy, the baby of the family. She had just passed her twenty-fourth birthday.

The Pinney girls were not homely. They were plain, their

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plainness accentuated by their clothes and a bird-like expression they had in common. With the exception of Lucy they dressed alike, having a preference for coat-suits that might well have been unearthed from the old cedar chest. Slight variations in the arrangement of buttons, pleats, material differentiated them a little, but not much. Faith's skirts were less impregnable and a bit shorter. Maude, Sarah, and Grace, — the trio, — were made for bustles and great sleeves; dressed in the fashion of that bygone day they would have sailed down the avenue in grand style. The compromise was as saddening as a bed without bolsters.

Lucy's ideas on the subject were revolutionary. She had lately bought a French frock, and some of her stockings were sheer silk. Once, in her room, she tried rolling them, only deciding against it because she was afraid they might come down.

Of all the Pinney girls only one, Agatha, had had a "beau". She had found him at Bar Harbor, and the advent of Sam Cornberry was so miraculous it sufficed to make him the "beau" of eight. Agatha returned engaged to him, and such was the fervor that seven Miss Pinneys wore imaginary engagement rings on their fingers for days.

It had come to nothing. Mr. Cornberry arrived in Salem, called once, was overwhelmed by his eight fiancées, and never called again. This was about the time when Lucy decided to come to New York, but for poor Agatha's sake she felt it only right to linger a while.

How Lucy ever entertained the notion of working in an office was something not one of the Pinney girls could explain. Lucy, herself, couldn't account for it. Before Miles Pinney died, an old friend of his from New York, Mr. Minnett, was a periodical visitor. The girls went solidly to meet his train, attended his every want, made him feel perfectly at home, circled him at the table. "Why don't you get about more? Rub elbows with the world? Take a position or something in an office?" Mr. Minnett had advised his lamb chop rather than any particular one of the eight penguins placidly regarding him, but Lucy said: "It would be nice, wouldn't it?"

And then Mr. Minnett seemed to understand she had accepted a position in his office, the confirmation springing up in a series of extraordinary letters. Lucy was a secretary! As soon as she

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went to New York! Her salary was to be twenty-five dollars a week!

Meanwhile, old Mr. Minnett went to his fathers, but the position was kept open for her by his son, and in the end, after Emily was buried, they all came to New York so as to be together. Lucy embarked on her adventure so courageously. They loved and admired her for it. Really, it was as if all of them were working in an office.

Now, after five months, a new excitement had them by the ears. The very whisper of it intensified them. Even Agatha's pale cheeks caught a dash of color. Lucy had an admirer!

"Isn't it almost time to call her?" asked Martha, bringing in the seventh grapefruit.

Faith began arranging the flowers so that Lucy would get the full benefit of them. "Shall we say something during breakfast?" She had a habit of protruding her tongue a little after she had finished speaking and it usually remained there for a moment, pale pink, moist and thin as a kitten's. She read Freud and Remy de Gourmont without being one whit the wiser and played every inversion of solitaire, extant and obsolete.

"It might seem a little, — inquisitive."

Agatha's remark occasioned similar expressions of disappointment on the faces of Maude, Sarah, and Grace. They had chrome-leather complexions and heavy, slumbrous eyelids that opened and shut very slowly. Their hair, frizzed at the sides, was done in bangs over rather nice foreheads. In their pink wrappers they looked like three pink penguins.

"Lucy," said Sarah, speaking for the trio, "is sure to tell us all about it this morning."

"Probably, dear." There was a further wistful note in Agatha's voice. "But, — we mustn't . . . " She had attractive gray eyes flecked with hazel, unhappily resigned and forlorn. The hollows

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in her cheeks were becoming very noticeably more pronounced.

"No," enjoined Martha. "You know, I think we ought to be very careful." From her eyes radiated needle-like wrinkles which slid backward and forward when she expressed her feelings. Her thin hair, silvering a little and drawn tightly over her scalp, was fastened in a bit of a knot at the back. Old-fashioned earrings dangled from her small lobes. "We're a formidable company for any one man to face alone," she added, timidity and courage alternating in her voice.

This was met by a profound silence. Then the trio smiled as though to say, "Dear Martha says such amusing things at times." Faith gave her little twitter.

Their formidability hadn't, actually, been admitted; yet in their own way they were dimly conscious of it. Seven of them! It had frightened Mr. Cornberry away.

Really, Agatha had been awfully uncomplaining. She never talked about Mr. Cornberry now, but her sisters knew she often thought of him, wondered if he might return. They knew, also, what she was doing each time she locked herself in her room. The trousseau they had painstakingly prepared for her four years ago still lay virginal in her traveling trunk, delicately folded between innumerable sheets of soft tissue paper. There were, probably, not a few tear stains on the Irish lace, and each garment had been folded and refolded a hundred times. Dear Agatha!

The truth was Sam Cornberry had behaved very badly. "The fellow," said Miles Pinney, "got scared. Agatha should have prepared him."

The breakfast was ready now, so Martha rang the silver bell. Lucy entered happily. Her dress was open at

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the throat, not much, but a little. Her hair was loose, the least bit wavy, and her lips were quite red.

"Good morning, everybody!"

She kissed them all in turn, almost upsetting Agatha's tray with three dishes of cornflakes, two porridges, one grape-nuts, and a shredded wheat on it.

"Did you forget to call me?"

"No, darling. We thought we'd give you an extra five minutes."

"Because," said Faith, "you must be awfully tired, after such a late evening."

Lucy blushed.

"We're dying to hear how you liked the play," said Sarah, spooning her grapefruit very tenderly.

"It was lovely. Aren't these flowers adorable? You really must see it. A translation from the French. A bit naughty, — but so well acted."

"Do you know, Faith," — Martha's eyes were bright this morning, — "you have only given her two spoons."

"Why, so I have! And the eggs!" Faith vanished.

"Here, darling, take mine."

"Thank you, Sarah." Lucy's hand shook a little, then she said: "I'm, — I'm bringing him to call, — soon."

There was a perceptible flutter round the table.

"Put heaps of cream, dear, on your cornflakes."

"We're dying to meet him."

"I think you'll like him," murmured poor Lucy. "He's awfully nice, — and, —"

"We're sure he is."

Agatha, removing the partly consumed grapefruits, ceased that operation in order to straighten Lucy's silk collar.

"Do tell us what he's like."

It was an important question. Even Faith, entering with the bacon and eggs, stood still for a moment. Lucy absently stirred her coffee.

"Well, — he's not very good-looking, —"

"Looks don't count, dear."

Martha said: "You know, we're very anxious to have you tell us about him. Of course, darling, if you'd prefer not, —"

"Oh please, dear Martha." Lucy became scarlet. "I wouldn't

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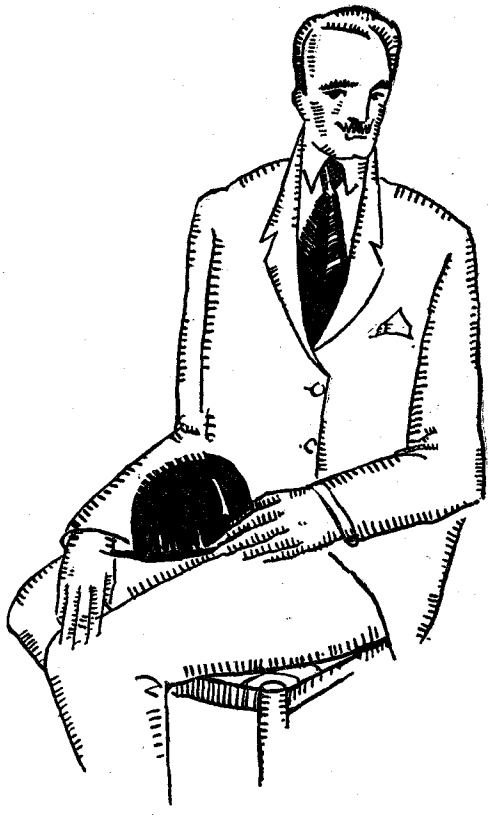

think of keeping anything from you. It isn't that. I've only known him a week. I met him at the office. He, — well, he isn't what we'd call . . . He's quite an ordinary man. But very nice. His name is Mr. Billop."

"It's awfully exciting, — isn't it, Agatha?" Faith's tongue came out a tiny bit farther than usual.

Agatha didn't reply.

"Mr. Billop." Martha repeated it sympathetically. "Working in your office, dear?"

"Oh, no. I just met him there. He came, I think, to see about a position; but Mr. Minnett couldn't help him. He must be interested in machinery because I heard them talking. He, —" Lucy became absorbed in the contemplation of her fried egg.

"I'm afraid your coffee is quite cold, dear."

"No, Maude." She drank a little to show her.

"Is he tall?"

"I do hope he's dark?"

"And not too old for you, darling."

Lucy remained perfectly quiet, her head bowed. Agatha startled everybody by abruptly leaving the room. She wore shoes with elastic at the sides, walked a little flat-footedly. The trouble originated soon after Mr. Cornberry disappeared when Agatha duplicated the performance of poor Madame Butterfly in the opera.

In the face of an embarrassing restraint Maude rose to great heights.

"I really believe," she said, "it would be best if we didn't all meet him at the same time!"

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Martha's earrings waggled approvingly. "You know, that's just what I was going to say."

"Sarah and I could go to the movies," offered Grace with inexpressible sacrifice and devotion.

"Couldn't some of us be cousins?" advanced the little pale pink tongue.

There were tears in Lucy's eyes. "Please," she begged them. "I wouldn't for the world have you think that I, —"

"But Lucy, dear." Grace kissed her warmly. "He can meet us little by little. Not all at once, the way poor Mr. Cornberry did. Then, you see, when he's used to us, —"

"I think henna suits you so well," relieved Sarah. "You look so pretty in it."

"Do you really like it?" Lucy, essaying a little smile that wasn't wholly successful, looked at her dress. She had a mobile, generous mouth, a rounded chin, and pretty hands. Noting the hour, she hurriedly pushed back her chair. "You're all so s-sweet to me. And really I love you so much, —"

Agatha wasn't in the kitchen, so Lucy knocked gently on her door.

"Ye-es?"

"I'm going now, dear Agatha."

The forlorn one's feelings were somehow characterized by the turning of the key. She had been crying. "I do hope they, — we mustn't, —"

"Dear, dear Agatha," said Lucy, embracing her.

Mr. George Billop was as fine a specimen of physical manhood as ever came out of the West. He was six feet tall, sandy of hair, bronzed, and looked younger than his age, which was thirty-six. Between his red mustache and very shaggy eyebrows danced a pair of clear brown eyes. His clothes were obviously ready-made, his boots and hat appeared to have been purchased in the general store; but his shirt was immaculately clean, and his cravat, a new one bought for the occasion of his visit, was, in his own estimation, a "regular humdinger".

He was presented one evening after dinner.

"This," proceeded Lucy very shyly, "is my sister Martha." The eldest Miss Pinney was dressed in her gray silk. A very distinguished penguin!

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"Lucy," she observed genially, "has told us a great deal about you, Mr. Billop."

"Heard quite a lot about you, ma'am, — comes to that," he replied gallantly, first putting his bowler on a chair, then taking it up again and holding it in front of him.

"Let me take your hat, Mr. Billop."

He surrendered it, curling his left mustache with a magnificent if slightly nervous gesture. Another Miss Pinney appeared.

"This," said Lucy, bringing her forward charmingly, "is Sarah."

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am, I'm sure."

Sarah gave him her cold little hand, greeting him fashionably. "So very nice of you to visit our humble apartment," she pronounced. "It's not like our home, in Salem. Lucy must show you the snapshots. But it's rather comfortable and, — do please sit down, Mr. Billop."

"I certainly will."

"No, not there, Mr. Billop. Take this chair. It's a regular man's chair. It used to be father's. And do let me take your gloves."

Mr. Billop gave them up, then curled his right mustache.

A third Miss Pinney quietly manifested herself in the door. Lucy beckoned to her. "Faith," she introduced, putting an arm about her sister's spare waist. "The clever one of the family."

"What? Another!" cried Mr. Billop good-naturedly. "Got 'em behind every chair, haven't you!" The quip so amused him that he gave an extra squeeze to the extended hand. Faith felt her little bones crush, but she didn't wince.

"It's been a treat," — he was addressing Martha, Faith, and Sarah, — "to have your little sister's company to the the-ater. An' I," — he coughed to hide his uncertainty, — "an' I was wonderin' if you ladies would care to join us the next time."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Billop," negatived Martha, hurrying to relieve him. "You know, we mustn't impose on your generosity."

"No," said Faith.

"Well, ma'am, —" He was trying to figure out what she meant by the displayed tongue.

"Although it is very kind of you."

(*Continued on page 298*)

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THE CAUSES OF DISEASE

Forum Medical Series — II

FRANCIS GRAHAM CROOKSHANK

LAST month Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, invited us to Ask Aesculapius, — and the present article is the first of the answers which THE FORUM *has received in its inquiry about the future of medicine and the New Health: "What is Disease and what are its causes?"*

The distinguished London physician, whose book "The Mongol in our Midst" was discussed by himself in THE FORUM *of May, 1925, explains the fundamental problem of Medicine, — that of Diagnosis, or the method of forming judgments concerning people who are sick.* "Diagnosis" *has to be accomplished in every case before the physician can proceed to put into practice* "Therapeutics", *or the art of treating the patient and curing his disease.*

Dr. Crookshank shows that, since the earliest days, there have ever been two ways of judging what is wrong with the sick person and why. These two methods are still in evidence to-day. There are the doctors who study the Patient, and there are those who study the Disease. Probably the best way of setting to work is one which combines what is best in both methods. The difficulties are due to clumsy and stupid ways of thinking *and particularly of* talking about *what we think.*

"THE ancient physicians," wrote Dr. Hart of Northampton, England, three hundred years ago, "did divide Physicke principally into two parts, to wit, that which we commonly call Therapeuticke . . . and that part which we call Diagnosticke, whose most common scope is to discerne the whole and sound from the like and the sick and infirme from the whole, being unlike the one to the other. And this part of Physicke doth farre excell the other, to wit the Therapeuticke, the which without the Diagnosticke is of small use and profit."

Diagnosis (as we now spell it) is the process of finding out what is the matter with a sick person: Therapeutics is the Science and Art of curing the sick. Formerly, the chief masters of scientific method, amongst them the great Harvey, were accustomed to interpret their observations in the light of those fundamental principles that make up the very matrix in which all true sciences are formed. But the separation between philosophy and natural

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science that marked the close of the last century became so wide that, although reaction has set in, and many are eager to discuss the general validity of scientific conclusions, medical men are still prone to assert that Medicine, as a science, stands, and must ever stand, upon a so-called solid base of observed fact and planned experiment, in complete dissociation from all mental discipline, as such.

It is in sympathy with this attitude towards inquiry into the mental processes by which we obtain our "facts" that all trace of metaphysics, logic, and philosophy has disappeared from medical education since, in becoming more medical, it became less educative. Now, many thinkers and workers are beginning to see and understand that Science does not teach us, as we once thought, that what used to be called Laws really do exist, and that when we speak about abstractions and generalities and generalizations, such as Beauty and Matter and Force and Gravity and Diseases we are speaking about things that we experience. On the contrary, it teaches us that we can conveniently express our notions about what we feel and perceive and think by speaking about such "things" as Beauty and Force and Matter. In so doing we indulge in a sort of mental book-keeping which enables us to deal with "real facts" and experiences and ideas and so to talk to others about what we have seen and heard and thought. But it is just as important in Science to realize that Matter and Force and Cancer are mental constructions, or "concepts", and are not Things like particular tables and chairs which we *perceive*, as it is to realize, in finance, that some of the accounts in a Ledger are fictitious accounts and that a cheque has no value in itself but is worth just what it stands for at the bank on which it is drawn.

Until recently most men of science have been dominated by the philosophical theory of knowledge, — essentially unnecessary to scientific method, — known as physical realism and have spoken as if they believed these verbal "cheques" to be "real money". The influence of this theory is never more prejudicial than when unconsciously sustained by those who loudly proclaim the freedom of Medicine from philosophical thrall!

No further excuse seems needed for an attempt to say what we have in mind when we speak about "this so noble a part of

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Physicke", and to give an account of its theory: that is to say, to explain it, by appeal to first principles in terms that are independent of medical doctrine.

But if success is to be obtained, — and by success I mean not finality but the clarification of thought, — we must give ear to Galen, and "come to agreement quickly about Words, getting soon to the Things themselves, and spending on these only our time and trouble, for most of those who call themselves educated do otherwise, and so do never perfect their Art."

Important though it be to distinguish between Words and Things, it is no less so to distinguish between the Words by which we tell our Thoughts about Things: these Thoughts; and the Things that are Thought about. This triple distinction between what I have called Names, Notions, and Happenings: or, as Messrs. Ogden and Richards say in their important work *The Meaning of Meaning*, perhaps with greater propriety, Words, Thoughts, and Things: should be maintained during every discussion. We should therefore think separately of *diagnosis*, the name, or verbal symbol, of the notions for which this symbol has stood, and the explanations thereof, and of the processes concerning which these notions and explanations have been entertained. In so doing, we also follow the injunctions of William of Occam, the greatest of English philosophers.

Diagnosis: the Explanations

It is disappointing to the student of Medicine to find, during the last hundred and fifty years, so easy an acceptance of linguistic subterfuges which, however convenient when teaching students, are yet responsible for much confusion in the minds of students grown to be teachers.

In former days the physician brought to Medicine a mind trained in the theory of knowledge: like Galen and Locke, he made contributions thereto. Diagnosis was then the application to the field of medicine of a method of thought already learned. So, when in the sixteenth century such physicians as Fernel discussed the First Principles of all Science in their *Institutes of Medicine*, the theory of diagnosis flowed naturally therefrom and called for no separate discussion.

In the nineteenth century, the case was altered.

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Together with a distrust of logic and philosophy, and a strange belief that science alone gave a sure foothold, there grew up a desire to contain Medicine within a cincture and to-day many a student obtains no better idea of diagnosis than that it is what we do when we encounter a disease: and of a disease, than that it is the sort of thing we diagnose when we encounter it.

However, three determined efforts have been lately made to grapple with the subject; and all hail from North America.

Dr. Stanley Ryerson gives a clear method of case-taking but attempts once more to explain diagnosis in terms of inductive logic. Yet, since Mill himself defined induction as the process by which what is true at certain times, or of certain individuals, is inferred to be true in like circumstances at all times or of a whole class, it is difficult to see how diagnosis can be said to be an induction, or an inference from known particulars to an unknown general. There is a better logical case for speaking of diagnosis as *deductive;* for frequently, though quite wrongly, some diagnosticians persist in inference from an assumed general to a present particular!

Dr. Barker, in the American *Oxford Medicine*, says rightly that in bygone days there was, as now, recognition by only a few that groupings of signs of illness are psychological conveniences and to be changed when the purpose changes. But, as we turn Dr. Barker's many informative pages and trace the steps we are told we take, or ought to take, when we tread the path of diagnosis, we feel the whiskered presence of the Victorian realists and logicians.

Dr. Warren T. Vaughan very nearly hits the mark when, in a modest essay that avoids all sophistication, he compares the act of diagnosis to a detective enterprise. For the detective, employing no formal logic or scheme, reasons as does every man in every hour of his life; making use of his acquired knowledge and experience, he interprets what he observes by means of his common sense. In other words, and if we may talk of faculties, the detective and the physician alike exercise some common constructive faculty and do *not* adopt any of the methods that logicians and novelists say they do.

Play is given to two fundamental activities: the one intellectual, the other emotional. Images of the past are evoked by the

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present and the mind seeks the satisfaction that is attained when a judgment that well serves our purpose is achieved. More simply still, diagnosis is just the first stage of the physician's work, the process of forming and expressing those judgments concerning the present state of the sick that guide us in our office of Healing; and it consists in observation of the sick, interpretation of what is observed, and the putting into words or symbols of the interpretations accomplished.

Diagnosis: the Process

Thus considered, diagnosis ceases to be an obscure process for finding out "what is really the matter". We do not assume that they who do not diagnose as we do, do not diagnose. We appreciate that it is not governed by strict rules, or comparable to the identification of a postage stamp by reference to a collector's catalogue. Finally, we proceed to investigate diagnosis by the methods of psychology, recognizing that, like logic, it is a matter for psychologists rather than for the logicians who have so dismally failed us at their own business.

Thus, every response to injury becomes at once a reflex and a diagnosis; and the reparative response, once regarded as something put forward by a *vis medicatrix naturae*, is better understood as the method by which the organism shows that it is effectively aware of the lesion.

The salamander who, its tail being removed, sets about and grows a new one, and the cat, who feeling ill, seeks and finds the grass that cures, both make diagnoses that may be instinctive but are perfectly adequate to the occasion!

The surgeon may reply that one salamander cannot grow a new tail for another, and the salamander may retort that the surgeon cannot even grow a new leg for himself! Still both salamander and surgeon, like all living creatures, exercise diagnosis in their own measure and according to their own opportunities!

Moreover, Signorina Locatelli has lately shown that the reparative powers possessed by newts are exerted through the nervous system in such fashion that we have to reckon with not only a generalized tendency to repair but a specialized regional reflex system which, for some creatures, assures the

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reproduction even of a limb. May we not inquire then if some healers, even "unqualified" do not possess some instinctive diagnostic and healing faculty that finds expression practically rather than verbally but *for others:* a faculty analogous to the instinctive mathematical gifts of the strange calculating boys?

At any rate, the observable diagnostic series seems to extend, with gradual transition, from the so-called instinctive and selfish processes of the lower animals to the highly rationalized, and of course altruistic, judgment-formations of the medico-legal expert; so that the only convenient criterion, restraining the word diagnosis to forms of human endeavor, is that of verbal expression, or symbolization. We are then burdened with the task of distinguishing between the symbolizations that are rational and irrational, or, — what is not the same thing, — orthodox and unorthodox.

However, recognition of this evolutionary aspect of diagnosis carries with it an obligation to undertake comparative studies that has been well insisted upon by Masson-Cursel in his *Comparative Philosophy*.

In Terms of Demons

It was Dr. Rivers who first pointed out that some primitives practise an Art of Medicine more rational than ours, in that their modes of diagnosis flow more directly from their ideas concerning disease.

It is, at first, shocking to be told that diagnosis may be at least as rational and as practical in terms of demons as in terms of diseases; yet a dose of castor oil is indifferently efficacious whether a demon or a disease be held responsible for the symptoms, while there is a closer affinity than may be thought between those who believe in specific demons, and those who talk about the specific clinical entities that "attack the human race".

It is certainly remarkable that, at the stage of human progress when, as Bordeu said, a Natural Medicine is practised that is comparable to Natural Religion, there should be clearly marked two diagnostic trends that are traceable throughout the whole history of Medicine and that persist to-day.

Rivers found, diffused throughout America, Indonesia, and Papuo-Melanesia, the notion that disease is an abstraction or

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loss of the soul, or vital principle, or a part thereof: in India, and in Africa, the belief that disease is due to a something added, — a spirit or a demon. Clearly we have here a hint, and more, of the secular controversy between those who find in disease an impairment or failure of functional activity or adaptation, — the Vitalists, who regard disease as an *accident*, or *aliquid entis*, — and the Organicists, who explain all disease worth their attention in terms of physical attack on organs, and consider each described disease to be an entity, or *ens*.

This controversy is indicative of a division of opinion that has ever vexed Medicine since first practised (as we say) rationally some two thousand four hundred years ago at Cos and at Cnidus by the Ancient Greeks. This division has sometimes seemed best indicated in terms of practice, sometimes in those of doctrine.

Sometimes, perhaps, the difference has been obscured by the apparent inconsistencies of the greatest physicians, who, like Galen or Sydenham, have seen something of the truth in each side, have attempted to reconcile the contending opposites, and have been claimed by each party in turn. But always the difference has been one that is best *stated* as a difference in diagnosis: that is, in *method* of observation, interpretation, and symbolization: and is best *comprehended* as dependent upon fundamental psychological divergences.

Mr. Bernard Shaw Intervenes

These divergences are of more than medical interest for in some sort they affect all mankind. They are allied to those which separate the Romantics and Classics of literature, and perhaps also Ostwald's Romantics and Classics of science, as well as the Introverts and Extroverts of Jung; they are perhaps those which Coleridge had in mind when he said all men are either Aristotelians or Platonists, and which architects divine between the Gothic designers who build from within outwards, and the Classics who plan from without inwards. That such divergences should obtain in Medicine is only to say that physicians are as other men; but that laymen are likewise divided in respect of diagnostic outlook was well shown, a few years ago, during the course of public discussion concerning the alleged diagnostic inefficiency of doctors!

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Mr. Bernard Shaw then declared that diagnosis is not the mere affixing of a nominal label, but the finding out all there is the matter with a patient and why: his opponents pleaded eagerly for the establishment of a diagnostic caste, whereof the duty should be to affix the proper label and pass the patient on to him who should treat the disease nominated. Herein Mr. Shaw ranged himself definitely with the Vitalists, — best represented for us by the tradition of Cos: his colleague has definitely set himself amongst the Organicists of Cnidus, — the spiritual home of all who diagnose *diseases* rather than *patients*.

The elderly practitioner who, remote from libraries and from laboratories but near to Nature, is hesitant when asked for verbal diagnosis in terms of recent convention, yet clear in action, is in like fashion opposed to his younger colleague who, diligently making a diagnosis in strict accordance with differential tables and tests, searches his text-books in confusion for the treatment appropriate to the disease he suspects. Wherein lies the fundamental difference between these two diagnostic attitudes?

The simple composites of *Natural* diagnosticians, — for whom the definition of diagnosis as clear cognition will suffice, — are the "syndromes" of the post-Hippocratic empirics; nothing else but the collection of certain accidents and circumstances of disease. The mental constructs of *Conventional* diagnosticians, — for whom diagnosis must establish correspondence between the disease of each patient and some rationalized type, — are, as a rule, "diseases"; but may be demons.

Clinicians and Systemizers

The full importance of this distinction is only appreciated when Medicine is studied in respect of the parallelism that Saucerotte said has ever existed between the history of Medicine and that of Philosophy; a parallelism that needs no explanation when we realize that, whether in Medicine or Philosophy, there are two routes by which the human mind has always sought to attain its goal.

With the ultimate discard of Galenism, the cleavage between the man who describes a case and him who writes about a disease becomes that,—less obvious, but still marked,—between the

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clinician and the systemizer; and, of systemizers, the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries saw in turn those who made use of chemical, mechanical, botanical, mathematical, organicist, and bacteriological conventions. The schism still persists, though masked by the transference of teaching from the lecture-rooms and wards to the laboratory, and by the desuetude of reading, whilst at the same time, to-day as ever, every systemizer, or conventional diagnostician claims to be a clinician who diagnoses in terms of experience, — a compliment not reciprocated, since no true clinician ever claims to be a systemizer. True, system to-day is represented by a mosaic of systems rather than by any defined pattern, but the existence of the schism is shown by a dissatisfaction which, though perhaps repressed into the collective unconscious of the profession, is yet seeking satisfaction, and is made manifest by a conversion into irresponsibility in thought that is as distressing as the formalism against which it revolts.

There is a feeling that the bald diagnostic convention, of so many definite diseases constituted by so many definite groups of physical signs correlated with so many definite groups of post-mortem appearances, is one that has had its day. So much is shown when doctors declare that there is increasing difficulty in referring cases to a diagnostic *cadre* and that "the type of disease must be changing", though the real ground for complaint is that the abundance of our experience can no longer be dealt with by methods once adequate. Perhaps, too, we are less confident than formerly of the sufficiency of any affirmations. A few years ago, many hoped that bacteriology would render all diagnosis easy but, as Sir William Job Collins predicted in a brilliant essay, disappointment has come to us. No system of specific pathology has been achieved and, in spite of great successes, the bacteriological method has cut across many of our most cherished pathological and clinical groupings, as in the matter of the colon bacillus and that of focal infections generally.

Under these circumstances some, like Sir James Mackenzie, have reverted to a Hippocratic symptomatology, tempered by neo-Methodism, and are undeterred by the wit of those who think it less excellent, — almost less moral, — to pay greater attention to symptoms than to signs, and to diagnose in groups

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of symptoms that occur together or "syndromes" instead of in diseases.

Already psychoanalysts, such as Freud, Jung, and Adler; morphologists, such as Arone, Thooris, and MacAuliffe; and characterizers, such as Kretschmer and Draper, to say nothing of the endocrinologists, interpret cases, not in terms of diseases, but of personality, — types sufficiently indicating the actual or expected reactions of the patient to any given situation. The danger is, however, lest in the absence of a theory of diagnosis new conventions should lead us back into conventionalism, if not realism.

To think, as we often do, with concepts that we refuse to define, seems no better than for a carpenter to work with tools whose special uses he will not consider; and it is certainly true that synthetic advance is made only when the integral concepts are first defined, albeit provisionally. To make use of such conventions and concepts as are now being devised, without consideration of the general value of such concepts, is a proceeding that will lead not to fruitful synthesis but to new and chill academics.

What we must first define, therefore, is the attitude we shall adopt in respect of the two schools of diagnosis: the Natural, allied with Nominalism; or the Conventional, allied with Realism. We may then well inquire whether, if the philosophic battle is a drawn one, as perhaps it is, what there is to be said, pragmatically, in favor of one side or the other!

Natural diagnosticians, — true clinicians, — will perhaps always suffer by reason of the lesser fitness of their method for verbal communication. They teach by example, rather than by the spoken or written word, and their reluctance to employ verbal symbols as handy labels is ill-comprehended even by those who appreciate results. Always striving towards the simplicity of synthesis, they do not separate disease from the man, or man from his environment. Hence their study of epidemics as illnesses of communities, their therapeutic utilization of Airs, Waters, and Places, and their insistence upon personal effort, while causation is to them, in each case, an infinitely complex relation almost insusceptible of generalization.

Per contra, Nature, to the natural diagnostician, may become

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less a subject of observation than an object of superstition, while distrust of classifications may beget mental untidiness, and the study of symptoms, clinical indecision and a neglect of origins, if not an expectancy that slips into fatalism.

The History of Medicine has perhaps answered these questions in showing us that security and advance come through ordered balance rather than through unilateral supremacy. But we require some plan or scheme that, in a work-a-day world, will help us to carry on our daily task without losing touch with either side. The difficulty is how for practical purposes we may best relate the Thing, the Thought, and the Name or Symbol, which, on the other hand, it is equally our duty to distinguish.

Our scheme, already alluded to, has been set out with great skill by the Cambridge psychologists, Mr. C. K. Ogden and Mr. I. A. Richards, who in the *Meaning of Meaning* have given us a theory and canons of symbolization which it is hoped they will supplement by theories and canons of interpretation and observation.

By the neglect of such a theory, which harks back to William of Occam and can adopt much of Vaihinger's *Philosophy of As-if*, we allow great wealth of experience to lie dormant and unused: by its acceptance, we come abreast of eager workers everywhere and cease to pursue rainbows of our own construction in the laboratory while neglecting the perceptual at the bedside or in the field.

This view gives us, in diagnosis, the freest scope for observation, unhampered by the fear of forms: it offers us the widest choice of interpretative conventions; and the amplest range of symbolization, so that our ideas become clearer and our communication more effective.

Lastly, it teaches that, in respect of any art or calling, the function of Science is to furnish fictive ideas and systems of ideas that will economize thought, fructify effort, and tend to the increase of experience.

It may be asked, however, what, in the light of the modern view often called "conceptualism", is a correct diagnosis?

The best diagnosis that we can attain is that which, when we have observed accurately, interpreted adequately, and symbolized correctly, best satisfies the intellectual and emotional

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tendencies and, in the Hippocratic phase, enables the physician to do what is right and to constrain to his will, not only the patient, but the attendants and the circumstances.

Absolute diagnosis is a function of Omniscience alone and is exemplified only in the perfect restoration that it is the prerogative solely of Omnipotence to ordain. Absolute diagnosis is not within our physical apprehension: it eludes us, as does the absolute elude the astronomer, the physicist, the chemist, and the mathematician.

It is perhaps worth reflection that Hippocrates, who said that the physician is most godlike when philosopher, has himself more than any other been spoken of by men as divine. As much was never said of the infinitely more successful though infinitely less profound Galen, whose system, unshaken during a thousand years, still influences the teaching in every class-room and in every laboratory, and still dictates, for the most part, the character of our formal diagnoses.

Though Galen's method of thought and diagnosis is probably accepted by the majority of the physicians of the world to-day, his rationalizations and his philosophizings are never credited with the earlier and more elemental intuition and the simple rightness that seem to us inseparable from the clear mind and natural method of Hippocrates of Cos.

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LINCOLN AS A LAWYER

LORD SHAW OF DUNFERMLINE

FORTUNATE indeed was America to have at her service, in time of great national need, a citizen so gifted, so wide in knowledge, so deep in feeling, so varied in the movement of the nation and the human heart. But would the sterling qualities possessed by Abraham Lincoln have proved available had his wisdom not been ripened by legal experience? In this paper, probably for the first time our Martyred President is shown to have been, not a politician with a hunch, but a lawyer developed by gruelling training.

THE idea of Abraham Lincoln as a lawyer is still unfamiliar to the public mind. People think of him as an orator, a humorist, a rail splitter, a storekeeper, a statesman, a Congressman, a President; but they do not associate him with the law. Yet he practised law for four and twenty years, went through its apprenticeship, the rough and tumble of primitive Circuit Courts, rose in it from stage to stage both of success and of knowledge, and ranked with leaders of the highest standing in the law and in the State, — all this before, finally, public service claimed him exclusively for its own. His sterling qualities, his downright integrity, his dauntless courage, his practical reach of mind, his vision of the range and right of the equality of man, — public service claimed them all, needed them all. But they would not have been, I verily believe, available, had Lincoln's faculties not been trained by the law.

The law was his schoolmaster. It brought him with an accomplished mind on to the stage in those greatest scenes of American drama in which humanity's rise or fall was in issue. In these he won the enfranchisement of man and he secured the union of his people. Though he perished by the hand of the assassin, his martyrdom was a crown. The law had helped and had done much to mold and shape and equip this man for his high achievement. Let us think of the story of it, — even yet, as I say, an unfamiliar story.

He came, to tell the truth, of a shifting and a shiftless stock, — born in a little township in Kentucky in 1809, at four years of age moving to another, and at nine over the Ohio river to Indiana. So went the family, the father partly farmer, partly jobbing carpenter and laborer. Hardly were they in Gentryville in Indiana before the mother died; and in a year's time a stepmother

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came on the scene. She had a heavy handful. Among other cases, an unprosperous husband of wandering habits and a son of great bodily strength and quick growth with no schooling but patches of a few months (less in all than one year), and yet a son of a very lovable and helpful turn and with a heart of gold. So with odd jobs here and there and sheer poverty ever nudging him by the arm, the boy grew to the height of six feet four inches by the age of seventeen.

Against these huge balances in the scale of fortune only three items appeared on the other side, namely, a good stepmother, a few books such as all of us with a decent upbringing should have, a Bible, Aesop, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a life of the national hero, a history of the nation, and, — what every decent upbringing does not bring, — a love for more books with Shakespeare and Burns early on the file. Of these, — speaking with some knowledge of what he read and what he said, and what he wrote and what he lived, — I should place the Bible and Bunyan's immortal allegory as woven into the very texture of his private and his public life. In no public utterance, however resounding, however grave, did this sincere, good man ever make the highest appeal without deep answering deep in his nature. Lastly, he did not drink. I place in his case this negative advantage very high. For with his love of fun and adventure, his physical powers, his surroundings of squalor and penury, I declare that if the drinking habit had been added to these his fall would have been as swift and pitiful as his rise was slow, his struggle very noble, and his success heroic.

This was the man of twenty-one, again uprooted, — this time from Indiana with his father and family to Illinois, — and now flung out, or flinging himself out, on the rough waters of life, to sink or to swim. Whether the one or the other, who cared? A kind of loose end, on whose future no dreamer would have dreamed, and no gambler would have bet a cent. Out of this unpromising stuff how was something really great and sterling to be made? Well, no one answer can be declared certain and conclusive: so much and so various are the elements which make a man. But of all the means toward that noble end, turning Lincoln from unmethodical to disciplined habits, gathering up his meandering energies into one living powerful stream, — of all those means the greatest in my opinion was the law.

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Gradually one can discern Lincoln's sense of discomfort and discontent with a business life, — a partner drinking, stocks declining, debts increasing, and all the future no better than that unless he could serve men in some better way. It was at this crisis of his mind that an event occurred which changed history. An immigrant came to Abraham Lincoln's store, — say when he was twenty-three years of age, — and offered to sell him an old barrel with its contents unknown. Lincoln bought it for fifty cents, turned it over on the floor and there rolled out among the heap a book, to wit, Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England.* I am only imagining this, and yet fairly sure I am that when Abraham Lincoln, Storekeeper, began to read the book, he saw a new life dawn for him, a new career open, and at last a chance of more than a livelihood, a chance to make life worth living.

Lincoln was shrewd enough to see that the law held the champion key to the door of public service. For him it was none the worse, but all the better for that. He made his great resolve. It was in 1836, when he was twenty-seven years of age, that he was admitted to the Bar of Illinois by the Circuit Court of Sangamon County, his friend Judge Logan signing the certificate. Two years before, his gifts as a public speaker and debater, together with his ability and "likeability", had won him a seat in the Illinois State Legislature.

I incline to the opinion that it was in these formative years, alternately so depressing and so exhilarating, that Lincoln reasoned long and seriously over the ethical foundations of public and professional life. The first, the vulgar and familiar problem, was of course, — could a lawyer be honest? The student of Blackstone thought not only that he could, but that he unquestionably must. "Let no young man, choosing the law for a calling, yield to that popular belief. Resolve to be honest at all events. If in your judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you do in advance consent to be a knave."

With this ground of honesty under his feet, Lincoln would stoop to no man and would be patronized by no man, and from no man would he suffer the scorn of condescension. If patronage

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tried to shoulder him out of position, he could square his elbows. This both in public and professional life.

Think of this, even in what I call his formative period. He was standing as a candidate for his country; and another, Forquer, held the ground. Forquer had had a history, had changed his politics and received a Government billet worth $3000 a year, built himself a house with lightning rod and modern improvements; and Forquer patronizingly referred to his young rival as one who could and would do well to wait. Upon the instant Lincoln replied: —

"Mr. Forquer commenced his speech by announcing that the young man would have to be taken down. It is for you, fellow citizens, not for me, to say whether or not I am up or down; but he forgets that I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live and I desire place and distinction, but I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would change my politics for an office worth $3000 a year, and then feel compelled to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

As to the law itself, he retained to the end of his days no great reverence for decided cases, but upon one point, — namely a knowledge of principles, — he came to see after a year or two that there was stuff to reverence in them, indispensable, guiding, helpful stuff, and that he could not supply that stuff by the light of nature. A partner of his, for instance, steadied him by the greatest precision of method. There were various partnerships; but the one with Logan was a mark of quick and well founded confidence; and when in after years before the Courts they met on opposite sides, Logan must have been proud of the man he had trained to things so great. Lincoln's love for Logan cast out fear. With his uproarious humor he could tease him indeed. In the confusion of Circuit on a very hot morning, Logan's precision had failed him in dressing and the front of his shirt was to the back. Lincoln could only get on good terms with the jury by diverting its members. This he did, observing, "Judge Logan (no tie) I know is an effective lawyer. I have met him too often to doubt that: but shrewd and careful though he is, he is sometimes wrong. Since this trial began I have discovered that with all his caution he hasn't knowledge enough to put his shirt on right."

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It seems to me that as he neared the maturity of his powers he was confronted in truth with the double claims of his own personality. Within Abraham Lincoln, the law, — his livelihood, — claimed him; and in that region the powerful leader, self-schooled, became self-secure. Within Abraham Lincoln also great public causes, with great issues of right and wrong against which he must be prepared to find all his popularity time after time dashed to pieces, these also rose up to claim him. What was he to do? Consciously or not, I verily believe he came to see that these two claimants were not in conflict for him. They each made a common appeal. It was to justice, that sure and noble solvent and reconciler of all rivalries for his homage. After all, what was law, his livelihood, but the mechanism, the form and manner, and application of justice? And if law was his livelihood, were not those great public issues, with their reach, as wide as the Union and as deep as human liberty, were they not his life? Let law help his public service infusing it with knowledge, clarifying its issues, giving alike his policy and his appeals an impregnable cogency. After all in such a service what was popular applause compared to a great clean life? Self-scanned, let him be self-honored. This was the revelation and the endowment that were being prepared in these industrious and thoughtful years for the greatest lawyer-statesman of the world.

In his fortieth year, Lincoln was in Congress, having behind him a good record. He had emerged from severe early struggles: he had already achieved a commanding leadership at the Illinois bar; and he had been four times a member of the Illinois legislature. The chaos of his habits we have seen. It had largely disappeared. In particular his legal studies had become concentrated. His country was soon to know that this phenomenon of a man was to infuse into its public life, very varied, remarkable, and accomplished powers. It was this ingathering of all he was, and had been, and had learned, that made him widely notable.

He had not a spark of affectation. Wealth? It was no part of his ambition. "Wealth", said he, "is a superfluity of things we don't need." He carried his whole life forward with him, citing his past with relish far rather than with disrelish. He concealed nothing of his humble stock or his early disappointments. Nay, he found in those experiences, a rich soil of illustrations which

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yielded a crop of illumination, of conviction and of sympathetic response, — and all this in much wider circles than Illinois or the law.

But the law was his sharp sword. He chose his ground; and where the fight was keen he wielded his weapon not against small men, but against great, — even against the President himself, and not on any peddling point, but on the greatest issue of the day.

The Texas annexation was mixed up with slavery, and with all the political leverage implied in getting more slave states within the Union, while there was of course also the ambition of the Union itself to extend at once to the Rio Grande. Lincoln was unquestionably uneasy about all this. Some kind of wrong was getting on top, and a public which should have known better was applauding the transaction and cheering on the invasion. And it was a popular movement.

For this last Lincoln cared not a rush. But it exhilarated President Polk, who fanned away at that ambition for territory which does not stick at trifles. He more than once spoke of the invasion as the Mexican invasion of our territory and of the spot where "the blood of our fellow citizens was shed on our own soil", thus converting the American attack into a defensive operation. Lincoln would have none of this. It appeared to pervert history and assume the justice of the whole affair. So he struck straight at the President. He tabled in Congress eight queries, shearing his way straight to the mark by those at once famous Spot resolutions. "The Spot" where citizens' blood was shed, — where was that spot, historically, geographically? And so on and so on, till President Polk must have wished that spot wiped off the face of the earth.

At the back of each question was seen a formidable array, in formidable hands, of formidable facts. And as to "our citizens" whose blood had been shed, did that mean the peaceful population or the invading American soldiers? This, with a string of tests of citizenship so neat as this: "Whether the people of that settlement . . . have ever submitted themselves to the Government or Laws of Texas or of the United States by consent or by compulsion, either by accepting office or voting at election, by paying tax or serving on juries or having process served upon them or in any other way?"

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The queries were damning, and the President and his Government were dumb. Of course it was of no avail. Why should a man be asking questions when a great people was taking land? But though his pleas were swung aside they did as much to clarify the higher and better mind of America then as did the prefaces of Lowell to the Biglow papers. More and more he renewed his thinking about slavery and all that it meant, and the drift of his mind was seen in a bill for abolition with compensation in Columbia. In 1849 his term expired, and he passed back to the Illinois bar with his honor untarnished and his reputation enhanced. He stood pledged to the world as a friend of peace and fair dealing in the international sphere.

One might have thought that the lawyer in him would now have done with statesmanship. It was not so. Lincoln loved his profession. I like to think of that engrossing time in his public life when he was closing up in conflict with Senator Douglas, — a capable and formidable antagonist, — on that dark and frowning issue: — What of the slave? Then it was that at the call of old and tender memories he made an extraordinary and memorable diversion. He laid everything aside for a space, and went out of his beat, spontaneously offering his legal aid to defend a man charged with murder.

When Abraham Lincoln was young, — a failure in business, out at elbows, and not sure of his next meal, — he had been befriended by a Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong who had a humble dwelling at New Salem. They manifestly loved and trusted him. The mother would mend his clothes, Abe would do odd jobs, would rock the cradle. Their kindness saved him from despair. Then years passed, the old man died, and the widowed mother's sorrow grew apace, as her boy took to evil courses and was charged with murdering a companion after drink. Lincoln heard the dreadful news and volunteered his aid. He came to the rescue and acted with swift precision, getting the venue changed away from a locality in which popular frenzy was almost at the lynching stage, and a fair trial was impossible. Then he made inquiries and prepared very calmly for the exciting day.

He set the widow and her son beside him, himself plainly under waves of emotion. The legal forces against him were strong, prejudice also strong. Among the witnesses *one man saw the*

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murder. Then, as the story goes, he cross-examined all the unimportant witnesses reminiscently recalling their earliest experiences, eliminating all spite, and bringing sympathy into the crowded air. When the fatal witness took the stand, he swore positively to having seen the delivery of the crushing mortal blow. Then came Lincoln's turn. Let the details be given again. Did he see it all? Yes. What was the hour? Eleven o'clock at night. How far was he away from the scene? One hundred and fifty feet. How then could he see? By moonlight. A full moon? Yes, a full moon as clear as day. Said Lincoln, quietly drawing an almanac from his pocket and pointing to it, "Look at that and tell the jury what it says about the moon." Then came the damning disclosure that the moon was not full; she was in her first quarter and had set before eleven. No cleverness could set such testimony on its legs again, but the prosecution fought on.

The day was hot when the great advocate rose to address the jury. He took off his coat and vest, putting them over the back of a chair. And then, still reminiscent, he told them of his early days and of the family that had befriended him when friends were few and prospect there was none. This old dear widow lady whose shoulder he was touching, she was his friend then, could he ever forget it? And the cradle with the child: he had rocked that cradle, and the child had grown up to be a man and he was the prisoner whose innocence of murder they were surely going to declare. As the day wore on, and the jury retired, he guided the mother to the open, whispering to her, "Before the sun goes down Duff will be free." With the news of the jury's return she came back to the rude courthouse, but Lincoln met her at the door. The tears were streaming down his face, and he bade her look towards the west. "See," he said, "the sun has not gone down, and your boy is free."

Fortunate indeed was America to have at her service a citizen so gifted, so wide in knowledge, so deep in feeling, so varied in the movements of the nation and the human heart.

Again the temptation is strong to diverge into general history. And again we must abide by our theme. With an insistent reverberation rang the question, — "What of the slave?" The famous Dred Scott case was almost over again the very case of James Somersett which Mansfield had tried. Scott was a Missouri slave.

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But he in company with his master had passed through several free states, — Illinois, Wisconsin, and New York. There were at least two law suits. His plea, — once in a free state then free, — was turned down. The Supreme Court was divided in opinion. Some no doubt thought that if the air of England was too pure to be breathed by a slave, what was good enough for England was good enough at least for free America.

And Lincoln went from point to point saying startling things such as "this Union cannot exist half slave, half free." To all intents and purposes he now relinquished his profession and transferred to the American nation his entire outfit in law and experience and his immense intellectual equipment for the work of a man of affairs. In former years he had challenged a President, now he was challenging the Supreme Court itself. Its law was newfangled, its decision was wrong, wrong for the body and soul of the nation.

Then came along, of course, the Fugitive Slave Law. Could Senator Douglas with all his powers defend that? A law under cover of which households and establishments of slaves might be transferred to States which were free? A law which made pursuit and seizure of slaves legal among human beings? Douglas feebly replied that this was the law, but if the free states, — thus invaded or used as human hunting grounds, — objected, then they could make restrictive and practically preventive police regulations! And Lincoln, now himself thoroughly roused, roused the land, while he chased Douglas in and out of this fastness. Douglas won his election; Lincoln won the country, and the eyes of men were opened to this moral portent and to the idea of Lincoln as President.

So when the Presidency came to him, he undeviatingly continued his course. Skilful men in high places surrounded him. But "let no man despise thee"; he firmly, humorously, kept them in their places and took command. Elected to the great office almost at the outbreak of the Civil War, the gravity of his task would have appalled the stoutest heart.

Some instances are memorable, as when the Confederate leaders Mason and Slidell on a mission to Europe, passengers on an English vessel, were seized in violation of the laws of neutrality. England protested, America was furious, and Seward, as furious

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as the rest, wrote a dispatch which might have precipitated war with the old country. But one man kept his head. The United States was wrong, the men seized must be handed over. Seward's dispatch was submitted to Lincoln. He revised it with his own hand, — revised it, let America and the world remember, as only an accomplished lawyer could; and he revised it out of all knowing. Justice was done. Peace was preserved.

If justice and peace were to dwell together, so were justice and freedom. His attempt to begin emancipation by compensation again failed. Then slavery as an institution became the rallying cry for Secession, and with the Union in danger, he struck and struck deliberately for Union and Freedom. The depths of his nature were stirred by the horror of the war. But men must persevere, the twin cause was sacred. This great lawyer, transfigured into the man of his age, rallied under that banner his enlightened countrymen and won the homage at last of every captious nation of the world. The Gettysburg declaration was for Lincoln no rhapsodical inspiration. It represented the ripened wisdom of legal and political and human experience, his homage to justice.

"Four score and seven years ago," he exclaimed, "our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. . . . In a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

If ever a citation was hackneyed, surely this is one. But it can never be hackneyed. It is an utterance of enduring splendor, the classic association for ever of the name of Lincoln with Freedom.

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GOOD MANNERS IN LITERATURE

RICHARD BURTON

AMONG the forms of courage, — which someone has called the fundamental human virtue, — one may put the courage that espouses the unpopular side of a question. So I start forth on my subject with the half fear that what begins as protest may end as praise. Let me state the position at once, before the seductive lure of a shift of view has been yielded to.

It has become fashionable to-day in our letters to write in a style of alleged vernacular "strength", a manner of speaking that for vulgarity, coarseness, slovenly disregard of inherited decencies and fitnesses, and a horrid cacophony whose parallel is the shriek of the motor car careening on its malodorous way, has not been exceeded in any earlier period of English expression. To say this is, of course, to announce oneself as hopelessly out of the movement, which is sufficiently sad. Yet, since confession is good for the soul, and truth though murdered will rise again, let it be said with iteration that our generation, so far as English style is concerned, is a mannerless age.

Partially, this tendency may be explained as one of the many abuses of the democratic ideal. One man is as good as another, we declare in our political or social life; very well, one word is as good as another in our way of speaking and writing. Perish the thought that there is an aristocracy of literary expression! A passé nation like France may cherish such notions, but not the full-blooded American for whom robust, forthright phrase is ever the preferred thing. Away with the idea that from Beowulf to Hardy, Conrad and Kipling, Barrie and Shaw, James and Howells, there actually has been a kind of writing which illustrates the genius of the tongue and, seen *en masse*, constitutes the Upper House of English use. To acquire and dare to exercise a patrician style, at a time when such pieces of writing as *Manhattan Transfer*, *An American Tragedy*, and *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* engage the wide interest of a reading public ill-trained in models and hence undiscriminating in taste, seems indeed a thankless task. Doubtless fine writing is an end in itself. God plus one makes a majority. But being human, even an occasional

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first-class author dislikes merely posthumous fame. It is like being fed the day after you are hungry. The knowledge that the trained audience awaits one's efforts is ever a mighty fortifier of literary endeavor. To talk into a vacuum is not inspiriting. Emerson said long since that every real writer wants to get a hearing.

Involved in this deplorable result is that pseudo-Americanism which believes we should as a proof of our patriotism cut off entirely from the literary Past, which, by the way, alone made American literature a possibility, and, as part of our independence, develop and strenuously use our own blessed manner of speech. We have an American Constitution, why not an American Language? Already our idioms and locutions differ markedly from those of the British; let the good work go on that we may have a truly indigenous, autochthonous product, to which we can point with pride. There is a certain specious plausibility about this, for it is undeniably true that a new habitat, a different civilization, breeds new expression,—language being the outcome and setting down of these new experiences. Granted. But to cut off from a knowledge and familiar exercise of the historic riches of English coming to us from the great masters overseas, is to ask for the flower without the root. The sub-soil is important in agriculture and none the less in literature viewed as the result of a skilful, happy, and forceful handling of the mother tongue. Whether we like it or not, the base, the foundational pillar of our speech is English. And ours will not be a house built upon a rock if we become increasingly indifferent to, — or worse, friendly with, — the various forms of bastard English with which our ears are pelted from the spoken word, our eyes offended from the printed page. Evil communications corrupt good manners. As usual, the Bible and the Greek poets said it first.

Another indubitable reason for the trouble is that orgy of the ego which has made such violent inroads into what used to be regarded as the private domains of personal life. It is now quite in the literary mode to speak in print of almost anything that has happened in the personal experience, to air the rankest of our thoughts, — I suppose upon the Freudian principle of cure by public ventilation. A generation ago Lowell, complaining of the encroachment upon legitimate privacy, declared we flattened our noses against the window panes of the living and rifled the

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tombs of the dead, in our insatiate curiosity. Yet he wrote at a time when the present license to say aught, or write and print aught that may come into a human head was hardly more than in the egg. One smiles to reflect on his sensations in examining Mr. Kemp's *Tramping on Life* or Mr. Anderson's *A Story-Teller's Story*.

We are grown incontinent of our talk, suppressing nothing; we need to listen to the maxim in Ecclesiasticus: "Hast thou heard a word? let it die with thee; be of good courage, it will not burst thee." And again, from the same Wise Man: "There is one that keepeth silence, and is found wise; and there is one that is hated for his much talk."

The late Henry Holt, that charming example of the gentleman-publisher uniting old-style manners with an intellectual equipment that kept him apace with every shade of modern thought, said something shortly before his passing, very pertinent here: "There ought to be no difficulty, though some is alleged, in deciding what is proper for literature. Obviously, the functions of the body, which even savages consign to privacy, are not fit subjects for literature, nor is any allusion to them which is avoided in polite society. They are germane to science, but certainly not to art." One can hear the scornful shriek of denial that assaults the welkin, after such a statement.

Nevertheless, I believe it to be in substance sound. Vulgarity of reference, of thought and word, is not democracy in any sense that makes the word admirable. And when the so-called democratic ideal in Literature results in the parade of the commonplace, the common, and the unclean, whether in expression or theme, it is time to ask for a symmetrical admixture of the actual elements making up human life. Such an extreme, such a partial representation of the passion play we are all a part of, is as obnoxious as was the namby-pamby other extreme of lady-like avoidance to which the present tendency is a reaction and, in its initial purity, a legitimate one.

One can see plainly enough that the standardized public-school type of education is one of the reasons for the deplorable lack of taste, knowledge of sound models, and quick appreciation of values in Letters. The idiotic overpraise with which even our respectable periodicals are filled, on the appearance of some trifle

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of the moment, violating all the true canons of literary composition, could find no receptive audience save when such readers were devoid of any cultural perspective. Popular education that drills a pupil on some arbitrarily selected masterpiece with the result that any liking for it is killed, and with the additional result of giving undue emphasis to this piece of writing at the expense of a dozen others as good or better, is no preparation for the literary judgment which recognizes and encourages work which, while individual, roots in sound traditions. If this sort of education becomes dominant with the majority of those who should support literature, it is safe to say that the niceties, the elegances, and the subtler artistic excellencies which have, in whatever age and country, marked Letters as of esthetic worth, will perish of inanition and lack of backing. With no desire to be an alarmist, the present writer acknowledges to a sinking of the heart when constantly confronted in our leading critical reviews with the acceptance of dreadful lapses from all that has been supposed to be literary form: construction giving way to amorphousness, language wrested from its true use as word-choice and place in the sentence, and impossible subject-matter gleefully held high before our astounded gaze.

The stylistic acrobatics of the day are part of the general debacle of sound writing. There are sentences in *The Mauve Decade* that should affect a normal taste exactly as the epidermis is affected by August flies. The two latest novels of Ford Madox Ford have pages hardly written in English at all, but rather in a strange Fordian lingo peculiar to the author, and doubtless one explanation why such efforts are hailed in certain esoteric quarters as "masterpieces", — meaning perhaps that it is difficult to master them. The absurd impressionism of Fannie Hurst in her later books, *Appassionata* and *Mannequin*, when compared with the purity of manner exhibited in her earlier short stories, however interesting on the side of experimentation, makes one shudder to think how future writers with but a tithe of her talent may wreak themselves upon the long-suffering mother-tongue! In verse, the flippant, eccentric, and utterly tasteless departures from legitimate standards of such so-called poets as T. S. Eliot and E. E. Cummings furnish further illustration and proof of the tendency.

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The truly creative artists of Letters should set themselves as a solid phalanx against any and all encroachments upon good English, good taste, and a balanced treatment of Life in literature. Lopsided emphasis, eccentricity that is explained by insufficient training, unlicensed and ignorant departures from the centripetal influence of the best tradition, should be guarded against as foes, not friends; and it is the accredited writers themselves who should be keenest in defense of their inherited rights and their noblest privileges. If they wax careless or indifferent, why expect the half-trained or untrained public who buy their books to take on the white man's burden?

In this unsavory spectacle of tasteless, ill-mannered, forced, and vulgar writing the influence of the newspaper is unhappily in evidence. Some of the best idiomatic writing of the day can be found on the editorial pages of our great dailies. But it is equally true that much of the grotesque, the banal, and the ephemeral results from the newspaper desire to stimulate a jaded eye, to avoid the cut-and-dried, and to be novel and striking at all odds. Next to the rapid creations of spoken speech, the newspaper is our most powerful matrix of new idiom. Indubitably a great deal that is fresh, that has bite and tang and verve, comes to us in this way, and the best of it gradually is assimilated into our more decorous speech mode. All the same, there is ever the danger that in the attempt to be racy, you may become horse-racy. And many of our younger ambitious makers of books are using the methods of journalism to secure the "punch", the "wallop", or whatever be the descriptive slang of the moment, to the detriment of their style, and the blurring of their sense of more permanent values. Probably there would be a vast assent to the statement that the deadliest of literary sins is dullness. These lively youngsters who are so vocal in print with their mouthings and posturings, cannot be called dull; that may gladly be conceded to them. They make us sit up and take notice, they keep us on the *qui vive* as to what will come next; reading them is rather a breathless business, for this reason: slumber is far distant, and as we have been told before this, "slumber is a criticism."

Nevertheless, it may be humbly hinted that along with the deadly sin of dullness, thus avoided, there is another (why not, since the deadly sins are seven?) rampant among us, shrieking

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up and down the literary land: the sin of Vulgarity, which I capitalize to give it its due prominence. It will be a happy day in Literature and all its interests when the brilliant makers of belles-lettres, to whom naturally we look for leadership, shall draw away from these yokel clownings masquing as originality, with the same instinctive feeling with which a man in life shrinks from a failure to meet an obligation involving his personal honor. It will be a healthy day for Letters when authors self-protectingly exchange the shibboleth "We don't do that"! For social power, social pressure, is of all the most potent to produce results. Once make it bad form to wreak oneself licentiously on the native speech and to specialize on the lavatory aspects of human life, and the whole matter will take care of itself. Is there any way to such a desideratum? Only one that can be seen with the naked eye, and it dislikes me to use the word: culture. Much is meant thereby.

It implies, for one thing, a steady and willing devotion to the best models, the writers of the Centre, as Arnold used to say, accredited authors whose reputation, long sustained, is unshaken by the silly changes of literary fashion so often mistaken for really significant growth; who continue to be read by that quiet, unobtrusive, capable, and insistent minority of book lovers who, ultimately, settle the fate of all the writing tribe.

Culture refuses to be fooled by the naive notion that the new is necessarily of value in itself; while open-minded to the acceptance of that which is worthy although new, it properly puts the new on trial, seeing no reason in the world why a thing long-tried and meeting the requirements should be regarded as other than an aristocrat, and demanding that the parvenu, the new-comer of yesterday or to-day, submit credentials and establish a claim before being admitted to the inner circle. A diligent perusal of our popular periodicals at the present time plainly reveals that we practise the reverse; that there would seem to be something sacrosanct in the very matter of making an appeal in the current year of grace, to the disadvantage of some masterpiece which won its place a decade ago. Our young critics are like children enamoured of new toys, shoddy, grotesque, may be, and far inferior to those so soon thrown away into the corner of the nursery simply because they belong to yesteryear. Of old, as we

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know, the Athenians were ever seeking a new thing; to-day, we out-Athens Athens in this regard.

Culture is also aware that in the making of Literature, as of any art, the general composition is of more importance than any detail; that the whole takes precedence of the parts, which are of significance and value mainly as they contribute to the totality of effect which means architecture on the side of construction and the right mood on the side of style. To-day, the tendency very obviously is to cry up the worth of "purple patches" of expression at the expense of that organic totality which fine art demands. The inevitable result is that striving for immediate, detached effect which means a great deal of the vainglorious vagaries of current writing. Write a sentence here and there that will be a "knock-out" and never mind that exquisite tonal mood of expression which signifies carrying through the note struck at the beginning. A Hawthorne and a Hardy do strike this note and keep it, which is one reason why they are truly great writers, loftily untouched by these silly fluctuations of literary fashion with which our age is so unhappily familiar.

Culture, in fine, means knowing through training, instinct, taste, the best inherited virtues of English expression and English thought; the refusal to be shaken from that knowledge and its application, by any temporary false standards; the preparation of the catholic-minded, balanced, and appreciative reader of good books for the reception of the Best, so that he shall become as sensitive to values as an Amati violin to the right vibrations in the seasoned wood.

To prepare such readers, in order to make the country safe for literature, is a mammoth task that might well stagger our schools and colleges. But it is the only way out of the woods. And while the struggle is on, at least let us have the courage of our convictions, and state roundly the present situation; the beginning of any reform consists of the recognition of evils.

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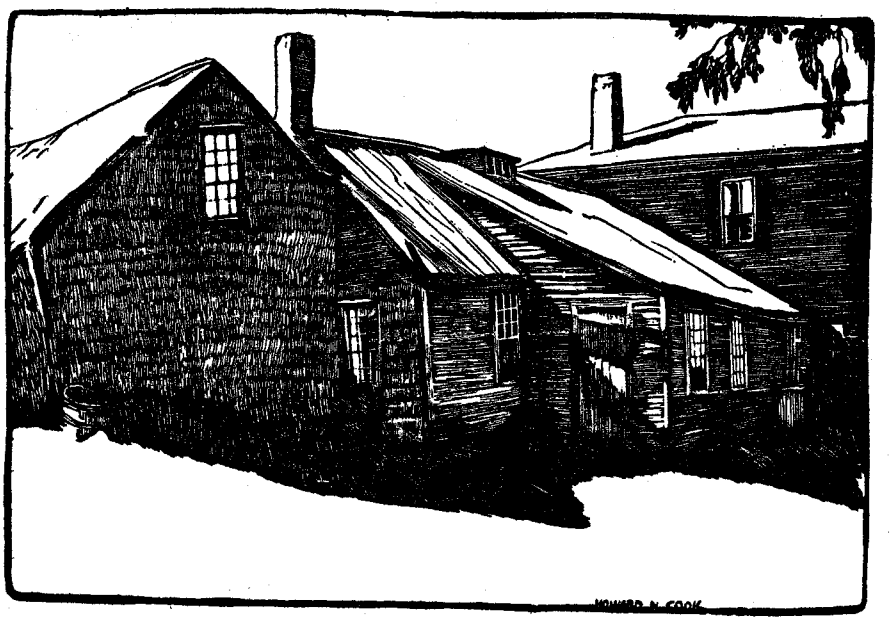
SOUTH OF AUGUSTA

WOODCUTS BY HOWARD N COOK



Sunlight and Desolation

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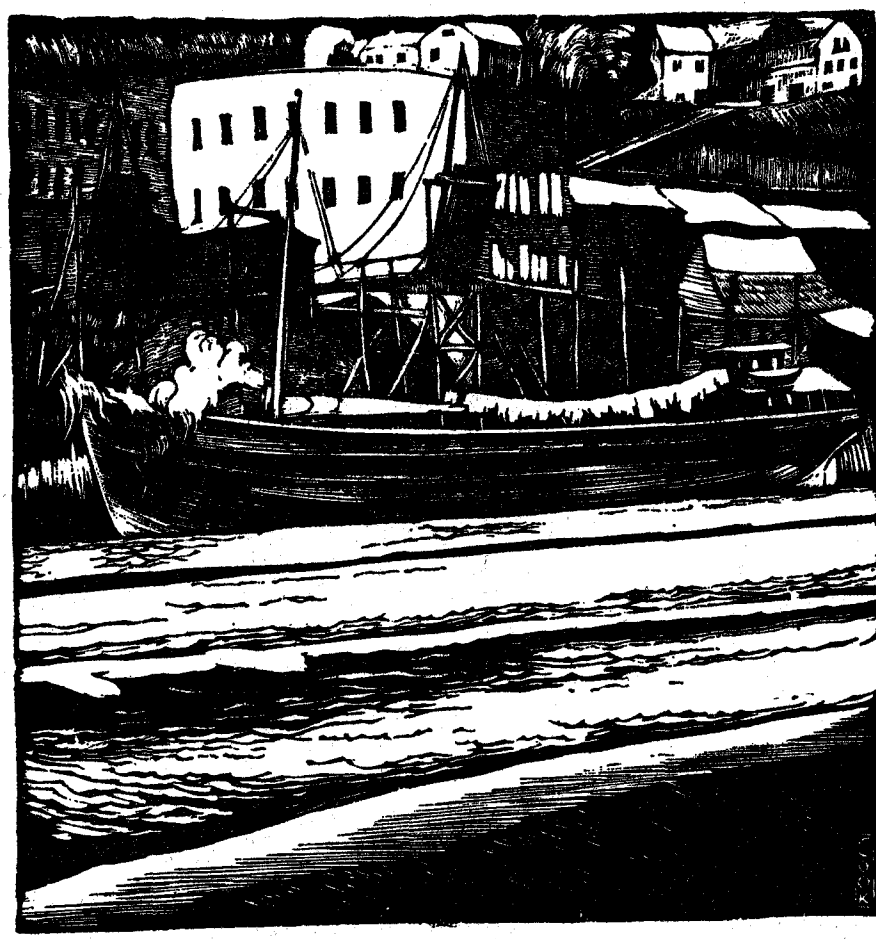

Kennebec River Banks

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The Sea-Bird

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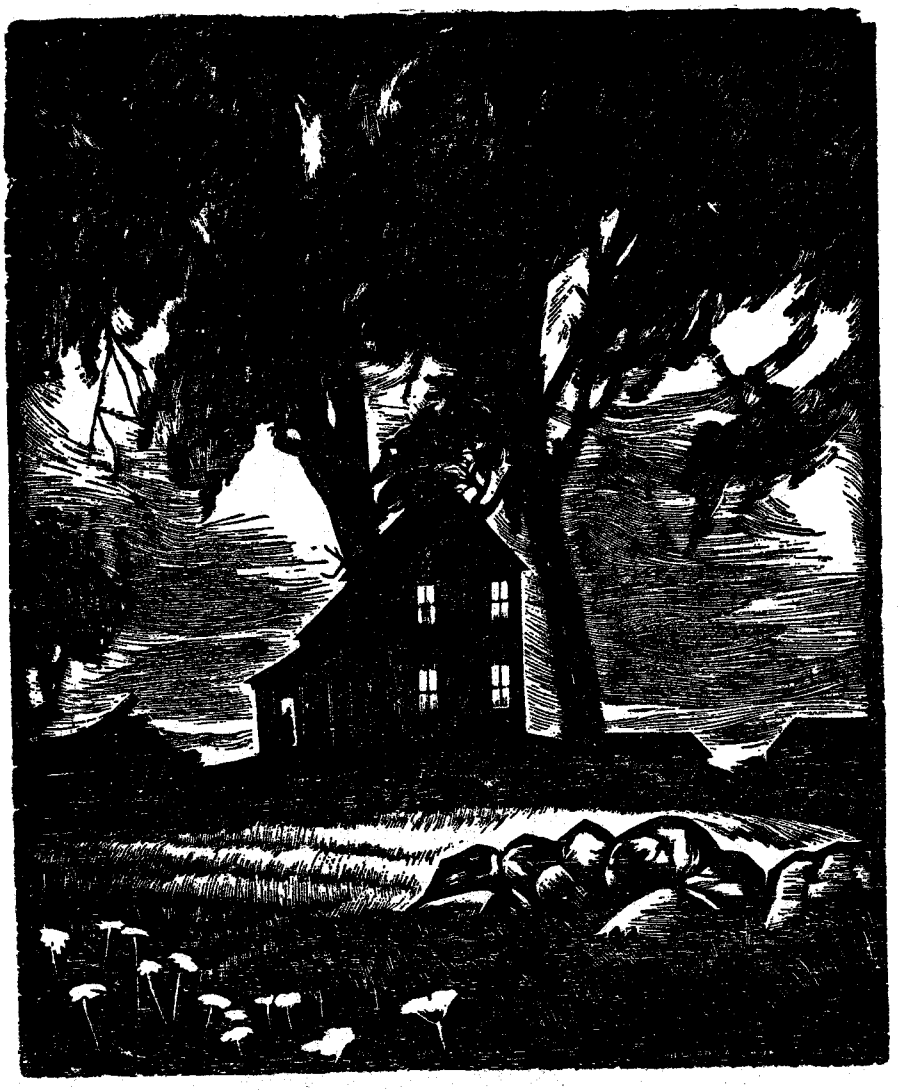

Wind In The Elms

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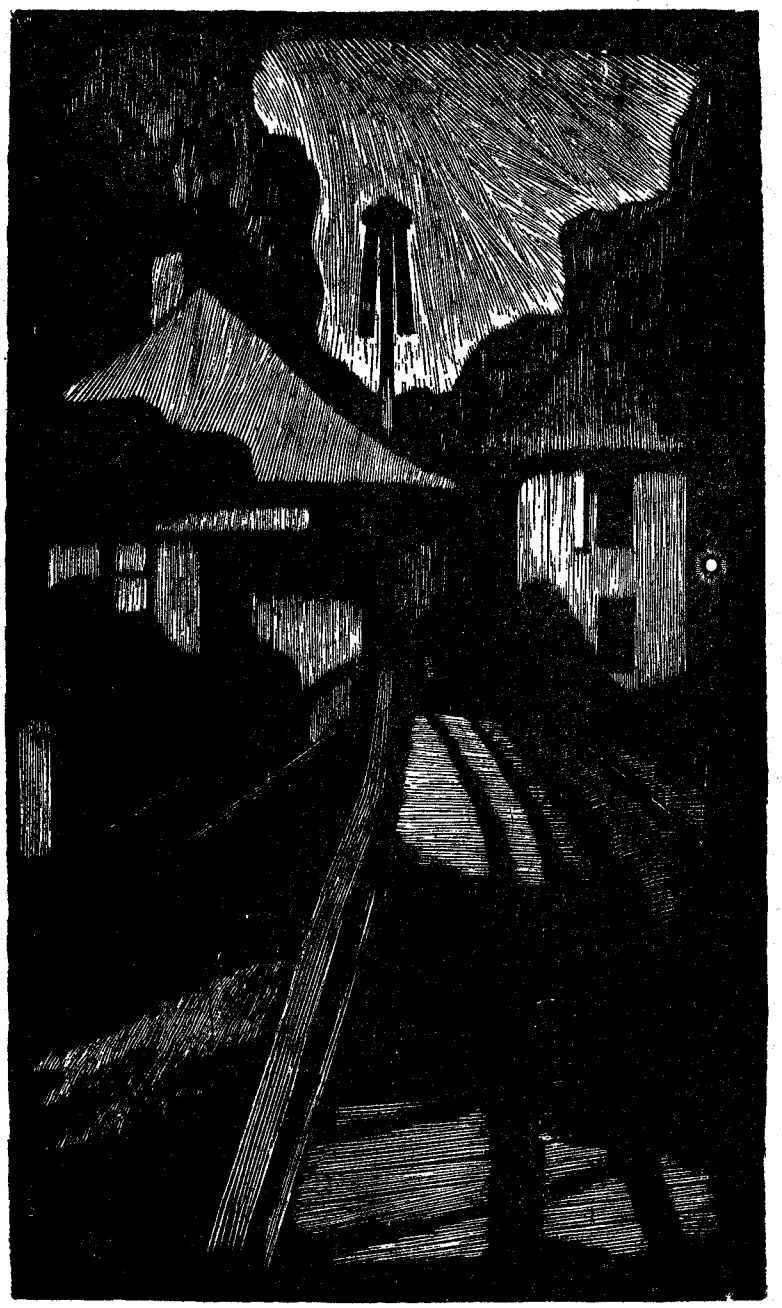

The Railroad Sleeping

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WHAT IS A GOOD SPORT?

Forum Definitions — Ninth Series

THE Cavalier and Roundhead are with us still. Of course, you can't expect to recognize them by a glance at mere externals. The Cavalier's flowing locks, — and frequently his lady's, — are cropped, for we are all roundheads nowadays so far as barbering can make us. And the Puritan! He, too, has changed. He has given up the habit of decapitating kings and his garb, though he goes more soberly suited than the Cavalier, is much the same.

But the temperaments that would have charged with Rupert at Naseby or stood firm with Cromwell's Ironsides are with us every day. Ask the right question and they reveal themselves at once. Ask them to define Good Sport, for instance, as THE FORUM did a month or two ago, and watch the old spirit of Cavalier and Roundhead when the definitions come in.

There are Puritans in the United States Navy, for from the Battle Fleet, Battleship Division comes the cynical suggestion that the title Good Sport is "the only dividend a free spender receives from sycophants for unstinted lavish generosity". This unlucky spendthrift is presumably the same Good Sport, — defined by Miss Dorothy Nichols, of Palo Alto, California, — "who never breaks up a party because he needs sleep." That is the Cavalier spirit.

Some definitions, however, make the Good Sport sound very like an early Christian martyr. The first of our winning definitions describes him as hero, martyr, humorist combined. O. Folger, of Wilmington, Ohio, expresses essentially the same opinion when he describes the Good Sport as one who "receives thirteen horrible Christmas ties, thanks each giver, — and wears every tie." There you have the Cavalier, a stalwart who deserves all the encomiums that can possibly be invented. He is indeed "one whom a show-down doesn't show up," — the definition of Mr. James Lawlor, of New York.

Many of our contestants quite naturally see the Good Sport as an athlete. Mr. Russell C. Parsons, of Springfield, Massachusetts, holds that "the outward manifestations of the Good Sport are too

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numerous to mention", and chooses as examples "the passé athlete who comes back, the bankrupt who retrieves and repays, and the farmer who replants in the face of Nature's constant scourging." Another contestant suggests that being a Good Sport consists in "never railing or whining at Referee Fate". The Rev. J. M. Dawson, of Waco, Texas, suggests that Good Sportsmanship "lies in refraining from interference with another's game, particularly a woman's." Miss Carol Joyce, of Topeka, Kansas, thinks a Good Sport is "a would-be player rejected and still rejoicing in the triumphs of those privileged to play". Her specific examples are "working men sacrificing youthful dreams on the altar of toil while applauding Babe Ruth".

The Good Sport has many virtues. He "wins without crowing and loses without crying". The Cavalier again! He is "a Douglas Haig silently declining fame that a Foch may win". One contributor finds his merits summed up in Henley's "Invictus", another in Kipling's "If". More sturdy Cromwellians. Again, Mr. Ralph L. Henry of Miami University avers that "a Good Sport takes the beating for his kid sister, though he knows that painting the cat was her idea." That is certainly the Cavalier. But there are others, who share the doubts of our naval officer, — Mr. Robert J. Kubat, of Cedar Rapids, for example, who says the Good Sport is "calloused in conscience and has no qualms concerning questionable conduct".

As further contributions we print below the eight

WINNING DEFINITIONS

1 A Good Sport is a combination of a hero, a martyr, and a humorist, with a deep sense of justice acknowledging the rights of others at the cost of his own disadvantage and discomfort, relieving the harsh realities in life's drama with the brighter and warmer colors of good fellowship and generosity without spoiling the comedy through self-love and false susceptibility. He can smile, when it rains on a picnic day, laugh at a joke about himself, shake hands with a man who inadvertently knocks him down with his car, forgive the friend who marries the girl he loves, and die on the battlefield for his country with a smile on his lips. (*O. F. Page, Fredonia, New York*).

2 A Good Sport is a lazy, good-for-nothing, unambitious laggard who is content to spend his life in idle enjoyment. He is generally harmless and good-natured but useless and easy-going. Among his attributes are kindliness and generosity, — he would give his proverbial last shirt for a friend but seldom has one to give. In short: a

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Good Sport is a durn fool who hasn't the sense to realize it. (*Gerald McOsker, Albuquerque, New Mexico*).

3 The term A Good Sport implies a person who spends his money freely and usually places the individual so characterized in a most favorable light. To the licentious mind, a Good Sport is one who will go the limit; to the opposite type of mind, one who is severe with himself in matters of conduct, but lenient towards others. A really Good Sport carries on uncomplainingly through all difficulties and spreads a little sunshine on others' paths. (*Genevieve Richmond, Miami, Florida*).

4 Good Sports are the affable and agreeable lubricants of society. Let others furnish the grit and sand; they supply the oil. Society needs sand for the rails and oil for the engine. The Good Sports are the oilers. A Good Sport once spread his cloak over a mud puddle so that a queen might not soil her dainty slippers, and some years later he went smiling and joking to the scaffold, — a good sport of the positive variety. Then there was that pleasure-seeking, profligate rounder, the Prodigal Son, — a good sport of the negative variety. (*George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*).

5 A Good Sport will coerce the baby to sleep at two A.M. without grousing about it, even if it involves walking the floor. Will show a sportsman's grin, not a martyr's, if his wife, as his partner, fails to grasp the necessity and saving power of a no-trump bid. Will continue to say "Yes, dear" when his wife directs his driving from the back seat of the car. Will not grouse about the price of his wife's new frock when last night's little game has left him short. Will play the game, even when the winnings are the other fellow's. (*L. G. Robillard, Ontario, Canada*).

6 The man who is patted on the back by the crowd is *called* a Good Sport. He *is* a pliant opportunist. He runs well in politics, poorly in history. But there is also the sportsman who acts the part of a gentleman when the game goes against him, — e'en though it be golf; the Methodist who read the October FORUM without reciting an imprecatory psalm; the theologian with good peripheral vision; and the statesman who patiently hears all sides and persistently displays the irenic spirit. (*Elmer H. Johnson, Billings, Montana*).

7 Either a person who, through fear of being known for what he really is, permits himself to think and act as his associates would have him do; or a person who conforms with the desires of his fellows because he has none of his own. A Good Sport's *raison d'être* is his desire for popularity coupled with his moral cowardice or bankruptcy. (*Dorothy F. Atkinson, Tacoma, Washington*).

8 A Good Sport (from sport, an athletic game, by application to a participant. Compare English description of conduct as in "It is not cricket"). (1) A likeable person who wins without boasting or swagger and loses without resentment. (2) A generous person. (Obsolete. "A Good Sport, — he bought drinks for the crowd as long as his money lasted"). (3) Specifically. A desirable out-door recreation. ("Hunting is a Good Sport.") (*E. O. Sarratt, San Antonio, Texas*).

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In The Forum Definition Contest for October appeared a winning definition of Socialism by Dr. Henry Flury. It described Socialism as a political philosophy which asks several embarrassing questions, — among them why our civilization is so cruel and ugly, why those who build automobiles walk and those who build Pullmans ride in box cars.

Dr. Flury teaches biology in the Eastern High School, Washington, D. C. He is also a veteran of the World War. Major-General Amos Fries is Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service. He is also local commander of the American Legion. The Major-General's eye fell upon the biologist's definition. He disapproved of it, — disapproved so thoroughly, indeed, that he asked the Board of Education of the District of Columbia to discharge Dr. Flury. The Board gave the harassed biologist a hearing, found that he had never set forth his personal views in the classroom, maintained the sound American view that a teacher's personal views are his own business, and supported Dr. Flury.

THE FORUM invited both the General and the biologist to discuss the matter in its columns. Later, in an address at Utica, the Editor invited the General to define Mossback, but he ignored both invitations. Dr. Flury, however, writes

> I enjoyed the scrap, and more so when I found that the real patriots gradually recognized the fact that I had fought their fight for applied constitutional rights of the minority. The point the School Board really decided was that a citizen does not lose his citizenship when he assumes the pedagogical toga or "hickory".

TOLERANCE

All this leads naturally to the next Definition Contest, for the word to be defined is Tolerance. Did Dr. Flury's case call for it? Did the head of the Chemical Warfare Service display it? What is it, anyway? Readers of a magazine of controversy have here a glittering opportunity to describe the virtue, — or perhaps it is a vice, — that they so faithfully practise. Whet your pencil and fall to! Though the controversy aroused by Mr. Flury's winning definition in a preceding contest gives timeliness to this one, there is no need for special reference to it.

Five dollars for each of the winning definitions of Tolerance. Send your ideas to the Definition Editor, THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, before March 1.

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MORE OF THE PRESIDENT

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

THE Coolidge Administration has run the country well and quietly, says Mr. Child, former American Ambassador to Italy, writing as a Republican. It is idle to find fault with the President because he indulges in no picturesque antics and does not thump lustily upon the big bass drum. Mr. Child believes that the President's greatest achievement is not his foreign policy nor even tax reduction, but unostentatious and excellent administration. He admits a certain smugness in Administration supporters.

IN the January FORUM, Edward Elwell Whiting and Frank R. Kent debated about the Coolidge Administration. Mr. Whiting confined himself somewhat to speaking of what Coolidge has done; Mr. Kent discussed what Mr. Coolidge is. A convenient distinction between the Occidental and the Oriental mind and philosophy is that the Occidental mind concerns itself with activities and doings, and the Oriental mind concerns itself with states of being. If, then, the debaters passed each other on different tracks it was because one went East and the other West, offering to each other almost no obstruction or obstacle. It was not clear, however, that either of them brought their trains of thought to the main stations on the Coolidge line; it was only clear that the Coolidge advocates feel that they want almost nothing more of the President. The anti-Coolidge group hanker, however, for presidential excursions which would be dedicated to going somewhere even though the President, — and his enemies who would also be his guides, — cannot suggest exactly where.

No doubt prejudice affects one who has served as the personal representative of a President, even when that service takes place abroad. On top of that, it is difficult to avoid the pressure of public opinion. Without any whipping by oratory or red fire it has settled with a comfortable bulk into the bed of conclusion that however much leadership with a capital L may count in giving what the moderns call a "kick" to the nation, horse sense has a value also. When the grazing is good, it is not a fitting occasion to run the herd until their tongues hang out.

The critics of Mr. Coolidge find themselves amazed at the propaganda and publicity which supports the President. No doubt rabid Democrats will identify this present review of the

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debate in the January FORUM as coming from some strange influence which the President has gained over the present writer. The only help to be extended to their mystification about the Coolidge propaganda is to ask them to consider the possibility that the public supporters of Mr. Coolidge are a good deal like the body of private citizen-supporters of Mr. Coolidge: they are for Mr. Coolidge mainly because they are for Mr. Coolidge. There is no great mystery. Thus life and thought is simplified and not made more difficult.

A Coolidge supporter has brought to THE FORUM in January the brimming pitcher of the Coolidge achievements in the tax reduction, economy, and patient foreign policy, to convince an audience already convinced. The anti-Coolidge group, rather than adopt the fashionable fact-finding method, kick at that pitcher rhetorically and add a liberal measure of diagnosis that Mr. Coolidge is not a "big man". An analysis of the somewhat irritable anti-Coolidge diagnosis that Mr. Coolidge is a subnormal President discloses that Mr. Coolidge has failed to perform variously and violently. The divided Democratic party apparently wish Mr. Coolidge to perform variously and violently, but fail, so far as any of us can see, to say what they would have Mr. Coolidge perform and how they would have him perform it.

They say: "We wish the President would do something big."

"And what?"

"Ah, that is something requiring a great deal of reflection. After all, the responsibility is not ours, — just something big and generous and resounding, — the kind of thing that means Leadership!"

Who denies that the President is not occasionally irritating to a people who love entertainment, and to some extent are fond of great gestures, — when the pocket nerve is not shocked by them; and fond of fanaticism, — when we can sober up next Thursday? He fails to give the country "a big kick". The only "kicks" we get out of Coolidge come because, in an age when there are so many fanatics, it is something of a thrill to find a man whose principal characteristic is that he is not one. All that hanky-panky which we drape on Presidents about their tramping to school in the snow and remembering Aunt Sarah on her birthday ought to be carefully used except in post mortem tailoring, because you and

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I and thousands of others tramped to school in the snow and remembered to return lost pocketbooks to their rightful owners and we played in the hay, — and we are not ready for the Presidency even yet. But there is real virtue and also theatrical novelty in a quiet man who can run the country tarnation well without beating any great drum of a hairy chest. Besides there is a soft and comfortable and lasting "kick", — and also a large measure of pride, — in having at our top hole a personality made up of the good old fashioned recipe of living right and asking God's help with unostentatious faith.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Coolidge has a quiet method of obtaining results. His critics, as in the case of the house-cleaning which the President did in his own inherited administrative family, are unwilling to pay tribute to any broom which has no bells on it. They like the tinkle-tinkle of virtue. Like the patient for whom old Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes easily pulled a tooth and who protested at the fee, they are ready to exclaim, "Why I can go down the street to old Doctor Democracy and get hauled all over the room for the same money!" Coolidge washed the clothes completely but he did it without hanging them in the faces of other nations; possibly it was better that way than with the noble gesture and the old bass drum.

The anti-Coolidgers do not like the firm and patient foreign policy of Mr. Coolidge; I associate myself with them in the case of the President's patience and firmness in trying to procure our wholly unnecessary and trivial association with a World Court which belonged to the United States of Europe and offered no real facility we could not obtain at The Hague. But they must know that while foreign propaganda, — particularly that of the hypocritical, alarmist, go-broke politicians overseas who would blame America rather than themselves for the futility of their parliamentary chaos, — cries out against Mr. Coolidge, he is respected overseas none the less. He keeps his fingers out of the other nations' pies on the one hand and their well baited traps on the other. Running the United States well, the President feels, is a big enough job for any President to do in a sixteen hour day. And there is some virtue in a foreign policy shaped by, and almost always, — thank God, — referred back to, our own democratic opinion. Steal nothing from others. Let none steal from us. Re-

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buke when necessary others who steal from others. Be generous but independent friend to those with whom we can cooperate. Something like that is our traditional and simple foreign policy. Adding to it a quiet patience with a world which won't make over during the night, — that policy is the President's. No one says that he makes it histrionic or adopts the bombshell or the evangelist methods, — he only makes it effective without these methods.

When the Democrats point out that the tax reduction and economy program was not the result of any great Medicine Man, they no doubt speak truth. Those measures and results so well stated by Mr. Whiting were not the result of incantations; they were only the result of conditions which furnished a good opportunity for a practical manager of the United States to do what he and his subordinates ought to do. They did it! That is not the minimum of achievement, as the carpers would have us believe; the wise taking of everything that opportunity offers us is the maximum of achievement.

One, in business, does not discharge a good manager because he is shrewd enough to see when opportunities are offered for waste-prevention and for profit. One does not say to the wise manager: "On your way! You miserable little man! All you've done is to save us money and show an immensely improved set of books. Why haven't you done some roaring? Why haven't you stirred up the animals? Why haven't you begun to manufacture novelties of some kind? This is a dull business; it is too prosperous to be exciting. It's too well run. It's too peaceful. We haven't seen you try a trick play on it for nearly five years. You're a fine manager, you are! Cut some capers or go down to the office and get your pay! You've run the business of course but, — confound it, — anybody could do that."

The fallacy is there. Not anybody can do it. A good many can do it in business; scarcer than the teeth of Plymouth rocks are those who can do it in government.

And the reason for that is not hard to uncover. Government by talk is easy to find; it is spilt all over, — everywhere. Most of the democracies in the world are going sideways with parliamentarism and talk, talk, talk. Government by legislative avalanche is easy to find; we ourselves have been the silly victims of attempts to pass laws regardless, — laws to make the sun shine or to have

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rainy Fridays, to turn time backward, to restore yesterdays and forbid to-morrows, to smack economics in the face and disinfect social inevitability; and we not only pass laws but try to legislate commandments like little tin gods replacing the Almighty in the relationship with the individual soul and its development. Government by bribery and blackmail is easy to find; most of the elected governments of the world are in power because they make promises they will not keep and ought not keep if they could and threats they cannot make real and ought not if they were able. What is rare in this vexed world is government with the least possible talk, the least possible legislation, the least possible wheedling of the governed by bribery or coercion by threats. What is rare in this world and most needed and most called for and most pleaded for and the hardest thing to find is, — good administration. It is not taking on new things to do which makes a good government; what makes a good government is the doing, — without much jawing, — of the things which to-day and to-morrow ought to be done.

I do not believe the greatest contribution of Coolidge to our progress is in tax reduction alone or foreign policy alone. I believe his greatest contribution has been in filling the growing demand for good administrative government of all kinds. A constant observation of American political conditions leads one to the conclusion that it is not the President's garrulous characteristics which are eloquent; the eloquence of Coolidge is the hum of good administration. Oratory and novel notions may be heard in an hour in an auditorium but the hum of the Coolidge government machine can be heard by most of us nights, days, and Sundays.

Now that is not a common thing. The hum of industry is an old phrase; the hum of government, if not new, is a rare, good sound. The only mistake we make about it is to confuse that hum with the hum of finance, commerce, and trade. The only mistake we may make about it is to confuse it with the hum which may be created by an engineer or a business executive or a great merchant or a great lawyer. It is not that kind of hum and never can be.

Government is not only a sport, for it is a hobby. It is not only a hobby, for it is a profession. It is not only a profession, for it is a business. It is not only a business, for it is a science and, —

It is not only a science, for it is an *art*.

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It takes long training to get it up as high as an art, — the art of government, — administrative government.

Coolidge has had some genius and fitness but above all he has had that training almost all his life.

It takes someone like Coolidge, for instance, to come to the conclusion that decentralization of power is a good thing, not because of states' rights as Jefferson saw it, but because of states' obligations as Coolidge sees it. Jefferson saw it as a political safeguard; Coolidge sees it as a national administrative expedient. Jefferson saw centralization as a menace; Coolidge pushes toward decentralization as a tremendous national convenience.

As I have said before, it is amusing to find so many opponents of Coolidge who, when challenged to catch hold, seize the end of the poker that is in Coolidge's hand. It's the cool end maybe, but the other is usually so confoundedly red hot!

No one will deny that things grow a little dull at times, politically, especially perhaps for those who are not responsible for this new administrative hum and who squirm at the smugness among the Coolidge advertisers.

But after all the job is being done. And after all the issue is vaudevilles and volubles against horse sense and the hum.

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BACK TO DARWIN

J. B. S. HALDANE

MOST people regard evolution as an ascent because they think chiefly of the ancestry of man. But as a matter of fact evolution is usually a degeneration, which makes it all the more difficult to believe in a directive agency at all resembling our own minds. The author of "Daedalus" here surveys the discoveries of the last sixty years, explains why he would be surprised to find a rabbit with horns, and concludes that science has unearthed nothing fundamentally irreconcilable with Darwin's original views.

THERE is a singularly universal agreement among biologists that evolution has occurred, that is to say, that the organisms now living are descended from ancestors from whom they differ very considerably. A very few, including a distinguished Jesuit entomologist, try to narrow down its scope, but so far as I know none deny it. To do so it would be necessary either to affirm that fossils were never alive, but created as such, presumably by the devil as stumbling blocks; or that species were wiped out, and their successors created on a slightly fantastic scale. For example, the members of one single genus of sea urchins would have to have been wiped out and replaced by barely distinguishable successors some dozens of times during the course of the deposition of the English chalk. This is a *reductio ad absurdum* of a view which was tenable when only a few groups of extinct organisms belonging to very different epochs were known. But if evolution is admitted as a historical fact it can still be explained in many different ways.

The iguanodon has been replaced by the sheep and cow, the Austrian empire by the succession states. Some few people will attribute both these events to the direct intervention of the Almighty, a few others to the mere interaction of atoms according to the laws of physics and chemistry. Most will adopt some intermediate point of view. We have therefore to ask ourselves whether evolution shows signs of intelligent or even instinctive guidance; and if not, whether it can be explained as the outcome of causes which we can see at work around us, and whose action is fairly intelligible.

Popular ideas of evolution are greatly biased by the fact that so much stress is laid on the ancestry of such animals as men, horses, and birds, which are, according to human standards of

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value, superior to their ancestors. We are therefore inclined to regard progress as the rule in evolution. Actually it is the exception, and for every case of it there are ten of degeneration. It is impossible to define this latter word accurately, but I shall use it to cover cases where an organ or function has been lost without any obvious corresponding gain, and in particular the assumption of a parasitic or sessile mode of life.

Evolution Backwards

To take an obvious example, the birds were almost certainly derived from a single ancestral species which achieved flight. This achievement was followed by a huge outbreak of variation which has given us the thousands of bird species alive to-day. The essential step was made once, and once only. But the power of flight has been lost on many different occasions, for example by the ostrich and its allies, the kiwi, the dodo, the great auk, the penguin, the weka, the pakapo (a flightless parrot), and so on. Only the auk and penguin converted their wings into flippers and may, perhaps, be absolved from the stigma of degeneracy. Similarly, hundreds of groups have independently taken to parasitism, and in many cases very successfully. On the average, every vertebrate harbors some dozens of parasitic worms, whose remote ancestors were free-living. Blake asked somewhat doubtfully of the tiger

"Did he who made the lamb make thee?"

The same question applies with equal force to the tapeworm, and an affirmative answer would clearly postulate a creator whose sense of values would not commend him to the admiration of humanity.

But in spite of this he might be an intelligent being. Now it is perhaps the most striking characteristic of an intelligent being that he learns from his mistakes. On the hypothesis of an intelligent guidance of evolution we should, therefore, expect that when a certain type of animal had proved itself a failure by becoming extinct the experiment of making it would not be tried repeatedly. But this has often happened. Both reptiles and mammals have on numerous occasions given rise to giant clumsy types with from one to six short horns on the head. One remembers tricera-

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tops, dinoceras, titanotherum, and others. Not only did they all become extinct, but they did not even, like some other extinct animal types, flourish over very long periods. And the rhinoceros, which represents the same scheme among living animals, was rapidly becoming extinct even before the invention of the rifle. But all these animals were evolved independently. Among the titanotheres alone, eleven distinct lines increased in size, developed horns, and perished.

Two or three such attempts would have convinced an intelligent demiurge of the futility of the process. That particular type of mistake is almost the rule in vertebrate evolution. Again and again during mesozoic times, great groups of reptiles blossomed out into an inordinate increase of bulk, a wild exuberance of scale and spine, which invariably ended in their extinction. They doubtless enjoyed the satisfaction of squashing a number of our own ancestors and those of the existing reptilian groups, who seem to have been relatively small and meek creatures.

Does Nature Explain?

It would seem, then, that there is no need to postulate a directive agency at all resembling our own minds, behind evolution. The question now remains whether it can be explained by the so far known laws of nature. In the discussion which follows we do not, of course, raise the questions as to how life originated, if it ever did; or how far the existence of an intelligible world implies the presence behind it of a mind.

Darwin recognized two causes for evolution, namely, the transmission to the descendants of characters acquired by their ancestors during the course of their lives, and selection. He laid more stress on the latter and was the first to point out its great importance as a cause of evolution; but, — as might be noted by certain anti-Darwinian writers, were they to read Chapter 1 of the *Origin of Species*, — he was far from neglecting the former. Nevertheless, thanks in the main to Weissmann, the majority of biologists to-day doubt whether acquired characters are transmitted to the offspring. A vast amount of work has been done to demonstrate possible the effect on an organ of its use or disuse throughout many generations. To take a recent example, Payne bred drosophila, — a fly which tends to move towards light, —

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in darkness for seventy-five generations. At the end of that time no visible change had occurred in the eyes, and when one thousand such flies were given the opportunity of moving toward a light, no change was found from the normal, either in the proportion which moved within a minute or in the average rate at which they moved. The majority of the experiments on the inheritance of the effects of use and disuse lead to equally negative results.

Some of the apparently successful experiments can be explained by selection. For example, wheat taken from Scandinavia to Central Europe and brought back again after some years was found to germinate earlier than its ancestors, and the results were attributed to the effects of earlier germination in a warmer climate. But whereas in Scandinavia the earliest germinating shoots would tend to be nipped by frost, in a warmer climate they would get a start over the later and be represented in greater numbers in each successive generation. Hence, if there was any inheritable variation in time of sprouting, selection would occur, and the wheat as a whole would sprout earlier.

Nevertheless a certain number of cases remain which can hardly be explained away in this manner nor by the transmission of micro-organisms.

The Case for Selection

It must be remembered that, however many experiments fail, it is always possible that the effects of use and disuse may be impressed on a species at a rate not susceptible of experimental verification, yet rapid enough to be of importance in geological time. But the acceptance of this principle, and in particular of the corollary that instinct is in part inherited memory, raises difficulties at least as great as it solves. The most perfect and complex instincts are those of the workers of social insect species, such as bees and termites. Now a worker bee is descended entirely from queens and drones. None, or extremely few, of her ancestors have been workers. If therefore memory were inherited, the instincts of workers should slowly alter in such a way that their behavior came to resemble that of sexual forms, and insect societies should be inherently unstable, — whereas in fact they appear to date back for at least twenty million years.

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The case for natural selection is far stronger. Let us first be clear what is meant by this phrase. Among the offspring of the same parents variations occur. Some of these are due to accident or disease and are not transmitted to the next generation, others are inheritable. For example, a single litter of rabbits often contains both colored and white members. If the whites are bred together, they produce only white young. The colored will produce a majority like themselves and a proportion of whites. That is to say, both characters are more or less markedly inherited. If now the animals bearing one inheritable character produce on the whole more offspring which survive to maturity in the next generation, the proportion of the population bearing that character will tend to increase. The phrase "survival of the fittest" is often rather misleading. It is types and not individuals that survive.

Of two female deer, the one which habitually abandons its young on the approach of a beast of prey is likely to outlive one which defends them; but as the latter will leave more offspring, her type survives even if she loses her life. Hence, insofar as courage and maternal instinct are inherited they will tend to survive, even if they often lead to the death of the individual. Of course, the fact that nature favors altruistic conduct in certain cases does not mean that biological and moral values are in general the same.

As Huxley pointed out long ago, this is by no means the case, and an attempt to equate moral and biological values is a somewhat crude form of nature worship. But that is not to say that the moralist can neglect biological facts.

Avoiding Extermination

The assertion is still sometimes made that no one has ever seen natural selection at work. It is therefore perhaps worth giving in some detail a case recently described by Harrison. About 1800 a large wood in the Cleveland district of Yorkshire containing pine and birch was divided into two by a stretch of heath. In 1885 the pines in one division were replaced by birches, while in the other the birches were almost entirely ousted by pines. In consequence the moth *Oporabia autumnata*, which inhabits both woods, has been placed in two different environments. In both woods a

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light and a dark variety occur, but in the pine wood over ninety-six per cent. are dark, in the birch wood only fifteen per cent. This is not due to the direct effect of the environment, for the dark pine wood race became no lighter after feeding the caterpillars on birch trees in captivity for three generations, nor can the light form be darkened by placing this variety on pines. The reason for the difference was discovered on collecting the wings of moths found lying about in the pine wood, whose owners had been eaten by owls, bats, and night-jars. Although there were more than twenty-five living dark moths to each light one, a majority of the wings found were light colored. The whiter moths, which show up against the dark pines, are being exterminated, and in a few more years natural selection will have done its work and the pine wood will be inhabited entirely by dark colored insects. Naturalists are at last beginning to realize the importance of observations of this kind, but they require a combination of field observations with experiment such as is too rarely made.

Now it is clear that natural selection can only act when it finds variations to act on. It cannot create them, and critics have therefore objected that it cannot really be said to create a new species. It would follow from this line of reasoning that a sculptor who hews a statue from a block of marble has not really made the statue. He has merely knocked away some chips of stone which happened to be round it! Natural selection is creative in the same sense as sculpture. It needs living organisms exhibiting inheritable variations as its raw material. It is not responsible for the existence of organisms, but it remains to be shown that without it organisms would display any tendency to evolve.

Of course, if variation is biased in some one direction, a new problem arises. Variation has been adequately studied only during the last twenty years, and it is necessary to digress on the results of this study. Most inheritable variations which have been investigated are transmitted according to Mendel's laws, except that complete dominance is rather rare. That is to say, they are due to the handing on from parent to offspring of a unit which we call a gene, and which is a material structure, located at a definite point in the nucleus of the cell and dividing at each nuclear division. Characters which appear to vary continuously generally prove on analysis to be due to the interaction of a number of such

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genes. Now apart from non-inheritable "fluctuations" due to the environment, there are two distinct types of variation. The first and commonest kind is caused by a mere reshuffling of genes. If we mate a black and white rabbit with a blue angora (long-haired) doe, the offspring, if the parents were pure bred, will be black short-haired rabbits; but among their children, if they are mated together, will appear an outburst of variation. Black, blue, black and white, blue and white rabbits will appear, some of each kind having short hair, some long, due to a reshuffling of the genes contributed by the parents. This sort of variation obeys the laws of chance, and selection will only be able to pick out one most favored combination, say short-haired blue rabbits. Almost all variation in the human race is due to this cause.

When Evolution Speeds Up

But there is another and far rarer kind of variation, known as mutation, which consists in the origin of a new gene. I might breed a million rabbits without getting more than a dozen or so well marked mutations. But the sort of mutations I should expect would be on more or less familiar lines. I should not be surprised if I got an outbreak of hereditary baldness, or came on a new race of rabbit with pink eyes and a yellow coat, for these types have arisen in mice; but I should be dumbfounded if one of my rabbits developed hereditary horns, and still more so if feathers were to appear! As a matter of fact, there is a marked parallelism between the new genes which have arisen in nearly related species; and this is intelligible because the structure of their nuclei is similar, and the changes likely to occur in them are therefore also similar. New genes appear to arise as the result of accidents, — that is to say, causes which are no doubt determined by the laws of physics, but are no more the concern of the biologist than those governing the fall of a chimney pot, which has been known to alter the shape of a human head, though not in an inheritable manner. Mutations have been provoked in mice by mild injury of the germ plasm with X-rays. The vast majority of mutations are harmful, resulting in an impairment of some structure or function, and are eliminated by natural selection. Others are neutral. In a fly of which some hundreds of millions have been bred in laboratories, over four hundred mutations have

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occurred, some of them on many different occasions. Only two have yielded types as healthy as the normal. Advantageous mutations are still rarer, — that is why evolution is so slow. But they do occur.

On a Sumatran tobacco plantation a new type of tobacco plant, due to a mutation inherited on Mendelian lines, arose suddenly. It was found that the new variety, though no better off than its ancestors in Sumatra, gave distinctly better crops in a cool climate. If it had arisen in the wild state it would have enabled the tobacco plant to extend its northerly range and form a new subspecies. It must be remembered that a mutation which in most circumstances would be disadvantageous, may be useful in a special environment. Wingless varieties of normally winged insects are common on small oceanic islands, though by no means universal. Mutations causing loss of wings are also common in the laboratory. It is clear that after an island has been colonized by a winged insect carried by the wind from an adjoining continent, hereditary loss of wings, if not accompanied by degeneration of other structures, will be of value in preventing its successors from being blown out to sea.

It is clear, then, that in mutations of this type we have a means by which subspecies may be formed in nature, and there is strong evidence that they have been so formed. For example, the three varieties of the black rat, which have different geographical distributions, differ from one another by single genes quite similar to those which arise by mutation in the laboratory. But there is no evidence at all that mutations are biased in a direction advantageous to the species. The possibilities of mutation do, however, limit the directions in which a species can evolve. Whether it will do so along any of the lines thus laid open to it depends on natural selection. In some cases, as among flowering plants, a good many species seem to be neither better nor worse off than their ancestors, — and therefore to owe their origin primarily to variation. However, a slight change in leaf or flower form is not evolution.

In many cases a change in one character will only be of advantage to a species if some other varies simultaneously in the same direction. This has been used as an argument against natural selection. But in the first place, although one gene may affect one structure only or mainly, others will modify a whole

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group. Thus of the genes which alter the wing of the fly Drosophila some have little effect elsewhere, some also affect the balancers (rudiments of the second wing pair), others the legs, and so on. A mutation will, therefore, often be found to kill the two birds with one stone, so to speak. Should this be impossible, selection can still work.

Suppose it is to the advantage of an animal that two structures A and B, — say bones, — should increase together, but that variations in them are inherited independently. We can classify the animals according as the two are of below the average size, greater than the average or about equal to it. So that we get nine classes in all. Those in which the two are unequally developed will be at a disadvantage, only where both are increased will there be any gain. Putting the number of the normal type surviving at 100, we should get survival rates somewhat as follows: —

	A+	A=	A−
B+	101	98	96
B=	98	100	98
B−	96	98	99

where the figure 101 represents the fact that animals with both A and B increased have a ten per cent. better chance of survival than the average. It will be seen that the A− and B− groups will tend to die out, so that both structures will increase in size.

The Case Against Selection

To my mind the most serious argument against selection on these lines is that it does not explain the origin of interspecific sterility, except where it is due to external causes such as differences of size or breeding time. It is on these grounds that Bateson, a thorough believer in evolution, has criticized natural selection. As I have pointed out elsewhere, a difference of a single gene between two animals may cause the production of an excess of one sex on crossing, as occurs in fowl-pheasant and cow-bison crosses; and several such genes may well cause complete sterility.

Moreover, there is a second type of inheritable variation, leading to a change in the chromosome number, which causes intervarietal sterility, often without a very marked change in external characteristics. This is quite common in plants, less so in animals.

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Although, therefore, the problem of interspecific sterility is serious, we are already well on the way to solving it.

We must now turn to the paleontological evidence. In a few groups we can trace the course of evolution in some detail. Thus we know over five thousand species of ammonites, and nearly two hundred of extinct horses. In the horses, advance took place along several parallel lines, only one of which has left living descendants. In each line the toes were gradually reduced from three to one, while the molar teeth increased in length and complexity. When in the past we find two different species competing in the same area, one is usually further on the road towards a single toe, the other towards a long molar. We know that these two characters were of value, because we find fossils in which the thin lateral toes, — reduced to mere vestiges in the modern horse, — had been broken during the animal's life as shown by subsequent healing. We also find that in the more primitive types the teeth were often worn down to the roots, leading to death from starvation. Hence for two species to compete equally their advantages in these two respects must be balanced, as species combining both advantages, — as does the modern horse, — would oust those possessing one only. Evolution in the cases where the evidence is most complete is known to have been very gradual. Such large changes as those produced by most genes so far studied were rare in evolution. This is natural enough. Geneticists have concentrated their attention on genes which produce striking effects. Now, however, that they are beginning to look for those causing very small effects only, and often apparently continuous variation, they are finding them.

A more serious objection is that rudimentary characters sometimes appear which can be of no use to their owners, but only become so on further development some thousands of years later. This is almost certainly true and is at first sight fatal to the selection hypothesis. But it can be met along several lines. A change in one organ, as Darwin pointed out, generally carries with it a change in others. Hence an increase in the complexity of one molar brought about by natural selection may cause the beginning of a new cusp in its neighbor. This cusp will at first be useless, but as it increases selection will begin to act on it also, so that the process will gather momentum until we arrive at the extremely

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complex grinders of the elephant or horse. Moreover, we can trace just the same gradual beginnings of apparently quite useless organs, the excessive skeletal outgrowths which have been the harbingers of extinction in many animal groups, both vertebrate and invertebrate. If we knew more about these creatures' soft parts we could perhaps elucidate these problems. Some light is thrown on them by recent work of J. S. Huxley and others. They have shown that, in certain animals, growth of the whole body leads to disproportionate growth of one part. Thus in a group of crabs, whenever the body doubles in weight, the large claw increases three times, until it becomes almost as large as the rest of the animal. Any cause promoting growth of the whole body, therefore, leads to a disproportionate growth of the claw. And such a cause is to be found in competition within the species, more especially the competition between males for females by fighting, as is common among mammals, rather than display, as seems to be the custom with many birds.

A Deeper Cause?

Still the possibility of some deeper underlying cause of evolution is often suggested by the study of a whole great group, such as the ammonites, which furnish the best available material, for the following reasons: They were sea-beasts, hence their shells were preserved far better than the skeletons of land animals. The number of known fossil species is nearly double that of living mammals. Their shells tell us of their development, for the whorls formed by the young animal are preserved in the middle of the complete structure. Finally, their history is over. The last of them died in eocene times, twenty million or more years ago.

The earliest forms were often not coiled at all and always had very simple patterns on the sutures between different shell chambers; and their descendants still made these simple patterns in the embryonic stages. In the great ages of ammonites during the first two-thirds of the mesozoic era, the most complex ornamentation was generally made by the adult animal. But as time went on, it showed a tendency to slur its work. The most complex patterns were made by the half-grown creatures, and in cretaceous times the adult shells were even uncoiled, as in the very earliest

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forms. Now this "second childhood" occurred independently in some scores of different lines of descent, always as a prelude to extinction. In other groups the same phenomenon may be observed, though the stigmata of degeneration are different.

This degenerative process is often described as the old age of a race, but we must remember that this phrase is only a metaphor. Some very obvious explanations for it are as follows:

A step in evolution in any animal group is followed by an evolutionary advance on the part of their parasites. When our fish ancestors came out of the water, they lost their louse-like crustacean parasites; and it was only after some time that insects can have taken their places; and later still that micro-organisms such as those of malaria and typhus were evolved, which pass part of their life-cycle in insects and part in vertebrates. So the apparent degeneration of a group may only mean that evolution of their enemies has caught up with their own. Again, specialization, — while it leads to temporary prosperity, — exposes a species to extinction or at least to very unfavorable conditions when its environment alters. A small change of climate will lead to a disappearance of forests over a wide area, and with them of most of the animals highly adapted to life in them, such as squirrels, woodpeckers, wood-eating beetles, and so forth. A few, like our own ancestors, adapted themselves to a new environment; but the majority, and all the more highly specialized, died out, the new population of the area being recruited from among the less well adapted forms. Also, as pointed out above, competition within the species, man included, may lead to results desirable for a few individuals, but most undesirable for the species as a whole.

Poetry and Paleontology

To my mind the closest analogy to the evolution of a given group is the history of the art and literature of a civilization. The clumsy primitive forms are replaced by a great variety of types. Different schools arise and decline more or less rapidly. Finally a period of decline sets in, characterized by archaism like that of the last ammonites. And it is difficult not to compare some of the fantastic animals of the declining periods of a race with the work of Miss Sitwell, or the clumsy but impressive with that of Epstein. The history of an animal group shows no more evidence of plan-

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ning than does that of a national literature. But both show orderly sequences which are already pretty capable of explanation.

To sum up, no satisfactory cause of evolution other than the action of natural selection on fortuitous variations has ever been put forward. It is by no means clear that natural selection will explain all the facts. But the other suggested causes are unverified hypotheses, while selection can be observed by those who take sufficient trouble. Some of the alleged causes, moreover, are difficult to reconcile with the facts of paleontology and genetics. The evidence as to the earth's age from radioactive minerals shows that about seven hundred million years have elapsed since the first known fossils were laid down, and perhaps twice as long since life appeared on the earth. This is a larger time than the early supporters of Darwin demanded and seems long enough to satisfy any quantitative objections as to the slowness of evolution. There are qualitative objections, such as those connected with the origin of consciousness. But consciousness arises anew in every human being. Its first origin on the earth presents no more and no less mystery than its last.

Finally, no facts definitely irreconcilable with Darwinism have been discovered in the sixty years and more that have elapsed since the formulation of Darwin's views. Such a fact would be, for example, a convergence in the course of geological time of members of two or more groups to form a single species. Actually, we observe the convergence of forms as we go down and not up a geological series. And there have been quite enough anti-Darwinian paleontologists to have seized on such a case had it existed.

As an explanation of evolution Darwin's ideas still hold the field to-day, and subsequent work has necessitated less modification of them than of those of his contemporaries in physics and chemistry. Just as physiology has found no case of interference with the order of nature as revealed by physics and chemistry, the study of evolution has brought to light no principle which cannot be observed in the experience of ordinary life and successfully submitted to the analysis of reason.

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THE NEW AMERICAN LANGUAGE

WHAT words would you like to see in the Dictionary of 1937? What new furniture has America been adding to our Thesaurus, or verbal Treasure-house, during the last five years, and what can you yourself add?

That was the question we asked our readers to settle for 1927, and they have risen nobly to the occasion. The contest is to continue; so the purpose of this preliminary survey is to assist them still further in making useful suggestions.

It is not easy to find an effective slogan for the lexicographer, — the philologist who catches and catalogues the wonderful words that are flying about. Bigger and better words? Some would answer: "Fewer and fitter." "Newer and slicker" might be more appropriate as far as the present purpose is concerned; though we all want the language of to-morrow to be better, and fitter too, if that can be achieved. And here Miss Esther Matson, of Santa Monica, Calif., comes to our aid, for she reminds us that the new words and the new phrases are among the world's "necessities."

We may shiver at the contact between these often uncouth strangers with the caparisoned riders of our classic literature, yet we may discover food for thought in what Max Müller pointed out many years ago. "Dialects," he explained, "have always been the feeders rather than the channels of a literary language."

There is, adds our contributor, still more food for thought in Jefferson's belief that the increments are not detriments but are rather enrichments of our vocabulary. "I have been not a little disappointed," wrote Jefferson in a letter to an English friend, "and made suspicious of my own judgment on seeing the ablest critics of the age set their faces against the introduction of new words into the English language; they are particularly apprehensive that the writers of the United States will adulterate it. Certainly so growing a population, spread over such an extent of country, with such a variety of climates, of productions, of arts, must enlarge their language, to make it answer its purpose of expressing all ideas, the new as well as the old. The new circumstances under which we are placed, call for new words, new phrases, and for the transfer of old words to

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new objects. An American dialect will therefore be formed. . . . But whether will these adulterate or enrich the English language?"

As regards enrichment by colloquialisms since George Washington exhorted his men not to "fly off the handle" in 1776, we are collecting in particular the phrases and metaphors of the nineteen-twenties and are reserving a varied assortment of the efforts of modern slang-slingers for May. Amongst single words we may instance the promotion of "squawk" by Mr. P. L. White, of Des Moines, Iowa. "This word has come to mean 'protest' but 'protest' in an undignified manner. Since most protests are undignified, 'squawk' is a word of real utility in this sense. A dictionary-like definition of the word in this sense would be: 'Squawk, any undignified manner of protesting.'"

Of course, there is some difficulty in appraising both interest and originality. Thus Mr. John M. Crook, of Chicago, is anxious, oddly enough, that "crook" shall be immortalized, and a similar plea has been made for Babbitry, Boob, Cradle-snatcher, Hooverize, Pep, Swank, and a dozen other familiars. But in every case our stenographer claimed priority, so we save the books.

When we come to new words the problem is simpler, and we congratulate the hundreds who have so quickly appreciated our intentions. Mr. Andrew Christianson, of Chicago, wins our sympathy for "souprano", — the tone in which some people imbibe, or even gargle, their first course. His "vacueat", — to engulf spaghetti by sucking it into the mouth, — is not, perhaps, quite so happy.

In these days of Pulchritude and Poiret, some new words might be expected to keep pace with new developments. Says Mr. Joy Wheeler Dow: "Does Carl Van Vechten think people hail it as charming originality to call his heroine's hips 'haunches', as you would a horse's? (*Blind Bow-Boy*) Does Fannie Hurst expect applause for selecting an anatomical term 'femur' (*Lummox*) for 'thigh', which in itself is a coarse word and unnecessary, although it may be better than Anne Sedgwick's 'length of leg' as if it were a stick of timber, in her description of *The Little French Girl?* Christopher Morley, however, goes them one coarser and says 'hams' in *Thunder on the Left.*" Apparently there is room here for a really satisfactory word.

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Dr. David P. Jackson (Sharon, Pa.) would standardize a practice which has frequently been defended by experimentalists. He has noticed that in the Pennsylvania German dialect they use the prefix "ge-" with English words. For example, "Ich bin geblämt" (I am blamed; equivalent to "I am continually blamed"). He cites the following which he has overheard: "Ich kann mache was ich will, ich bin geblämt für alles was wrong geht." (No difference what I do, I am continually blamed [i.e., by his wife] for everything that goes wrong.)

We could, he thinks, use this intensive prefix with perfect participles as well as with participial verbal nouns. For instance, it would add expressiveness to our indignation if we could say to our neighbor, "Your dog gehowled all night." And he recalls that Walt Mason has used the phrase "his gewheeling" referring to automobile riding. Again, why is the word "sororial" not part of the English languages? That we must at least find something to take its place is the contention of Miss Alice Cary Gilchrist (Omaha, Neb.): "The American language has its 'sorority' as well as its 'fraternity', but it lacks the adjective and adverb corresponding to 'fraternal' and 'fraternally'".

To stimulate further effort on these lines, we offer the following septet as examples of the kind of entry that gets past the FORUM sentry:

1 You have no doubt noticed the words "non-selling" used by department stores, especially to distinguish the clerks, packers, etc., from those employed behind the counters. This word has an awkward sound and I think should be replaced by the word *demercial*, antonymical to "commercial" and signifying apart from the direct contact with trade implied by the latter word. (*Howard Austin Snyder, Llanerch, Pa.*)

2 The word *jazum* is used sometimes by the cowboys of the West, and is defined by them as "the effect a buzz-saw has in going through a keg of nails". To put a little jazum into your work is to work with spirit. (*J. S. Hodges, Denison, Texas.*)

3 The word *optience* fills a need in the intercourse of the class I belong to, — the deaf. When we "listen" in a body to an address in the sign language, we cannot, strictly speaking, be called an "audience". "Optience" more correctly describes such a gathering, and the same may be said of the crowds that are drawn by America's greatest pastime, — the movies. They are not audiences but "optiences". (*J. H. McFarland, Talladega, Ala.*)

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4 One of the defects of the English language is the absence of a bisexual pronoun. We frequently in writing find it necessary for clearness to repeat "he and she", "his and her", and "him and her". This is almost always awkward. I suggest the following forms: — Nominative *ha* (he and she or he or she); possessive *hez* (his and her or his or her); objective *hem* (him and her or him or her).

5 The English, — or American, — language badly needs an antonym for "favorite". At present one must say, "That is the thing I least like," or some such clumsy circumlocution. I suggest the coined word *malvorite*. Example: "Figs are my malvorite fruit," "He is my malvorite among my acquaintances." (*Miriam Allen de Ford, San Francisco, Calif.*)

6 For some time cooperation has been a hard-worked word and idea. Now we are realizing that it is necessary for something to precede effective cooperation. We have called that something by various names: group thinking, cothinking, social facilitation, group discussion, etc. For this act of thinking together for the purpose of solving common problems, I suggest the word *coputation*, which must be preceded by covolition and followed by cooperation. (*H. Jean Carter, Rochester, N. Y.*)

7 The name "announcer" for the radio man is an obvious misnomer, for although he announces numbers in a program he also tells bedtime stories for the kiddies and recounts the progress of a big fight for their fathers. Recently Professor David Saville Muzzey hesitated in the midst of a scholarly address, seeking a word to designate this modern type of orator. When such a master of the platform does that, there is an evident need for a new word. I suggest *radiorator*. (*Theodore Wesley Darnell, George School, Pa.*)

We are not prepared to endorse all these suggestions; but to open the ball, or rather to set it rolling, we are awarding each a prize, — a book, value up to $5.00, selected by the winner. Since this competition is to remain open till the words or the books are exhausted or the dictionaries are full, in our May number we shall again publish a selection, covering all entries received before midnight, March 1.

Serve humanity, then, and add to your library by contributing to the Dictionary of To-morrow a word or a phrase, your own or that of your neighbors, who may not be wide-awake enough to read THE FORUM. Send it in, if you think we ought to know about it, and write on your envelope the words "American Language".

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HOW TIMES HAVEN'T CHANGED

MARGARET WINFIELD STEWART

THE startlingly new or highly modern is usually something the world has forgotten about, if we may believe Miss Stewart. Short skirts, wild young people, "petting parties," "revolt," "kick," and the rest of the popular modern catch phrases are "old stuff." She does not specifically mention the hip flask but she makes it seem likely that some enterprising archeologist is likely to dig one up among Babylonian ruins almost any day. Being old-fashioned is the only sure way to be up-to-date.

THERE ought to be a law." We have blue sky laws which furnish some protection to a gullible public that would purchase the bottom of Tampa Bay for orange groves, but a larger public permits the marketing of a certain type of "modernism", not even knowing that it was buried in the dust of the ages when Tampa Bay was young. The reader, grown weary with too oft reiterated claims concerning the "revolt of youth", "the decadence of morals," "what we are coming to," etc., etc., may turn to reading of other days for recreation and relief, but if he reads the current stuff of that other day, he will not find it.

Short skirts, just at present, seem to furnish evidence of decadence and revolt. A year or so ago we read that Athens had found it necessary to make municipal regulations on the subject, prohibiting "girls over twelve years of age and all women from wearing skirts which reach higher than twelve inches from the ground".* Apparently Athenians of seventy years ago proved their modernism by the length instead of the shortness of their dress. Therefore, long dresses were tabu, and the modernist fought for the privilege of wearing long skirts while the police refused to let her. "The Turks, despotic in everything, will not allow the Grecian ladies the poor privilege of wearing petticoats of the length that fashion in their country has declared to be proper and fitting; they have officers whose duty it is to trim off as much of the jupe as ventures beyond the length fixed by their barbarous masters."§

According to a recent newspaper item "the Catholic church at Salamanca has issued a warning that no girl with bobbed hair or wearing a short skirt will be permitted to attend services. The

*"New York Times", December 1, 1925. § *Annals of Fashion*, 1847.

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order applies to married and single women, and society of Salamanca is horrified, as the majority of girls and matrons have bobbed their hair and the entire female population has adopted the latest fashion in skirts." "Revolting youth" of another age had a harder fight for the privilege of wearing their hair long. Apparently their courage in that fight far outdistanced any that could be mustered among the present "militant younger generation". The "bobbies" of to-day who would put up with the conditions of a sixteenth century jail for the privilege of wearing their hair short are probably few and far between, while the boys of sixteen hundred went to jail in shoals rather than cut theirs.

"The most penniless apprentice, however, could grow a becoming crop of hair and he clung pathetically to his locks, his one little touch of fashion," says Jocelyn Dunlop in *English Apprenticeship*. "Alas, the gildsmen were entirely unsympathetic and sternly suppressed all frivolity of a hirsute nature. At Newcastle there was a long-drawn battle. It opened, apparently, in 1603 with an order that apprentices should 'not weare their haire long nor locks at their eares like ruffians'. The matter did not end there. In 1649 the Masters and Wardens . . . made a vigorous attempt to 'order' the hair of their apprentices. 'Every apprentice, belonging to the brethren of the saide Fellowshipp, shall cutt his haire from the crowne of the heade, keepe his foreheade bare, his locks (if any) shall not reache belowe the lapp of his eare, and the same length to be observed behynd.' This was in October; in November all those bound to officers of the company had to come before the court for inspection; on December 7, nine who had refused to obey were brought into court and there shaved, after which operation they were sent to prison. A few days later all other apprentices were ordered to appear before the Wardens, and three 'being not cutt suitable to the said act, they were all three ordered to go to John Hall the barber to bee better trimmed and to come again to court.' Strangely enough, it was the apprentices who emerged triumphant from this conflict. On January 18 the act of October was suddenly annulled, as the court had been overworked ever since it was passed 'by correctynge some apprentices' superfluityes of hayre and apparrell'. In London an apprentice coming before the Pewterers' court with unseemly hair had his locks then and there cut off; in 1638 the Ironmongers

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refused to grant any apprentice his freedom until he had 'orderly cutt and barbed his hayre', to the liking of Master and Wardens, since of late young men had worn their hair 'unseemly over long, more like to ruffians than to citizens' apprentices.' At the close of the seventeenth century there was a new difficulty; the attraction of ruffles, ribbons, and curls faded before the glory of wigs, and new regulations had to be devised. 'Noe apprentice shall weare long wiggs nor any short wiggs, above the price of fifteen shillings.'"

Those readers of current literature who feel they must "keep up with the times" but have grown weary of the monotony of reading the same thing said the same way too many times may vary it, — and keep up with the times just as well, — by reading the same thing said in the slightly different way they said it years ago. A gentleman, publishing in Baltimore in 1853, "thought it would be rendering a service to the cause of religion to translate and circulate a little work on Worldly Fashions written a few years since in the French language, by the Reverend Father Boone, a Belgian Jesuit. The translator, having remarked in the course of his ministry that many mothers commit serious faults in the immodest manner in which they dress their female children, following no other rule than the fashion set by persons devoid of the spirit of Christianity" gives us the benefit of the opinions of the Reverend Father Boone. It may be interesting to note in passing that the conditions against which these two gentlemen protest were in the height and glory of that day of mid-Victorianism which is the provocation for the revolt of modern youth, making them do exactly the same things that the mid-Victorians did. To quote from the good Father:

"We know not what to think, we know not what to say. Our heart is filled with unspeakable grief, when we consider what is going on in our day. The toilet of females has reached such a point of immodesty, that it frequently shocks persons of the world who are anything but scrupulous. And this scandal is given not by those alone whom the world has entirely corrupted, but sometimes by good mothers of family, and by young persons who have been religiously brought up in excellent schools, and who approach the sacraments pretty regularly. It is to be presumed that ignorance and the dissipation of mind in which they live prevent reflection and remorse of conscience, and cause them to say

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nothing about it to their confessor. To bring them back to their duty on this important point, we shall set before them the simplest rules of Christian morality.

"When we tell females that modesty is one of their first duties, we do not mean thereby to forbid them to wear certain ornaments which their rank and condition may authorize, but we proscribe every immodest fashion, more calculated to kindle the fire of concupiscence, and to give rise to bad thoughts and evil desires, than to increase natural beauty.

"Therefore, among public scandals the one that has pained most sensibly the Sovereign Pontiffs, is the scandal presented in those shameful nudities which are for an infinity of souls an almost unavoidable occasion of disorder and sin. . . .

"Say no more then, ye slaves of vanity, that you mean no harm. . . . You will see one day thousands of victims of every age and condition plunged into the abyss by the immodesties of females."

Like all the writers of "our day" this worthy gentleman starts his thesis with the complaint as to what is "going on in our days" but he quotes the edict of pope after pope, of days long prior to his, each bewailing the conditions of his day and laying down the law in no uncertain terms as to what is to become of "those shameless women who, although appearing covered at first sight, make use of certain light dress flying about and almost transparent, so as to let the same nudities appear, and thereby display with ostentation a wantonness as shameful for them as it is dangerous for others." Apparently these old gentlemen were more observant on second sight than a modern youth would be, who surfeited with opportunities available "at first sight", would not bother to look twice.

Each decade has its arguments pro and con, and each defends his era as a "revolt" against the one before, in highly moral tones. We hear now that the bobbed hair, the short skirts or knickers, the corsetlessness, is an emancipation, a crusade; but the ones who shout it wear French heels that have no relation to reform and will mock and jeer at the uncorseted, bobbed-haired, short-skirted woman who "carries over" a few years hence when these things are out of fashion, just as her type mocked and jeered at the dress reformer a generation ago who really "crusaded" for

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them. But until the reform becomes fashion, crusaders will tilt at windmills.

In every generation the population is made up of forty per cent who flaunt, forty per cent who rant at those who flaunt, and twenty per cent with enough originality to find more creative methods of getting a "kick" out of life. In each case the flaunters consider themselves the "modernists", the ranters are counted the reactionaries, and the creators make the world a habitable place in which to flaunt and rant; but there is nothing modern in the process.

Now the efforts of the ranters to curb the flaunters are expended in the public press, but it used to be done by law. "In France the ordinance of Philip the Fair in 1294 prescribed very strict rules for the clothing of his subjects. For instance, no common citizen might wear fur, precious stones or gold, nor coronets of gold or silver. The duke, count, or baron who had six thousand livres a year or more might have four robes a year and no more. The ladies of that rank might have a single gown during the year. No knight should give more than two suits a year to his squire, nor should any knight himself have more than two suits a year either by gift or by purchase unless he happened to have three thousand livres a year, in which case he might have three robes. If any one gave a dinner, there were to be only two courses besides the soup, while a small dinner must be content with one course and the *entremets*. . . .

"In Italy, for another instance, we find at Florence, 1323 and 1330, severe ordinances against the excessive dress of women. They are forbidden to wear any sort of crown head-dress, even of painted paper. Combination dresses, made with figures either painted or embroidered, are forbidden, although woven figures might be allowed. All stripes and bias patterns are condemned, except simple ones of not more than two colors. The wearing of more than two finger rings was an evil not to be tolerated in a well regulated community.

"A little earlier than this we find the code of the Republic of Zurich endeavoring to suppress the evils connected with wedding feasts. In 1304 it is ordained that the bridegroom and his friends shall not have more than ten guests, and the bride and her friends shall not have more than ten ladies, beyond the bridesmaids and

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children who come with them. Moreover, the guests shall not have more than one chance at the table, and no other citizens shall be invited in to the feast. It was required that wedding presents should be limited to one gift from each giver, nor should this rule be evaded by exchanging gifts with the bride or the bridegroom. No wedding procession was to be drawn out with a long list of musicians or other entertainers.

"Attempts to regulate extravagance on such occasions reappeared frequently in the statutes of this city," says John Martin Vincent. "It seems to have been a difficult matter to suppress the desire for ostentation."

In ye ancient of days it was the mode to extend the toes instead of the heels of one's shoes indefinitely, and numerous statutes are to be found restricting the extent to which one could go in trying to make his neighbor envious of the length of his shoes. At that, it was found necessary to attach the points to the knees by chains in order to walk. In the statutes of Zurich and of England statutes can be found prescribing the kind of shoe-laces that would be tolerated. One might continue almost indefinitely citing such instances, covering all the way from the days of early Rome to the reign of James I. While all of these statutes are partly the product of economic conditions, they are primarily the story of the age old conflict between the flaunter and the ranter, such as is told in every newspaper and every magazine of to-day.

Next to the length of one's skirt or one's hair, the typical indication of the "spirit of the age" is "petting". We are at present "revolting" against "mid-Victorianism" and "New England Puritanism". Apparently the mid-Victorians who chose to "strut around town to show off their form" managed it fairly successfully in spite of the supposedly conservative fashions. An exhaustive study by Henry Reed Stiles of a custom known as "bundling" prevalent in New England up to the time of the Revolution would indicate that the ancient lineage that "petting" can claim can be traced safely through without the days of "puritanical New England" making any break in the chain. It is safe to say that if the most ardent devotee of "petting" were called upon to endorse "bundling" as a social institution, — at least for the other girl, — she would gasp for breath. The warfare back and forth, pro and con, — England tirading at America,

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and America tirading at England over "bundling", — was identical with the present bickering over "petting". There was one difference, however. In the days of puritanical New England there was a lack of restraint in the manner of public discussion which makes it difficult to quote without inviting the too solicitous attention of the guardians of the public morals and the United States Post Office.

Then as now the argument was whether or not boys and girls who "bundled" remained properly "virtuous" in that seemingly indecorous performance, and some preachers argued one way and some another. The Reverend Samuel Peters maintained that while he was "no advocate for temptation; yet must say that bundling had prevailed one hundred and sixty years in New England, and, I verily believe, with ten times more chastity than sitting on a sofa. I had daughters, and speak from nearly forty years' experience." At one of the annual dramatic performances of the students of the London Westminster school in a "skit" in ridicule of America it was declaimed: "There, too, we hear of the practice of bundling without any infraction of female modesty; and the chaste maiden, without any deception, but with right good will, ventures to share the bed with her chaste swain. Oh, what nights and banquets, worthy of the gods. What delightful customs among this pious people."

The almanacs of the day contained doggerel on the subject and broadsides were circulated on both sides of the argument. Apparently the subject waxed hotter than it has, so far, with us. Safely buried in the records of the American Antiquarian Society is an assortment of literature that, — if it were unearthed and the word "petting" or "necking" substituted for the word "bundling", — would fit in nicely with our "modern problem".

So the discussion raged and some of the "poems" given popular circulation, and no doubt written by highly respectable "puritanical New Englanders", are phrased in language that in these emancipated days would be considered too vulgar to repeat.

In other words, there's nothing new under the sun, modernism least of all. As it is now, it was in the beginning and will always be. With the "revolt of youth" in any of its manifestations, I have no quarrel, but when the revolters attempt to cash in on it as "modernism", I protest.

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YES, WE HAVE NO MENTALITIES TO-DAY

An Aeolian Theory

SCOTT BUCHANAN

IT is time that behaviorism be supplied with a crowning idea, a hypothesis that would at once compound and integrate past results and suggest an extension in the field of investigation. Reflexes and habits have been sorted and clarified, but the ideal of treating the organism as a whole is yet to be achieved. The following hypothesis has been discovered by the application of the method of fantasy to the behaviorist's favorite theme: "Yes, we have no mentality." It might be called the Aeolian theory, the significance of which will appear as we proceed.

The analysis of behavior had progressed, at the moment when we had this idea, to the conclusion that thinking is implicit vocal behavior, or more picturesquely, laryngeal twitching. We submit that this is a partial or elliptical account, inasmuch as it omits the less noticeable but none the less significant ingress and egress of air and the variations in pneumatic pressures that are entailed in any vocal behavior. Thinking is not only verbal but also pneumatic. Pneumatology, then, becomes relevant to behavior.

This is not a wholly new doctrine. Long ago William James intimated the suspicion that breathing and thinking had a secret affinity, and others have cited cases of Yogi breathing exercises, inducing the mystic state of ecstasy. This is a fringe case, and, before we leave such cases, we might mention the orator's emphasis on controlled breathing as a factor in the communication of ideas. Pathology of the respiratory tract furnishes further evidence.

For instance, there is the bronchitic mind so much in evidence in "Wall Street Journals" and doubtless in Republican Clubs throughout the country, where radicalism is discussed in an ejaculatory manner. There is the laryngitic mind exhibited at the Rand School and soap box meetings, where hoarse speaking is indispensable. University class rooms would supply cases of the tonsilitic mind where mental functioning is always painful. Tubercular and

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pneumonic minds could be sought on the Supreme Court Bench.

Correlations of this sort would suggest remedies to take the place of such humanitarian causes as psychoanalysis and education. Santayana has observed that philosophies have smells, — most of them bad, — and deodorants could doubtless be discovered even for popular stories of philosophy. One suspects, too, that behaviorism has contributed so little to social psychology because pneumatology has been disregarded in some of its more comprehensive fields. Complexes are probably caused by high wind pressures due to suppressed ideas, and a Carlton Parker working in the field could show how such atmospheric pressures got distributed over large areas and caused psychic and social storms commonly recognized as strikes and social revolutions. Mental hygiene would become a problem of ventilation. Control of public opinion, popular education, propaganda, and advertising could be handled easily by medicated and perfumed air in movie theatres. The entire science of economics, anthropology, politics, sociology, and history in their more important bearings on civilization and culture could be turned over to the already established laboratories of meteorology, and the rise and decline of great societies could be predicted as the weather is now.

If these suggestions were carried out, it would be evidence that psychology was truly becoming a science. One of the signs of maturity in any science is an accelerated approach to older and forgotten traditions. Young sciences start in laboratories as revolutionary and divergent; old sciences deal with ideas and converge. Psychology has so far been young and has boasted of having no soul or mind. The science of pneumatology worked on the Aeolian theory would be a rediscovery of these. For the first names of soul were *pneuma* and *anima*, and referred to the vital phenomena of breathing. The Great Spirits and tribal gods were first prevailing winds, and the term spirit itself means breath, the principle of all life. Psychology, after all, is the science of the soul.

Mr. Watson has often referred to these, but never seemed to take them seriously. Now he and his followers, if they will accept the Aeolian theory, can be well on the way to transforming psychology from a windy science to the science of the wind, or soul, as you please. It is obvious that some such transubstantiation is necessary.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

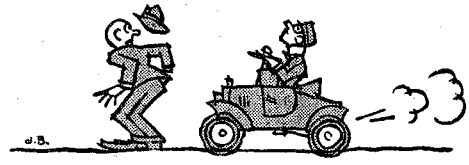
By the Pedestrian

KIPLING, PIONEER

"The Vineyard" has brought Kipling into notice again. Diners-out and that large section of the populace who seek excitement as letter-writers to the papers are violent about the poem. But they aren't discussing it as poetry; in fact, most of them don't know the poetry of Kipling.

Of course it is not astonishing for diners-out and letter-writers at large to be ignorant of most poetry. But Kipling! Why, thirty years ago everybody was reading him, and every other body had poem after poem by heart. Yet, though the publishers still sell sets of Kipling, who reads him? Ask almost any one under forty; that is, any one who was seventeen or less in 1903, when *The Five Nations* appeared. One might as well talk Ostrogothic as quote him to the rising generation.

All this oblivion is easy enough to account for, I suppose. Publishers will tell you that most readers "pluck the near and the green". Now Kipling is no longer near and green; wherefore we read his imitators, — until the next publishing turnover, when we shall read the imitators of his imitators. The next step, when copyrights run out, will be to put him into schoolbooks, and then everybody will be brought up on him. The real measure of a



writer, evidently, is not whether he succeeds in the next generation (that would be preposterous if flivverous publishers are to startle and waylay us with novelties), but whether he gets into the schoolbooks in the third generation.

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Of course Kipling will come back. Eventually, — why not now! For, to a pedestrian way of seeing things, he is the real pioneer of modern poetry.

Not so much a pioneer in prose, he nevertheless caught the short story while it was still young and plastic and, after Stevenson was dead, surpassed all his contemporaries. And though he has never been much of a hand at creating great characters (barring Mowgli, Mulvaney, and perhaps Kim), he has been a master at striking off vivid types, such as Ortheris, Learoyd, and Anglo-Indian gentry at play; while he has left the writers of animal stories, as Sir Anthony Gloster did the ship-owners, "sweating and stealing a year and a half behind." *Uncle Remus* is the only thing since the Middle Ages that can hold a candle to Kipling in the "beast-tale" line. In fact, I'm not sure that Akela and Rikki-tikki-tavi oughtn't to be listed with his great characters.

The things that mark Kipling's prose, moreover, mark his poetry. His keen sense for local color, his eye for detail, his grasp of a situation and the humor and pathos of it, — these are obvious virtues which set him off from the run of literature, from the craven literature which, quartered, is ever one part wisdom and three parts imitation.

But his poetry is more than fresh and vigorous. It reveals a new art and a new life. To speak of Kipling as new seems a little odd, no doubt, with so many "new" fads and fancies since the day of his popularity. But it is just because most of these new movements, where they have had any value, find their roots in him that it seems, to a pedestrian mind, really odd to treat him as old-fashioned.

Looking out from a hilltop where the gyrating flivvers are left behind, one observes that with the passing of Tennyson the old order fell into corruption. Swinburne was growing old, and anyhow he was something like the Irish sailor taking soundings who made a harmonious, unintelligible noise and who, when asked to repeat what he said, replied, "Well, I don't exactly know the worruds, but I've got the chune all right." Minor voices, feebly imitating Tennyson, mouthing "cosmic phrases", were in the air. Poetry was bankrupt.

New voices, at first scarcely audible, gradually reached the

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public ear. By 1910 the NEW POETRY (small caps) was a fact; by 1917 Amy Lowell reset it in large caps, — NEW POETRY.

Now what are some of the characteristics of this New Poetry? At least, what durable qualities has it which it did not inherit from the Victorians? A new realism, for one thing, — a sense of fact; an inclination to call a spade a spade, if not, as some one has said, a "damned shovel". Kipling all over. A new and stirring type of narrative, — in Masefield's hands probably the best since Chaucer, certainly the best since Scott and Byron. But Kipling broke the ground for Masefield, as indeed for Noyes; and he ploughed and harrowed and sowed for Service.

Among all the gestures of the Imagist School none was so real as their ridicule of vague, "cosmic phrases" and their insistence on images that should be "hard and clear". But who, a generation before the Imagists, broke through the fogs of contemporary poetry with language as "hard and clear" as the sun-bright images of the African veld? This sense for the concrete, for the telling phrase that "tells" just because it makes you see and hear is the very centre of Kipling's art. True, he loves to mouth a fine phrase, even in his best verse, and he gets up a kind of tinsel romance by frequent mention of strange Oriental places (did not Coleridge conjure with "Xanadu" and Keats with "silken Samarcand"?); but in the modern vogue for "the exact word" and the striking image he surpasses, as he precedes, them all. A good instance is in "The Bell Buoy":

> "The beach-pools cake and skim,
> The bursting spray-heads freeze,
> I gather on crown and rim
> The gray, grained ice of the seas."

or "the wind is as thin as a whip-lash" or

> "Ebb of Yokohama Bay
> Swigs chattering through the buoys."

Try it and see. You can get the swing of Kipling's verse, you can look up and introduce the strange Oriental places, you can mouth a magnificent refrain; you can write a pretty good *imitation*, but your despair will be the phrase that bites in.

When it comes to verse-form, Kipling of course has had nothing to do with the modern attempt to omit the form, sometimes even

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the verse. (This must be what is meant by Symbolism, — lacking both verse and form, you just guess.) But if freedom *within the limits of metre* be considered, here also he has been a pioneer. Few have shown more clearly what can be done, in a simple measure, by shift of stress and quantity, as in

"You'll hear the long-drawn thunder"

or

"It's up and over the tongue of Jagai"

or

"Their hoofs drum up the dawn".

Further, he has been the first since the Anglo-Saxons, so far as I know, to use successfully a four-stress line with an indeterminate number of minor syllables.

"Thús saith the Lord in the vâult above the Chérubim"

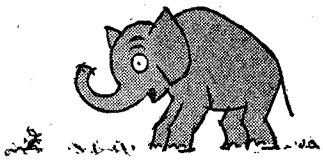
or

"There's a whísper down the fiéld where the yeâr has shot her yíeld."

These are not dactyls and trochees; it is an idle and fruitless practice to count the syllables on your fingers and toes.

Somewhere Stevenson speaks contemptuously of poets "puling in little atheistical poetry books". As one sees them pule and hears them babble vainly of their New Poetry and then considers what of the new has quality enough to grow old, he discerns that the genuine New Poet of our age, the worthy pioneer, is the man the public treats as old-fashioned. Kipling probably did not have himself in mind when he wrote "The Explorer"; but if he did, he might with justice cry, "O my prophetic soul!" —

"They'll go back and do the talking. *They'll* be called the pioneers."



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POETRY

AFTER THE ORCHESTRA

A CRASH of sound from many instruments,
Half phrases, interrupted, dissonant,
Dissimilar yet similar,
Repeated o'er and o'er again
To ears bewildered.
But sometimes sounds a single strain
Of poignant beauty, haunting melody,
Given to waiting silence like a gift.
That was the theme.

Life is like that, —
Complex, with pride of drums,
Romantic strings that leave unfinished the misunderstood,
Discords and half notes plunging to an end.
But there are hours when all the instruments,
Muting their tones, perform in unison
The unforgetable. Birth. Love. And Death.
These are the themes of life.

People are like that, —
Made for the chorused sound,
Playing their parts for hire until the end.
And only here and there
A voice that cries above the noise
Or, underneath, insistent, quiet, not to be denied,
And not to be forgotten.
These are the chosen few.
Their message is the meaning of it all.

— *Helen Baker Parker*

GRAY VASE

WHAT on earth is the matter?
Whatever is making
That terrible clatter?
Is the chinaware breaking?
Oh, a funny old vase
Just fell from a shelf,
Where it sat by itself,
In a safe, dusty place;

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A heart-shaped old vase,
Of a plain, gray shade,
That somebody bought,
Without giving a thought,
And set on a shelf
By itself.

But, look, — quick!
Can this be a trick?
See the shivers of blue
It has broken into, —
High, heathen blue!
And that glamourous green,
Why, it's almost, — unclean!
And that bright yellow clay!
(Whoever said *gray?*)
And that piece bleeding there, —
That red piece, — by the chair!
No wonder you stare!

A funny old vase
Of a dull gray shade,
That somebody bought,
Without giving a thought
And set on a shelf
By itself.
And nobody knew there were colors inside,
Till it shivered and died.

— *Mella Russell McCallum*

LILITH LAUGHS

LILITH laughs. (How vain it were
To compute what Beauty cost!)
Men have challenged death for her
And have lost.

Lilith laughs. (Would weeping mend
Hearts that Heaven made to break?)
Friend has ruined bosom friend
For her sake.

Lilith laughs. (But unshed tears
Crowd the cup with bitter lees!)
Down inevitable years
Lilith sees.

— *John Hanlon*

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THE LAPWING

OVER the little housetops, with their covering of snow,
The smoke drifts up, and the sun shines down,
Where the little hearthfires glow,
And some one down there is singing
A chanty, soft and low.

What is it her song is saying, that thrills and holds me so?
Is it because she sings of joys
That I may never know, —
The simple joys of every day,
That round a hearthfire grow?

I know I couldn't be happy, with these, and nothing more.
My soul, it seems, is a lapwing,
That longs for every shore,
Willing to brave the cold and storms,
At home with the ocean's roar.

But I wonder if, on a winter's night, when winds are keen and strong,
A lapwing, seeing a cottage light,
As tired wings bear him along,
Could feel as I feel this lonely day,
Hearing a woman's song.

— *André Dorynoff*

THE ARTIST

SOMETIMES when mountain mist slips in
With soft gray brush, and simplifies, —
Paints out the harsh detail
And rests our eyes, —
When drifting up the distant slope,
It nestles back of every ridge,
Revealing many hills where one
Had seemed to glimmer in the sun,

I think how graciously she came,
Unknowing that she blotted out
The petty harsh details
We talked about;
And how she led us to the heights
Of talk and lingered there until
Our own words stood out clear and kind
Against the background of her mind.

— *Doris Bingham*

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ADAPTABLE EUTERPE

"THEY'RE past," I mourned, "the days of ode and lyric.
The Muse has fled, offended, sad, and hurt."
I vented my dismay by lines satiric
In many a bitter spurt.

"The earth is grown," I cried, "a loathsome welter.
Machines, machine-made men, command the stage.
Who could wax rhythmical upon a smelter?
O dull prosaic age!

"All inspiration's dying, — or diverted!"
Just then I glimpsed Euterpe, — she was bobbed!
Young Artemis she looked, so briefly skirted;
I gazed and gasped and sobbed.

"In Gotham who could frame a stanza Sapphic?"
I grieved, "Who rime, — in Hell?"
Then spied Euterpe in the maddest traffic
And making for the El!

"A poet might as well turn blacksmith, hedger!"
I grouched, "No Golden Age will come again."
Later I saw the Muse perched on a dredger
And riding a steam crane!

"Parnassus!" scoffs the jade, "All gabble, gilding!
Forget that hoary nonsense and make shift
To attain your vision from the Woolworth Building
Via a speedy lift."

She's far from hurt or snobbish, then, I take it,
And no provincial. So, perhaps, when Greece
Went smash, she packed up gamely to forsake it
And reveled in release.

She landed here before the day of quotas,
No doubt a trifle homesick, shocked, surprized.
But she's adaptable, — good sports she'd vote us;
O yes, she's naturalized!

Well, — we are reconciled. We're doing a ballad
On Diesel engines. She, at luncheon hour,
Laughs at ambrosia, — swears beef, beans, and salad
Have far more staying power!

— *Julia Boynton Green*

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Death Comes for the Archbishop

A Novel in Six Instalments—II

WILLA CATHER

A Bell and a Miracle

ON the first morning after the Bishop's return from Durango, the first night he spent in his Episcopal residence, he had a pleasant awakening from sleep. He had ridden into the courtyard after nightfall, having changed horses at a *rancho* and pushed on nearly sixty miles in order to reach home. Consequently he slept late the next morning, — did not awaken until six o'clock, when he heard the Angelus ringing. He recovered consciousness slowly, unwilling to let go of a pleasing delusion that he was in Rome. Still half believing that he was lodged near St John Lateran, he yet heard every stroke of the Ave Maria bell, marveling to hear it rung correctly (nine quick strokes in all, divided into threes, with an interval between); and from a bell with beautiful tone. Full, clear, with something bland and suave, each note floated through the air like a globe of silver. Before the nine strokes were done Rome faded, and behind it he sensed something Eastern, with palm trees, — Jerusalem, perhaps, though he had never been there. Keeping his eyes closed, he cherished for a moment this sudden, pervasive sense of the East. Once before he had been carried out of the body thus to a place far away. It had happened in a street in New Orleans. He had turned a corner and come upon an old woman with a basket of yellow flowers, — sprays of yellow, sending out a honey sweet perfume. Mimosa, — but before he could think of the name he was overcome by a feeling of place, was dropped, cassock and all, into a garden in the South of France where he had been sent one winter in his childhood to recover from an illness. And now this silvery bell note had carried him farther and faster than sound could travel.

When he joined Father Vaillant at coffee, that impetuous man, who could never keep a secret, asked him anxiously whether he had heard anything.

"I thought I heard the Angelus, Father Joseph, but my reason tells me that only a long sea voyage could bring me within sound of such a bell."

"Not at all," said Father Joseph briskly. "I found that remarkable bell here, in the basement of old San Miguel. They tell me

Note: *Death Comes for the Archbishop* is concerned with the experiences of two Catholic missionaries who were sent into the Southwest at the time New Mexico was taken over from Old Mexico. The central figure in the story is Father Jean Marie Latour, a man of wide culture, an idealist, and from his youth hungry for the world's frontiers.

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it has been here a hundred years or more. There is no church tower in the place strong enough to hold it, — it is very thick and must weigh close upon eight hundred pounds. But I had a scaffolding built in the churchyard, and with the help of oxen, we raised it and got it swung on crossbeams. I taught a Mexican boy to ring it properly against your return."

"But how could it have come here? It is Spanish, I suppose?"

"Yes, the inscription is in Spanish, to St Joseph, and the date is 1356. It must have been brought up from Mexico City in an ox cart. A heroic undertaking, certainly. Nobody knows where it was cast. But they do tell a story about it: that it was pledged to St Joseph in the wars with the Moors, and that the people of some besieged city brought all their plate and silver and gold ornaments and threw them in with the baser metals. There is certainly a good deal of silver in the bell, nothing else would account for its tone."

Father Latour reflected. "And the silver of the Spaniards was really Moorish, was it not? If not actually of Moorish make, copied from their design. The Spaniards knew nothing about working silver except as they learned it from the Moors."

"What are you doing, Jean? Trying to make my bell out an infidel?" Father Joseph asked impatiently.

The Bishop smiled. "I am trying to account for the fact that when I heard it this morning it struck me at once as something oriental. A learned Scotch Jesuit in Montreal told me that our first bells, and the introduction of the bell in the service all over Europe, originally came from the East. He said the Templars brought the Angelus back from the Crusades, and it is really an adaptation of a Moslem custom."

Father Vaillant sniffed. "I notice that scholars always manage to dig out something belittling," he complained.

"Belittling? I should say the reverse. I am glad to think there is Moorish silver in your bell. When we first came here, the one good workman we found in Santa Fé was a silversmith. The Spaniards handed on their skill to the Mexicans, and the Mexicans have taught the Navajos to work silver; but it all came from the Moors."

"I am no scholar, as you know," said Father Vaillant, rising. "And this morning we have many practical affairs to occupy us. I have promised that you will give an audience to a good old man, a native priest from the Indian mission at Santa Clara, who is returning from Mexico. He has just been on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadaloupe and has been much edified. He would like to tell you the story of his experience. It seems that ever since he was ordained he has desired to visit the shrine. During your absence I have found how particularly precious is that shrine to all Catholics in New Mexico. They regard it as the one absolutely authenticated appearance of the Blessed Virgin in the New World, and a witness of her affection for Her Church on this continent."

The Bishop went into his study, and Father Vaillant brought in Padre Escolastico Herrera, a man of nearly seventy, who had been forty years in the ministry, and had just accomplished the pious desire of a lifetime. His mind was still full of the sweetness of his late experience. He was so rapt that nothing else interested him. He asked anxiously whether perhaps the Bishop would have more leisure to attend to him later in the day. But Father Latour placed a chair for him and told him to proceed.

The old man thanked him for the privilege of being seated. Leaning forward, with his hands locked between his knees, he told the whole story of the miraculous appearance, both because it was so dear to his heart, and because he was sure that no "American" Bishop would have heard of the occurrence as it was, though at Rome all the details were well known and two Popes had sent gifts to the shrine.

On Saturday, December 9th, in the year 1531, a poor neophyte of the monastery of St James was hurrying down Tapeyac hill to attend Mass in the City of Mexico. His name was Juan Diego and he was fifty-five years old. When he was half way down the hill a light shone in his path, and the Mother of God appeared to him as a young woman of great beauty, clad in blue and gold. She greeted him by name and said:

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"Juan, seek out thy Bishop and bid him build a church in my honor on the spot where I now stand. Go then, and I will bide here and await thy return."

Brother Juan ran into the City and straight to the Bishop's palace, where he reported the matter. The Bishop was Zumarraga, a Spaniard. He questioned the monk severely and told him he should have required a sign of the Lady to assure him that she was indeed the Mother of God and not some evil spirit. He dismissed the poor brother harshly and set an attendant to watch his actions.

Juan went forth very downcast and repaired to the house of his uncle, Bernardino, who was sick of a fever. The two succeeding days he spent in caring for this aged man who seemed at the point of death. Because of the Bishop's reproof he had fallen into doubt, and did not return to the spot where the Lady said she would await him. On Tuesday he left the City to go back to his monastery to fetch medicines for Bernardino, but he avoided the place where he had seen the vision and went by another way.

Again he saw a light in his path and the Virgin appeared to him as before, saying, "Juan, why goest thou by this way?"

Weeping, he told her that the Bishop had distrusted his report, and that he had been employed in caring for his uncle, who was sick unto death. The Lady spoke to him with all comfort, telling him that his uncle would be healed within the hour, and that he should return to Bishop Zumarraga and bid him build a church where she had first appeared to him. It must be called the shrine of Our Lady of Guadaloupe, after her dear shrine of that name in Spain. When Brother Juan replied to her that the Bishop required a sign, she said: "Go up on the rocks yonder, and gather roses."

Though it was December and not the season for roses, he ran up among the rocks and found such roses as he had never seen before. He gathered them until he had filled his *tilma*. The *tilma* was a mantle worn only by the very poor, — a wretched garment loosely woven of coarse vegetable fibre and sewn down the middle. When he returned to the apparition she bent over the flowers and took pains to arrange them, then closed the ends of the *tilma* together and said to him:

"Go now, and do not open your mantle until you open it before your Bishop."

Juan sped into the City and gained admission to the Bishop, who was in council with his Vicar.

"Your Grace," he said, "the Blessed Lady who appeared to me has sent you these roses for a sign."

At this he held up one end of his *tilma* and let the roses fall in profusion to the floor. To his astonishment, Bishop Zumarraga and his Vicar instantly fell upon their knees among the flowers. On the inside of his poor mantle was a painting of the Blessed Virgin, in robes of blue and rose and gold, exactly as she had appeared to him upon the hillside.

A shrine was built to contain this miraculous portrait, which since that day has been the goal of countless pilgrimages and has performed many miracles.

Of this picture Padre Escolastico had much to say: he affirmed that it was of marvelous beauty, rich with gold, and the colors as pure and delicate as the tints of early morning. Many painters had visited the shrine and marveled that paint could be laid at all upon such poor and coarse material. In the ordinary way of nature, the flimsy mantle would have fallen to pieces long ago. The Padre modestly presented Bishop Latour and Father Joseph with little medals he had brought from the shrine; on one side a relief of the miraculous portrait, on the other an inscription; *Non fecit taliter omni nationi.* (*She hath not dealt so with any nation.*)

Father Vaillant was deeply stirred by the priest's recital, and after the old man had gone he declared to the Bishop that he meant himself to make a pilgrimage to this shrine at the earliest opportunity.

"What a priceless thing for the poor converts of a savage country!" he exclaimed, wiping his glasses which were clouded by his strong feeling. "All these poor Catholics, who have been so long without instruction, have at least the reassurance of that visitation. It is a household word with them that their Blessed Mother revealed herself in their own country, to a poor convert. Doctrine is well enough for the wise, Jean; but the miracle is something we can hold in our hands and love."

Father Vaillant began pacing restlessly

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up and down as he spoke, and the Bishop watched him, musing. It was just this in his friend that was dear to him. "Where there is great love there are always miracles," he said at length. "One might almost say that an apparition is human vision corrected by Divine love. I do not see you as you really are, Joseph; I see you through my affection for you. The Miracles of the Church seem to me to rest not so much upon faces or voices or healing power coming suddenly near to us from afar off, but upon our perceptions' being made finer, so that for a moment our eyes can see and our ears can hear what is there about us always."

The White Mules

In mid-March, Father Vaillant was on the road, returning from a missionary journey to Albuquerque. He was to stop at the *ranchero* of a rich Mexican, Manuel Lujon, to marry his men and maid servants who were living in concubinage, and to baptize the children. There he would spend the night. To-morrow or the day after he would go on to Santa Fé, halting by the way at the Indian pueblo of Santo Domingo to hold service. There was a fine old mission church at Santo Domingo, but the Indians were of a haughty and suspicious disposition. He had said Mass there on his way to Albuquerque, nearly a week ago. By dint of canvassing from house to house, and offering medals and religious color prints to all who came to church, he had got together a considerable congregation. It was a large and prosperous pueblo, set among clean sandhills, with its rich irrigated farm lands lying just below, in the valley of the Rio Grande. His congregation was quiet, dignified, attentive. They sat on the earth floor, wrapped in their best blankets, repose in every line of their strong, stubborn backs. He harangued them in such Spanish as he could command, and they listened with respect. But bring their children to be baptized, they would not. The Spaniards had treated them very badly long ago, and they had been meditating upon their grievance for many generations. Father Vaillant had not baptized one infant there, but he meant to stop to-morrow and try again. Then back to his Bishop, provided he could get his horse up La Bajada hill.

He had bought his horse from a Yankee trader and had been woefully deceived. One week's journey of from thirty to forty miles a day had shown the beast up for a wind-broken wreck. Father Vaillant's mind was full of material cares as he approached Manuel Lujon's place beyond Bernalillo. The *ranchero* was like a little town, with all its stables, corrals, and stake fences. The *casa grande* was long and low, with glass windows and bright blue doors, a *portale* running its full length, supported by blue posts. Under this *portale* the adobe wall was hung with bridles, saddles, great boots and spurs, guns and saddle blankets, strings of red peppers, fox skins, and the skins of two great rattlesnakes.

When Father Vaillant rode in through the gateway, children came running from every direction, some with no clothing but a little shirt, and women with no shawls over their black hair came running after the children. They all disappeared when Manuel Lujon came out of the great house, hat in hand, smiling and hospitable. He was a man of thirty-five, settled in figure and somewhat full under the chin. He greeted the priest in the name of God and put out a hand to help him alight, but Father Vaillant sprang quickly to the ground.

"God be with you, Manuel, and with your house. But where are those who are to be married?"

"The men are all in the field, Padre. There is no hurry. A little wine, a little bread, coffee, repose, — and then the ceremonies."

"A little wine, very willingly, and bread, too. But not until afterward. I meant to catch you all at dinner, but I am two hours late because my horse is bad. Have some one bring in my saddle bags, and I will put on my vestments. Send out to the fields for your men, Señor Lujon. A man can stop work to be married."

The swarthy host was dazed by this dispatch. "But one moment, Padre. There are all the children to baptize; why not begin with them, — if I cannot persuade you to wash the dust from your sainted brow and repose a little."

"Take me to a place where I can wash and change my clothes, and I will be ready before you can get them here. No, I tell you, Lujon, the marriages first, the bap-

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tisms afterward; that order is but Christian. I will baptize the children in the morning, and their parents will at least have been married over night."

Father Joseph was conducted to his chamber, and the older boys were sent running off across the fields to fetch the men. Lujon and his two daughters began constructing an altar at one end of the *sala*. Two old women came to scrub the floor, and another brought chairs and stools.

"My God, but he is ugly, the Padre!" whispered one of these to the other. "He must be very holy. And did you see the great wart he has on his chin? My grandmother could take that away for him if she were alive, poor soul! Somebody ought to tell him about the holy mud at Chimayo. That mud might dry it up. But there is nobody left now who can take warts away."

"No, the times are not so good any more," the other agreed. "And I doubt if all this marrying will make them any better. Of what use is it to marry people after they have lived together and had children, and the man is maybe thinking about another woman, like Pablo. I saw him coming out of the brush with that oldest girl of Trinidad's, only Sunday night."

The reappearance of the priest upon the scene cut short further scandal. He knelt down before the improvised altar and began his private devotions. The women tiptoed away. Señor Lujon himself went out toward the servants' quarters to hurry the candidates for the marriage sacrament. The women were giggling and snatching up their best shawls. Some of the men had even washed their hands. The household crowded into the *sala*, and Father Vaillant married couples with great dispatch.

"To-morrow morning, the baptisms," he announced. "And the mothers see to it that the children are clean, and that there are sponsors for all."

After he had resumed his traveling clothes, Father Joseph asked his host at what hour he dined, remarking that he had been fasting since an early breakfast.

"We eat when it is ready, — a little after sunset, usually. I have had a young lamb killed for your Reverence."

Father Joseph kindled with interest. "Ah, and how will it be cooked?"

Señor Lujon shrugged. "Cooked? Why, they put it in a pot with chili, and some onions, I suppose."

"Ah, that is the point. I have had too much stewed mutton. Will you permit me to go into the kitchen and cook my portion in my own way?"

Lujon waved his hand. "My house is yours, Padre. Into the kitchen I never go, — too many women. But there it is, and the woman in charge is named Rosa."

When the Father entered the kitchen he found a crowd of women discussing the marriages. They quickly dispersed, leaving old Rosa by her fireplace, where hung a kettle from which issued the savor of cooking mutton fat, all too familiar to Father Joseph. He found a half-sheep hanging outside the door, covered with a bloody sack, and asked Rosa to heat the oven for him, announcing that he meant to roast a hind leg.

"But Padre, I baked before the marriages. The oven is almost cold. It will take an hour to heat it, and it is only two hours till supper."

"Very well. I can cook my roast in an hour."

"Cook a roast in an hour!" cried the old woman "Mother of God, Padre, the blood would not be dried in it!"

"Not if I can help it!" said Father Joseph fiercely. "Now hurry with the fire, my good woman."

When the Padre carved his roast at the supper table, the serving girls stood behind his chair and looked with horror at the delicate stream of pink juice that followed the knife. Manuel Lujon took a slice for politeness, but he did not eat it. Father Vaillant had his *gigot* to himself.

All the men and boys sat down at the long table with the host, the women and children would eat later. Father Joseph and Lujon, at one end, had a bottle of white Bordeaux between them. It had been brought from Mexico City on mule-back, Lujon said. They were discussing the road back to Santa Fé, and when the missionary remarked that he would stop at Santo Domingo, the host asked him why he did not get a horse there. "I am afraid you will hardly get back to Santa Fé on your own. The pueblo is famous for breeding good horses. You might make a trade."

"No," said Father Vaillant. "Those

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Indians are of a sullen disposition. If I were to have dealings with them, they would suspect my motives. If we are to save their souls, we must make it clear that we want no profit for ourselves, as I told Father Gallegos in Albuquerque."

Manuel Lujon laughed and glanced down the table at his men, who were all showing their white teeth. "You said that to the Padre at Albuquerque? You have courage. He is a rich man, Padre Gallegos. All the same, I respect him. I have played poker with him. He is a great gambler and takes his losses like a man. He stops at nothing, plays like an American."

"And I," retorted Father Joseph, "I have not much respect for a priest who either plays cards or manages to get rich."

"Then you do not play?" asked Lujon. "I am disappointed. I had hoped we could have a game after supper. The evenings are dull enough here. You do not even play dominoes?"

"Ah, that is another matter!" Father Joseph declared. "A game of dominoes, there by the fire, with coffee, or some of that excellent grape brandy you allowed me to taste, that I would find refreshing. And tell me, Manuelito, where do you get that brandy? It is like a French liqueur."

"It is well seasoned. It was made at Bernalillo in my grandfather's time. They make it there still, but it is not so good now."

The next morning, after coffee, while the children were being got ready for baptism, the host took Father Vaillant through his corrals and stables to show him his stock. He exhibited with peculiar pride two cream-colored mules, stalled side by side. With his own hand he led them out of the stable, in order to display to advantage their handsome coats, — not bluish-white, as with white horses, but a rich deep ivory that in shadow changed to fawn color. Their tails were clipped at the end into the shape of bells.

"Their names," said Lujon, "are Contento and Angelica, and they are as good as their names. It seems that God has given them intelligence. When I talk to them, they look up at me like Christians. They are very companionable. They are always ridden together and have a great affection for each other."

Father Joseph took one by the halter and led it about. "Ah, but they are rare creatures! I have never seen a mule or horse colored like a young fawn before." To his host's astonishment, the wiry little priest sprang upon Contento's back with the agility of a grasshopper. The mule, too, was astonished. He shook himself violently, bolted toward the gate of the barnyard, and at the gate stopped suddenly. Since this did not throw his rider, he seemed satisfied, trotted back, and stood placidly beside Angelica.

"But you are a *caballero*, Father Vaillant!" Lujon exclaimed. "I doubt if Father Gallegos would have kept his seat, —though he is something of a hunter."

"The saddle is to be my home in your country, Lujon. What an easy gait this mule has, and what a narrow back! I notice that especially. For a man with short legs, like me, it is a punishment to ride eight hours a day on a wide horse. And this I must do day after day. From here I go to Santa Fé, and, after a day in conference with the Bishop, I start for Mora."

"For Mora?" exclaimed Lujon. "Yes, that is far, and the roads are very bad. On your mare you will never do it. She will drop dead under you." While he talked, the Father remained upon the mule's back, stroking him with his hand.

"Well, I have no other. God grant that she does not drop somewhere far from food and water. I can carry very little with me except my vestments and the sacred vessels."

The Mexican had been growing more and more thoughtful, as if he were considering something profound and not altogether cheerful. Suddenly his brow cleared, and he turned to the priest with a radiant smile, quite boyish in its simplicity. "Father Vaillant," he burst out in a slightly oratorical manner, "you have made my house right with Heaven and you charge me very little. I will do something very nice for you; I will give you Contento for a present, and I hope to be particularly remembered in your prayers."

Springing to the ground, Father Vaillant threw his arms about his host. "Manuelito!" he cried, "for this darling mule I think I could almost pray you into Heaven!"

The Mexican laughed, too, and warmly

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returned the embrace. Arm-in-arm they went in to begin the baptisms.

The next morning when Lujon went to call Father Vaillant for breakfast, he found him in the barnyard, leading the two mules about and smoothing their fawn-colored flanks, but his face was not the cheerful countenance of yesterday.

"Manuel," he said at once, "I cannot accept your present. I have thought upon it over night, and I see that I cannot. The Bishop works as hard as I do, and his horse is little better than mine. You know he lost everything on his way out here, in a shipwreck at Galveston, — among the rest, a fine wagon he had had built for travel on these plains. I could not go about on a mule like this when my Bishop rides a common hack. It would be inappropriate. I must ride away on my old mare."

"Yes, Padre?" Manuel looked troubled and somewhat aggrieved. Why should the Padre spoil everything? It had all been very pleasant yesterday, and he had felt like a prince of generosity. "I doubt if she will make La Bajada Hill," he said slowly shaking his head. "Look my horses over and take the one that suits you. They are all better than yours."

"No, no," said Father Vaillant decidedly. "Having seen these mules, I want nothing else. They are the color of pearls, really. I will raise the price of marriages until I can buy this pair from you. A missionary must depend upon his mount for companionship in his lonely life. I want a mule that can look at me like a Christian, as you said of these."

Señor Lujon sighed and looked about his barnyard as if he were trying to find some escape from this situation.

Father Joseph turned to him with vehemence. "If I were a rich *ranchero*, like you, Manuel, I would do a splendid thing; I would furnish the two mounts that are to carry the word of God about this heathen country, and then I would say to myself: *There go my Bishop and my vicario, on my beautiful cream-colored mules.*"

"So be it, Padre," said Lujon with a mournful smile. "But I ought to get a good many prayers. On my whole estate there is nothing I prize like those two. True, they might pine if they were parted for long. They have never been separated, and they have a great affection for each other. Mules, as you know, have strong affections. It is hard for me to give them up."

"You will be all the happier for that, Manuelito," Father Joseph cried heartily. "Every time you think of these mules, you will feel pride in your good deed."

Soon after breakfast Father Vaillant departed, riding Contento, with Angelica trotting submissively behind, and from his gate Señor Lujon watched them disconsolately until they disappeared. He felt he had been worried out of his mules and yet he bore no resentment. He did not doubt Father Joseph's devoutness, nor his singleness of purpose. After all, a Bishop was a Bishop, and a Vicar was a Vicar, and it was not to their discredit that they worked like a pair of common parish priests. He believed he would be proud of the fact that they rode Contento and Angelica. Father Vaillant had forced his hand, but he was rather glad of it.

The Lonely Road to Mora

The Bishop and his Vicar were riding through the rain in the Truchas mountains. The heavy lead-colored drops were driven slantingly through the air by an icy wind from the peak. These rain-drops, Father Latour kept thinking, were the shape of tadpoles, and they broke against his nose and cheeks, exploding with a splash, as if they were hollow and full of air. The priests were riding across high mountain meadows, which in a few weeks would be green, though just now they were slate-colored. On every side lay ridges covered with blue-green fir trees; above them rose the horny backbones of mountains. The sky was very low; purplish lead-colored clouds let down curtains of mist into the valleys between the pine ridges. There was not a glimmer of white light in the dark vapors working overhead, — rather, they took on the cold green of the evergreens.

Even the white mules, their coats wet and matted into tufts, had turned a slaty hue, and the faces of the two priests were purple and spotted in that singular light.

Father Latour rode first, sitting straight upon his mule, with his chin lowered just enough to keep the drive of rain out of his

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eyes. Father Vaillant followed, unable to see much, — in weather like this his glasses were of no use, and he had taken them off. He crouched down in the saddle, his shoulders well over Contento's neck. Father Joseph's sister Philomène, who was Mother Superior of a convent in her native town in Puy de Dom, often tried to picture her brother and Bishop Latour on these long missionary journeys of which he wrote her; she imagined the scene and saw the two priests moving through it in their cassocks, bareheaded, like the pictures of St Francis Xavier with which she was familiar. The reality was less picturesque, but for all that, no one could have mistaken these two men for hunters or traders. They wore clerical collars about their necks instead of neckerchiefs, and on the breast of his buckskin jacket the Bishop's silver cross hung by a silver chain.

They were on their way to Mora, the third day out, and they did not know just how far they had still to go. Since morning they had not met a traveler or seen a human habitation. They believed they were on the right trail, for they had seen no other. The first night of their journey they had spent at Santa Cruz, lying in the warm, wide valley of the Rio Grande, where the fields and gardens were already softly colored with early spring. But since they had left the Española country behind them they had contended first with wind and sand storms, and now with cold. The Bishop was going to Mora to assist the Padre there in disposing of a crowd of refugees who filled his house. A new settlement in the Conejos valley had lately been raided by Indians; many of the inhabitants were killed, and the survivors, who were originally from Mora, had managed to get back there, utterly destitute.

Before the travelers had crossed the mountain meadows, the rain turned to sleet. Their wet buckskins quickly froze, and the rattle of icy flakes struck them and bounded off. The prospect of a night in the open was not cheering. It was too wet to kindle a fire, their blankets would become soaked on the ground. As they were descending the mountain on the Mora side, the gray daylight seemed already beginning to fail, though it was only four o'clock. Father Latour turned in his saddle and spoke over his shoulder.

"The mules are certainly very tired, Joseph. They ought to be fed."

"Push on," said Father Vaillant. "We will come to shelter of some kind before night sets in." The Vicar had been praying steadfastly while they crossed the meadows, and he felt confident that St Joseph would not turn a deaf ear. Before the hour was done they did indeed come upon a wretched adobe house, so poor and mean that they might not have seen it had it not lain close beside the trail, on the edge of a steep ravine. The stable looked more habitable than the house, and the priests thought perhaps they could spend the night in it.

As they rode up to the door, a man came out, bareheaded, and they saw to their surprise that he was not a Mexican, but an American, of a very unprepossessing type. He spoke to them in some drawling dialect they could scarcely understand and asked if they wanted to stay the night. During the few words they exchanged with him Father Latour felt a growing reluctance to remain even for a few hours under the roof of this ugly, evil-looking fellow. He was tall, gaunt, and ill-formed, with a snake-like neck, terminating in a small, bony head. Under his close-clipped hair this repellent head showed a number of thick layers, as if the skull joinings were overgrown by ridges of superfluous bone. With its small, rudimentary ears, this head had a positively malignant look. The man seemed not more than half human, but he was the only householder on the lonely road to Mora.

The priests dismounted and asked him whether he could put their mules under shelter and give them grain feed.

"As soon as I git my coat on I will. You kin come in."

They followed him into a room where a piñon fire blazed in the corner, and went toward it to warm their stiffened hands. Their host made an angry, snarling sound in the direction of the partition, and a woman came out of the next room. She was a Mexican.

Father Latour and Father Vaillant addressed her courteously in Spanish, greeting her in the name of the Holy Mother, as was customary. She did not open her lips, but stared at them blankly for a moment, then dropped her eyes and

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cowered as if she were terribly frightened. The priests looked at each other; it struck them both that this man had been abusing her in some way. Suddenly he turned on her.

"Clear off them cheers fur the strangers. They won't eat ye, if they air priests."

She began distractedly snatching rags and wet socks and dirty clothes from the chairs. Her hands were shaking so that she dropped things. She was not old, she might have been very young,—but she was probably half-witted. There was nothing in her face but blankness and fear.

Her husband put on his coat and boots, went to the door, and stopped with his hand on the latch, throwing over his shoulder a crafty, hateful glance at the bewildered woman.

"Here, you! Come right along, I'll need ye!"

She took her black shawl from a peg and followed him. Just at the door she turned and caught the eyes of the visitors, who were looking after her in compassion and perplexity. Instantly that stupid face became intense, prophetic, full of awful meaning. With her finger she pointed them away, away! — two quick thrusts into the air. Then, with a look of horror beyond anything that language could convey, she threw back her head and drew the edge of her palm quickly across her distended throat, — and vanished. The doorway was empty, — the two priests stood staring at it, speechless. That flash of electric passion had been so swift, the warning it communicated so vivid and definite, that they were struck dumb.

Father Joseph was the first to find his tongue. "There is no doubt of her meaning. Your pistol is loaded, Jean?"

"Yes, but I neglected to keep it dry. No matter."

They hurried out of the house. It was still light enough to see the stable through the gray drive of rain, and they went toward it.

"Señor American," the Bishop called, "will you be good enough to bring out our mules?"

The man came out of the stable. "What do you want?"

"Our mules. We have changed our mind. We will push on to Mora. And here is a dollar for your trouble."

The man took a threatening attitude. As he looked from one to the other his head played from side to side exactly like a snake's. "What's the matter? My house ain't good enough for ye?"

"No explanation is necessary. Go into the barn and get the mules, Father Joseph."

"You dare go into my stable, you — — priest!"

The Bishop drew his pistol. "No profanity, Señor. We want nothing from you but to get away from your uncivil tongue. Stand where you are."

The man was unarmed. Father Joseph came out with the mules, which had not been unsaddled. The poor things were each munching a mouthful, but they needed no urging to be gone; they did not like this place. The moment they felt their riders on their backs they trotted quickly along the road, which dropped immediately into the arroyo. While they were descending, Father Joseph remarked that the man would certainly have a gun in the house, and that he had no wish to be shot in the back.

"Nor I. But it is growing too dark for that, unless he should follow us on horseback," said the Bishop. "Were there horses in the stable?"

"Only a burro." Father Vaillant was relying upon the protection of St Joseph, whose office he had fervently said that morning. The warning given them by that poor woman, with such scant opportunity, seemed evidence that some protecting power was mindful of them.

By the time they had ascended the far side of the arroyo, night had closed down and the rain was pouring harder than ever.

"I am by no means sure that we can keep in the road," said the Bishop. "But at least I am sure we are not being followed. We must trust to these intelligent beasts. Poor woman! He will suspect her and abuse her, I am afraid." He kept seeing her in the darkness as he rode on, her face in the firelight, and her terrible pantomime.

They reached the town of Mora a little after midnight. The Padre's house was full of refugees, and two of them were put out of a bed in order that the Bishop and his Vicar might get into it.

In the morning a boy came from the stable and reported that he had found a crazy woman lying in the straw, and that

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she begged to see the two Padres who owned the white mules. She was brought in, her clothing cut to rags, her legs and face and even her hair so plastered with mud that the priests could scarcely recognize the woman who had saved their lives the night before.

She said she had never gone back to the house at all. When the two priests rode away her husband had run to the house to get his gun, and she had plunged down a wash-out behind the stable into the arroyo, and had been on the way to Mora all night. She had supposed he would overtake her and kill her, but he had not. She reached the settlement before daybreak, and crept into the stable to warm herself among the animals and wait until the household was awake. Kneeling before the Bishop she began to relate such horrible things that he stopped her and turned to the native priest.

"This is a case for the civil authorities. Is there a magistrate here?"

There was no magistrate, but there was a retired fur trapper who acted as notary and could take evidence. He was sent for, and in the interval Father Latour instructed the refugee women from Conejos to bathe this poor creature and put decent clothes on her, and to care for the cuts and scratches on her legs.

An hour later the woman, whose name was Magdalena, calmed by food and kindness, was ready to tell her story. The notary had brought along his friend, St Vrain, a Canadian trapper who understood Spanish better than he. The woman was known to St Vrain, moreover; he confirmed her statement that she was born Magdalena Valdez, at Los Ranchos de Taos, and that she was twenty-four years old. Her husband, Buck Scales, had drifted into Taos with a party of hunters from somewhere in Wyoming. All white men knew him for a dog and a degenerate, — but to Mexican girls, marriage with an American meant coming up in the world. She had married him six years ago and had been living with him ever since in that wretched house on the Mora trail. During that time he had robbed and murdered four travelers who had stopped there for the night. They were all strangers, not known in the country. She had forgot their names, but one was a German boy who spoke very little Spanish and little English; a nice boy with blue eyes, and she had grieved for him more than for the others. They were all buried in the sandy soil behind the stable. She was always afraid their bodies might wash out in a storm. Their horses Buck had ridden off by night and sold to Indians somewhere in the north. Magdalena had borne three children since her marriage, and her husband had killed each of them a few days after birth, by ways so horrible that she could not relate it. After he killed the first baby she ran away from him, back to her parents at Ranchos. He came after her and made her go home with him by threatening harm to the old people. She was afraid to go anywhere for help, but twice before she had managed to warn travelers away, when her husband happened to be out of the house. This time she had found courage because, when she looked into the faces of these two Padres, she knew they were good men, and she thought if she ran after them they could save her. She could not bear any more killing. She asked nothing better than to die herself, if only she could hide near a church and a priest for awhile, to make her soul right with God.

St Vrain and his friend got together a search party at once. They rode out to Scales's place and found the remains of four men buried under the corral behind the stable, as the woman had said. Scales himself they captured on the road from Taos, where he had gone to look for his wife. They brought him back to Mora, but St Vrain rode on to Taos to fetch a magistrate.

There was no *calabozo* in Mora, so Scales was put into an empty stable, under guard. This stable was soon surrounded by a crowd of people, who loitered to hear the blood-curdling threats the prisoner shouted against his wife. Magdalena was kept in the Padre's house, where she lay on a mat in the corner, begging Father Latour to take her back to Santa Fé, so that her husband could not get at her. Though Scales was bound, the Bishop felt alarmed for her safety. He and the American notary, who had a pistol of the new revolver model, sat in the *sala* and kept watch over her all night.

In the morning the magistrate and his party arrived from Taos. The notary told him the facts of the case in the plaza,

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where everyone could hear. The Bishop inquired whether there was any place for Magdalena in Taos, as she could not stay on here in such a state of terror.

A man dressed in buckskin hunting clothes stepped out of the crowd and asked to see Magdalena. Father Latour conducted him into the room where she lay on her mat. The stranger went up to her, removing his hat. He bent down and put his hand on her shoulder. Though he was clearly an American, he spoke Spanish in the native manner.

"Magdalena, don't you remember me?"

She looked up at him as out of a dark well; something became alive in her deep, haunted eyes. She caught with both hands at his fringed buckskin knees.

"Cristobal!" she wailed. "Oh, Cristobal!"

"I'll take you home with me, Magdelena, and you can stay with my wife. You wouldn't be afraid in my house, would you?"

"No, no, Cristobal, I would not be afraid with you. I am not a wicked woman."

He smoothed her hair. "You're a good girl, Magdalena, — always were. It will be all right. Just leave things to me."

Then he turned to the Bishop. "Señor Vicario, she can come to me. I live near Taos. My wife is a native woman, and she'll be good to her. That varmint won't come about my place, even if he breaks jail. He knows me. My name is Carson."

Father Latour had looked forward to meeting the scout. He had supposed him to be a very large man, of powerful body and commanding presence. This Carson was not so tall as the Bishop himself, was very slight in frame, modest in manner, and he spoke English with a soft Southern drawl. His face was both thoughtful and alert; anxiety had drawn a permanent ridge between his blue eyes. Under his blond mustache his mouth had a singular refinement. The lips were full and delicately modeled. There was something curiously unconscious about his mouth, reflective, a little melancholy, — and something that suggested a capacity for tenderness. The Bishop felt a quick glow of pleasure in looking at the man. As he stood there in his buckskin clothes one felt in him standards, loyalties, a code which is not easily put into words but which is instantly felt when two men who live by it come together by chance. He took the scout's hand. "I have long wanted to meet Kit Carson," he said, "even before I came to New Mexico. I have been hoping you would pay me a visit at Santa Fé."

The other smiled. "I'm right shy, Sir, and I'm always afraid of being disappointed. But I guess it will be all right from now on."

This was the beginning of a long friendship.

On their ride back to Carson's ranch, Magdalena was put in Father Vaillant's care, and the Bishop and the scout rode together. Carson said he had become a Catholic merely as a matter of form, as Americans usually did when they married Mexican girls. His wife was a good woman and very devout; but religion had seemed to him pretty much a woman's affair until his last trip to California. He had been sick out there, and the fathers at one of the missions took care of him. "I began to see things different, and thought I might some day be a Catholic in earnest. I was brought up to think priests were rascals and that the nuns were bad women, — all the stuff they talk back in Missouri. A good many of the native priests here bear out that story. Our Padre Martinez at Taos is an old scapegrace, if ever there was one; he's got children and grandchildren in almost every settlement around here. And Padre Lucero at Arroyo Hondo is a miser, takes everything a poor man's got to give him a Christian burial."

The Bishop discussed the needs of his people at length with Carson. He felt great confidence in his judgment. The two men were about the same age, both a little over forty, and both had been sobered and sharpened by wide experience. Carson had been guide in world-renowned explorations, but he was still almost as poor as in the days when he was a beaver trapper. He lived in a little adobe house with his Mexican wife. The great country of desert and mountain ranges between Santa Fé and the Pacific coast was not yet mapped or charted; the most reliable map of it was in Kit Carson's brain. This Missourian whose eye was so quick to read a landscape or a human face, could not read a printed page. He could at that time barely write his own name. Yet one felt

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in him a quick and discriminating intelligence. That he was illiterate was an accident; he had got ahead of books, gone where the printing-press could not follow him. Out of the hardships of his boyhood, — from fourteen to twenty picking up a bare living as cook or mule driver for wagon trains, often in the service of brutal and desperate characters, — he had preserved a clean sense of honor and a compassionate heart. In talking to the Bishop of poor Magdalena he said sadly; "I used to see her in Taos when she was such a pretty girl. Ain't it a pity?"

The degenerate murderer, Buck Scales, was hanged after a short trial. Early in April the Bishop left Santa Fé on horseback and rode to St Louis, on his way to attend the Provincial Council at Baltimore. When he returned in September, he brought back with him five courageous nuns, Sisters of Loretto, to found a school for girls in letterless Santa Fé. He sent at once for Magdalena and took her into the service of the Sisters. She became housekeeper and manager of the Sisters' kitchen. She was devoted to the nuns, and so happy in the service of the Church that when the Bishop visited the school he used to enter by the kitchen garden to see her serene and handsome face. For she became beautiful, as Carson said she had been as a girl. After the blight of her horrible youth was over, she seemed to bloom again in the household of God.

TO BE CONTINUED

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SEVEN SISTERS

Llewellyn Hughes

(*Continued from page 207*)

"You see," Martha went on, "we ourselves have had to consider the value of money, — how quickly it goes." The wrinkles were moving rapidly. "Your kindness to Lucy includes all of us."

"It does, indeed."

"You really mustn't think of it, Mr. Billop. But some evening we'd love to have you up for dinner. We can't offer you anything very elaborate, you know. Still we'd be delighted if you'd come."

"Couldn't keep me away, ma'am," smiled Mr. Billop.

"Lucy can let you know." Martha rose: an act of distinction in itself. "And now we must ask you to excuse us. We have a little matter to attend to." She was playing her part superbly. "Come, Faith. Come, Sarah, dear!"

"Charmed to have met you," they chorused.

Mr. George Billop bowed: a thing he had never done before.

All they had to attend to was the preparation of coffee in case he preferred that to ginger ale with his sandwiches and cake. The silver tray was polished until it shone beautifully and the choicest napkins in the Pinney establishment were placed beside the choicest cups, saucers, and plates.

Everything went off splendidly. After drinking two cups of coffee, eating all the sandwiches, and devouring a huge portion of cake, Mr. Billop made his departure.

A little after eleven Maude, Grace, and Agatha returned from the movies.

"What's he like, Sarah?"

"He invited us to the theatre."

"With a lovely mustache," put in Faith.

"Really?" Grace looked admiringly at Lucy as though her sister and not Mr. Billop was adorned with that symbol of masculinity.

"I think all men ought to wear mustaches," advocated Maude, beginning to remove her many hatpins. "Like father and Mr. Corn-"

"I'd love to meet him."

"You shall, Grace, dear. I'll ask him up again, — very soon." Lucy promised this a trifle apprehensively. The rooms seemed full of women, individually harmless yet prognostic and somewhat terrifying as a whole.

On Sunday night Mr. George Billop called again. With him he brought two long, cardboard boxes decorated with the name of a Fifth Avenue florist. One he gave to Lucy; the other, he said, was for her three sisters.

They had known of his coming, for in the interim Lucy had twice lunched with him, dined at the Ritz, and gone to a revue. Consequently, the arrangement this evening had been that Faith and Sarah go out with Maude. Of the latter Miss Pinney he was not to be informed. Martha accepted the roses on behalf of her two sisters.

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"You know," she told Lucy in the kitchen, "I think he must be spending every penny he earns. A little extravagant, perhaps. You mustn't give him the impression, dear, —"

"But what can I do?" asked Lucy, burying her face in the water-sprinkled flowers.

The roses, put into deep vases, were brought into the drawing-room. Mr. Billop, marooned in a straight-backed chair, loomed gigantically. "You shouldn't buy such expensive flowers, you know," Martha told him, conscious of a certain pleasure in scolding such a big, splendid man.

He met this with a liberal wave of his hand. "Don't need to worry about that, ma'am."

"They're perfectly beautiful," cooed Lucy, holding them before his nose. "The fragrance."

He drank in the perfume as though he were drinking a stein of beer, his mustaches brushing the cold, wet blooms. A little moisture had clung to the left one and it quickly gathered into a glistening bead, suspending there critically. Martha watched it with fascinated, half-dilated eyes. Then, all unwittingly to Mr. Billop, it dropped on his coat lapel. Martha gave a little gasp.

"Somebody there?" Lucy glanced at the door. "Come in, Grace, dear."

That lady's pallid countenance lost something by her forced and protracted smile.

"My sister, Grace," managed Lucy in a thin voice.

Mr. Billop rose from his chair, grinning broadly. "Met you, I guess, the other evenin'," he reminded her, offering his hand.

"No," said Grace very sweetly. "That was Sarah, I think. We're so alike, you see."

His grin was incorporated in his deepening confusion. "Eh!" he shouted. "Mean to say you're another one?" With a physical effort he recovered his former pomposity. "Pleased to meet you, ma'am."

His consternation had reached poor Agatha, and she crept to her room, from which retreat, fifteen minutes later, a good deal of coaxing was necessary before she agreed to accompany Martha and Lucy into the drawing-room.

"Here's a sixth," cried Lucy, laughing the least bit hysterically. "My sister, Agatha."

"Well I'll be damned." To cover that inadvertant expletive Mr. George Billop went to work with a will on his mustaches. "Ladies," he said, getting to his feet determinedly, "I must ask you to excuse me."

A deadly fear crept into four gray faces.

"I apologize," he explained. "Out where I come from men get into the habit of, — of cussin'." Ill at ease, he tendered his regrets to Agatha. "Hope you'll pardon me, ma'am. My manners might be improved I admit, — still I ain't quite so bad as I look."

"Not at all, Mr. Billop."

He began to laugh. "If Lucy had only told me she had such a whack of sisters I'd have been better prepared."

"Oh, Mr. Billop," said Grace; "we don't mind a little word now and then. We often say naughty things ourselves, sometimes."

"So there's six of you, eh? Gosh! that's, — that's quite a number! I like big families. We was quite a lot at home when I was a kid. Seven of us. Four boys and three gels."

"Seven?" echoed Lucy. "Why that's just, —"

Martha cut in with: "Do go on, Mr. Billop."

"Out of seven," he continued, "there's just two of us left. An' I often wish Milt was along with me so's to meet some of you gels."

"Gels" didn't in the least disturb them.

"Most of 'em," he went on in furtherance of his family history, "died when they was young. Sally, she married a feller from Frisco an' died when her baby was born. Me and Milt grew up side by side right along. Sort of got used to livin' together. I got a telegram from him this afternoon."

"From your brother?"

"Yes, ma'am. Wants me to come back to Oakville right away."

"Oakville?"

"Oakville, California."

"Oh, we thought you lived in New York?"

"No, ma'am. Milt and me's got a small ranch beyond Oakville. I come down here on a little business, that's all."

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"Then you are going back?" Lucy's question seemed to linger in the air.

"Tuesday night."

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"I'd have got away sooner, only I've been held up on some machinery I come for till Tuesday. Monday's my last night in New York for a spell. Say! how about the the-ater, Monday evenin'? The whole lot of us?"

It took Martha some time to find her voice. "Supposing," she said, "We make it dinner here, instead?"

"Fine. I'll get the tickets."

"I'm afraid," — Agatha's tone betrayed her disappointment, — "dinner would hardly be over in time for the, — theatre." She hesitated over the word, blushing as she pronounced it correctly.

"And there's too many of us," said Grace.

"We could get a box, ma'am." Mr. Billop estimated them. "A couple of boxes."

"Oh, dear, no. We *do* appreciate your kindness, Mr. Billop. But we mustn't put you to such expense. No, really."

"No," ended Agatha, positively.

Martha, her earrings swinging, edged to the door. "We'll expect you for dinner," she smiled.

"I'll be right on deck."

"About half-past seven. Don't bother to dress. Come, Grace. Come Agatha, dear."

In the kitchen, Grace poured some berries into the coffee-grinder. "I'm afraid," she murmured, "he has no intention of, — of . . ." Mournfully, she began to turn the handle.

"But he called her Lucy!" Agatha's voice rose above the noise. "Did you hear him? Twice!"

Grace, displaying sad eyes, ceased grinding for a moment. "Yes, I did. And it really sounded quite hopeful, didn't it? I wonder what his brother is like. They may be very rich."

"I don't think they are," said Martha. "I noticed his hat. You know he must have had it for years. That's why I feel so sorry he bought those roses. I'm sure they cost him ten dollars a dozen. Poor, dear man."

"Wasn't it generous of him? And wanting to take all of us to the theatre as well!" Grace resumed her grinding, only to stop again when Martha touched her arm.

"Of course, dear," said the eldest Miss Pinney, "the roses were meant for you and Agatha and Maude, too."

"Oh, no, Martha."

"Why, of course, darling. Of course they were." Martha kissed her.

"For all of us."

Mr. Billop was staying late. Coffee and sandwiches, the latter carefully done into little triangles, the bread cut very thin, had long since been taken in by Lucy. At half-past eleven the three other Miss Pinneys made their appearance, creeping on tiptoe past the slightly open drawing-room door. Lucy couldn't be heard, but her companion's brass laughter defied all intervening space.

Suddenly, without warning, Lucy came running down the corridor and was in the midst of them. Her precipitant entrance, her hysteria, her tears, terrified them; they could not have been more agitated had she been a ferocious dog.

"Lucy!"

A tremor passed down the youngest Miss Pinney's smooth throat. "He's, — he's gone!" she cried. "I m-may never see him again. Oh, dear, I'm so miserable."

"Tell us, darling? What has happened to disturb you?" They were all round her. Sarah was bathing her forehead with eau de Cologne. The smelling salts shook in Faith's hands.

"He asked me to marry him. To m-marry him and go with him to California on Tuesday!"

Assimilating this staggering news, six mouths opened to almost identical ovals.

"I said I didn't think I could. The time was so, — so short." Lucy's sobs rendered articulate speech an impossibility. "I, — I haven't got anything to wear. And my position at the office. Besides," — she showed a tearful face, — "I can't bear the thought of l-leaving you."

"But, Lucy, darling, —" Agatha burst into tears.

"Perhaps he'll come back for you, — from, — from, —" Grace also began to weep.

"I don't think he will. I'll never see him again."

With a preliminary wail Martha joined the concert. Seven Miss Pinneys surrendered themselves to their crying, en-

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deavoring, now they were committed, to make the least possible noise about it. Agatha, however, was so overcome she had to go to her room.

Gradually the sobbings subsided. Mutually acknowledging it their duty, Sarah and Grace, with a combined herculean effort, pulled themselves together and started to make tea. It would relieve dear Lucy's feelings, — and their own.

Martha addressed her with infinite tenderness. "Darling, it really doesn't matter about your office position. After all, you know, —"

"But I hate to l-leave you. I haven't a trousseau, — or anything."

That, they realized, was an obstacle. The luxury was also beyond the immediate purchasing power of the family purse. The Pinneys, anyway, didn't buy trousseaux. They made them, — if the time allowed.

Agatha's reappearance was welcomed by six pairs of sympathetic if slightly swollen eyes. Her lower lip was trembling like a bit of lemon jelly as she smiled at them.

"Lucy, dear, — you might have taken my trousseau. It's all packed and everything."

Agatha's generosity brought about a deep silence. Then Lucy, accompanied by Maude and Grace, relapsed into fresh tears.

"Oh, Agatha, — it's yours, — and I . . ."

Faith said: "I'm sure poor Mr. Billop was fearfully upset when you refused him." Into this remark she couldn't help injecting a note of pride! A Pinney refusing an offer of marriage!

"But I didn't refuse h-him," said Lucy. "I told him I'd give him an answer tomorrow night at dinner."

Not one of them slept through the night. The following morning, during her absence, the Miss Pinneys, in twos, threes, fours, fives, and sixes, collaborated and formed plans for the evening dinner. Of course, as Lucy feared, and Agatha pointed out, he might change his mind and not come; still, if he did, it was agreed they should proceed with tact and wisdom. It would be the first time he saw them together. Maude had to be presented. Seven of them! All so very alike and, —

"Formidable," said the little pale tongue.

"We must be jolly," decided Maude. "Say clever things."

"And wouldn't it be simply wonderful if we could have cocktails?" It was Faith's proposal. She was so ingenious!

"There's father's cocktail shaker. It's solid silver."

"Then we could put those lovely glasses on the table," said Martha. "The champagne ones. You know, they'd look awfully effective."

"But we haven't anything to put in it. We need gin, — don't we? — and vermouth."

"Couldn't we make it out of fruit juice and ice and something?"

The idea appealed.

"And there's those preserved prunes that Maude made. I've heard there's quite a lot of alcohol in prunes."

Faith confirmed it.

"Then do let's try." Led by Grace they went hilariously into the kitchen where the prune juice was pronounced decidedly alcoholic by Maude who tasted a little on a spoon.

By six o'clock the table with its sparkling glass and silver, Mr. Billop's roses, the spotless linen, and napkins hand-embroidered with small forget-me-nots, really looked delightful.

Meanwhile, the Miss Pinneys were dressing in relays. The trio wore pink blouses and navy blue skirts. Faith had on her green satin, the flounce trailing behind her; Agatha, her empire dress, the one that first attracted poor Mr. Cornberry; Martha had pinned a red rose to her gray silk and wore her coral earrings.

Lucy's arrival, a little later than usual, brought all of them rushing to the drawing-room. She had made several purchases, but the dear girl looked so tired and nervous, her cheeks pale, her eyes almost feverish.

"You're not sick, are you, darling?"

"No," said Lucy. "But when I think of, — of going away from you, — I feel so unhappy. You've been so sweet to me."

They kissed her with more than customary warmth, then hurried her away to get dressed.

Everything, they informed each other, was ready. Nevertheless, the ringing of the

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front door bell found them woefully unprepared. At the moment Faith's satin was being taken up a little by Grace. Both fled, precipitantly. Martha, however, welcomed her future brother-in-law very graciously.

"We're so glad to see you, Mr. Billop."

"Well, how's the gels?" He positively shone with pleasurable satisfaction; one could almost hear his amiability ticking like a clock.

"Do let me take your hat, Mr. Billop."

"Thanks."

"And your coat, Mr. Billop."

He made a jovial pretence of whispering in Sarah's ear. "Careful with the coat," he said. "There's somethin' in it. Be no use to anybody if it was broken."

Sarah blushed.

"This," commenced Martha, bringing the unintroduced one forward, "is Maude."

"Can't surprise me this time," he said, winking his eye knowingly, "I've got it straight at last."

But Maude wished to establish herself a little more definitely. "I'm afraid, Mr. Billop, you are mistaking me for Grace or Sarah," she returned with easy courtesy, ranging herself beside the two other pink blouses.

"We're so alike, you see," chanted Grace, who, with the green satin, had just come in.

"No, ma'am." Mr. Billop laughed brassly. "Lucy told me all about you this afternoon."

Oh! so Lucy had been lunching with him again; this very day!

"There's seven of you, all told." Mr. Billop massaged his mustaches. "Isn't that right?"

Five softly uttered affirmatives floated in his direction.

"Unless you've got a couple more hidin' behind the door or some place."

"We were eight," Martha told him, twisting her mouth into a little smile. "But Emily, —"

"That's fine!" Mr. George Billop emptied his pockets of seven small boxes tied with red and blue ribbons. "You wouldn't come to the the-ater, so I brought along a souvenir for each one of you."

"Oh, Mr. Billop, —"

"They're all alike," he went on calmly, handing them to Sarah. "Put 'em beside each plate. Not to be opened till dinner."

"Why," cried Sarah, "they're from Tiffany's! Really, Mr. Billop!"

Agatha, in Lucy's room, was surprised to find her sister, arrayed in a new dress.

"Has he arrived?" Lucy gave the impression she didn't know what she was saying, or doing.

Agatha nodded. "I know you're going to accept him, darling," she said softly, "and I'm so glad. I've never seen you look so beautiful. He'll be quite fascinated. And I love your dress." She regarded her a little enviously. "Such color in your cheeks, Lucy. And your eyes! I only wish," she went on, putting a thin hand to her face, "that I, —"

"You can, quite easily, dear Agatha." At this moment Lucy thought she loved Agatha more than any of her sisters, so much, in fact, that she was willing to share her innermost secrets. "Look!" She opened a drawer in front of her. Inside were two boxes of face-powder, cream, rouge, and a palpable lip-stick. "I bought them two weeks ago when I first met, —"

Agatha was still gasping when Martha and Sarah came in to beg them to hurry. Lucy's new dress charmed them! Where had she bought it? And two more parcels had just come for her!

"Lucy!" Faith appeared, terribly excited. "Do come, dear. He, — he wants to see you."

Her meeting with Mr. Billop was watched by anxious eyes. Lucy seemed very embarrassed as she gave him her hand, and Mr. Billop's mustaches fairly twirled of themselves as he gently but firmly drew her towards him and, before all of them, gave her a kiss!

"Oh!" gasped Sarah.

"Oh!" repeated Grace.

On the table the silver cocktail-shaker was smoking. Mr. Billop pointed at it masterfully. "What's in that thing?"

"Something to, — to drink," Martha managed to say.

"Only there's n-nothing in it. It's just fruit juice."

"Where's my coat? I've brought a bottle of gin with me. It ought to be good. Paid ten berries for it at the hotel." Sarah ran for it. "Now just a minute, ladies. I'm comin' to Lucy and me soon as we get our glasses filled."

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The shaker was partly emptied and refilled with one quarter the contents of the square bottle. Mr. Billop, looking very big and handsome, shook the mixture up and down with red-faced and determined energy. "Won't hurt you," he panted as he went round the table filling the glasses.

"A toast!" roared Mr. Billop irresistibly, shooting an ardent glance at the somewhat removed and blushing Lucy. "To Mrs. Billop!"

Agatha screamed!

"Lucy! Are you and Mr. Billop actually married?"

"I thought you'd be sure to notice my ring," said Lucy, the tears coming to her eyes. "You see, George, — George wanted to keep it a secret until we, —"

"Married this afternoon!" Mr. Billop was in immense form. "Special license."

"Oh, I'm s-so disappointed."

"We wanted to come to the wedding, Lucy. Why, — why didn't you tell us, — or call us on the 'phone?"

"George says you must come and visit us," Lucy told them apologetically. "He and his brother found oil on their ranch and they, —"

Mr. Billop still held his glass in the air. "Nine hundred barrels per day!"

"Oil!" piped Grace, wiping her tears and looking as if she had just announced the springing of a well herself.

"He's worth millions," said Lucy. "He, — he gave me a thousand dollars this afternoon to buy clothes. I, — I bought something for all of you."

Her husband's eyes were focused on his glass. "But come, ladies! This ought to be a time for jollification, — not tears. Now then! Everybody!"

"I'm so happy, dear." Martha was the first to kiss her newly wed sister. The others followed automatically.

"Not so bad, is she?" Mr. Billop was evidently referring to the cocktail. He reached for the shaker, poured himself another one, and exhorted all the Miss Pinneys to drain glasses with him. "One, two, three," he called merrily.

Only Maude and Faith succeeded.

"The coffee!" shrieked Grace. She and Sarah, bleary-eyed and palpitating from excitement, ran to the kitchen.

"It's been such a surprise," said Martha, her coral earrings dancing with her last few sobs. "You must forgive us, Mr. Billop. We love her so."

"I know she don't like to leave you," he replied. "But I hope some of you will come out and visit us one of these days."

"They've simply got to promise me before I go," announced Lucy.

Maude remained where she sat, stiff and formal in pose, beatific of countenance, one eye a little more opaque and open than the other. All at once Faith's tongue came out as she began to giggle.

"Lucy!" she called. "Your office!"

"I told them, — this morning."

"I told them," said Mr. Billop, starting his third cocktail.

Faith was still giggling. "I wonder, — Oh, dear! — I wonder if I might try for the position? I'd love, — love to try for the position."

"No!" Maude directed a fixed and steady look at the opposite wall.

"But why not, darling?"

"Because," — she spoke with alcoholic determination, — "we are all going out to California to live."

"Atta girl!" bellowed Mr. Billop.

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Light Without Heat

"Who invented the incandescent light?" Mr. Edison, interviews with whom have for the past few months been a FORUM *feature, answers the question.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am amazed that THE FORUM did not investigate before publishing the letter of R. Estcourt, which appears on pages 948–9 of your December, 1926, issue. At this late date, when the historical facts are so universally known, it seems almost superfluous to call attention to the misstatements therein contained.

The problem of the subdivision of the electric light was solved by the filament electric lamp which I invented. Mr. Swan contributed nothing to this invention. He and his predecessors, as far back as Sir Humphry Davy, worked along the line of using *pencils* of carbon *in vacuo*, but such lamps could not be and were not of commercial value. The solution of the problem lay in the use of a carbon *filament* of high resistance and small radiating surface sealed in an all-glass globe exhausted of air, which was invented by myself.

After my invention was made known in England, Mr. Swan and his associates went into the manufacture of incandescent lamps on a commercial scale, and I sued them for infringement of my patents. The suit was tried in the highest English Courts of Law and was decided fully in my favor.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

Orange, N. J.

Singing Worms

Rose Pastor Stokes's little poem, "A Child's Heart", only said "the worm won't sing, the ugly thing."

Editor of THE FORUM:

I take up the cudgel in behalf of the Worm. Please tell Mrs. Stokes (October FORUM) that worms *do* sing. A year ago I noted in the "Literary Digest" that a German scientist had discovered that an earthworm has a sound rhythm which can be detected at a distance of ten to twelve feet, which he called a "song"!

Moreover, I maintain (even in the face of her darling little verse) that a child's heart does not brand the worm as "ugly" or "squirmy" unless prejudiced by an oversensitive grown-up, any more than it takes fright at the sight of blood until it catches the horrified expression on the face of its ministering elder. I haven't checked up on the "latest" psychology, being absorbed in the practical demonstration of this point; but I believe it to be sound, in proof whereof I refer you to any one of my Terrible Three, — and they are about as different, temperamentally, as any three could be. As to the worm's warbling ability, those who have ears to hear might on a misty, moisty morning be rewarded by some such

SONG OF THE EARTHWORM

Blind am I,
Yet even a worm can bring
Some joy, for to the dumb earth
I, a worm, can sing.

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To you (how blind!)
My ways seem dark and wrong,
Yet even as you
I ease my heart in song.

E. W. CHANDLER.

Norwalk, Conn.

Arctic Skylarking

Dear Mr. Stefansson:

In your article "New Polar Trails" which appeared in the January FORUM, I notice that you made no reference to the "Putnam Expedition" of 1926. I am curious to know how explorers regard this venture which was so elaborately reported in the "New York Times".

Sincerely,

GEORGE F. HAVELL.

My dear Mr. Havell:

As for the Morrissey Expedition of George Palmer Putnam, Robert Bartlett, Robert Peary, David Putnam, and others, — they announced no program and had no preliminary polemics. It was going to be a "Scientific Expedition", and nobody could dispute much about that, saying it was impossible, unprofitable, or what-not; for "science" is a vague term at best, and becomes vague beyond any meaning when spelled with a capital. It turned out, to judge from the newspapers, that "Scientific", in the Putnam case, meant that various natural history observations would be made. These were doubtless as successful as any of the sponsors hoped, and collections were brought back for the American Museum of Natural History.

At first glance, then, the Putnam expedition does not seem to have been in the rank of the critic baiters. But it landed there, really, through its results, which upset some cherished dogmas. The conventional Arctic, so dear to the public, has always been in chief a proving ground for heroes, a solemn realm for austere pranks and chilblains. But the Putnams treated their Arctic as background for a skylarking junket, where the peak of heroism was the despatching of the 'steenth thousandth walrus that has been killed in Greenland waters, and the depth of pathos a bedtime chat over the radio between a husband in what is technically known as the Frozen North and a wife at home, who hadn't had a word as to his safety or comfort since she finished at breakfast a two-column account in the morning paper that told what a picnic he had been having yesterday. Meantime David Putnam, aged thirteen, was writing the official narrative of the expedition, with such concentration that the book was off the press a month after they returned, and a bully good book, too. With such events so chronicled, it may be that the Putnam Expedition has done as much as any venture of the year to upset theories and to remove the Arctic from the domain of myth to the sober climate of reality.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

New York.

Why Not Buddhism?

Another "cornerstone of faith" for consideration.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have been following your "Confessions" series with more than a little interest. Now the question arises, why be a Christian at all? For what conceivable reason should a Jew, a Moslem, a Parsee, Hindu, or Buddhist change his religion? We may leave out of account the lower forms of religion, animism, and fetishism.

We may take the Buddhist for an example. Suppose him to be disgusted at Buddhistic superstitions and at the preoccupation of some of his fellow religionists with the forms of religion, incense, and candles, beads and images, and the paraphernalia of mechanical worship. He would find that Christians have their superstitions also. He would find that many Christians make use of incense, beads, images, and candles; and that the prayers and hymn-singing of even the most Puritanical Protestants are often as mechanical as any prayer wheel. Could our Buddhist friend urge as an excuse for being converted that Buddhists no longer follow the teachings of the Buddha? Christians are equally far from the teachings of the Christ. What could he gain by changing?

The "Eight-fold Path" of Gautama, and the precepts elaborated from it, contain an ethical system fully as high and fine as that presented in the Sermon on the Mount and the Epistles. Indeed, in

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some respects it would seem to be higher. The Buddhist stand on the question of our duty to the lower animals is much better than that usually taken by Christian teachers.

There can be no objection to the theory of Reincarnation that does not hold with even greater force against the Christian theory of a personal immortality. In any case, Metempsychosis is a theory deserving of respect, and one which no man need be ashamed to hold. It is possible to find much support for the idea among the works of western philosophers. At least, it is a more reasonable and less repulsive notion than that of a Hell of brimstone and fire, where petty men suffer everlasting punishment for the petty misdeeds done in a few miserable years of existence on the tiniest of worlds. Buddhism has never taught such a grisly doctrine as that of a fiery Hell where souls must spend an eternity of torment.

There is Nirvana. But Nirvana, as Wells has pointed out, "does not mean extinction, but the extinction of the futile personal aims that make life base or pitiful or dreadful." Nirvana is simply contentment, serenity, "soul peace," or the "higher wisdom". The Christian says, "whosoever will save his life, shall lose it." The Buddhist preaches the attainment of Nirvana. What is the difference?

FLOYD L. YEOMANS.

Marne, Mich.

Personality in Pronouns

The Editor of THE FORUM *takes his stand with the Colored Porter. The editor of the Rostrum lines up with the Sailor. Let's have a vote from our readers.*

Editor of OUR ROSTRUM:

Now that THE FORUM is discussing definitions and the American Language, I should like to ask a question about pronouns. What is the proper American pronoun to apply to a railroad train? I have recently noted various pronouns used when warning passengers on a train approaching a station to wait until the train stops!

The Colored Porter: "Wait till *they* stop," (meaning probably all the superior powers responsible for stopping the train, including the Management, the Board of Trustees, the conductor, the engineer, and the fireman).

The Brakeman: "Wait till *he* stops," (probably meaning the engineer).

A Sailor: "Wait till *she* stops," (probably meaning the train itself, apostrophized as a woman).

Myself: "Wait till *it* stops," (meaning the train unromantically referred to as an inanimate piece of mechanism).

I am inclined to believe that the Colored Porter is right. What do you say?

H. G. LEACH.

New York.

Disappearing Skirts

Monsieur Poiret,
c/o Editor of THE FORUM:

About skirts, — we really like them. Of course they may be vanquished by the theory of diminishing returns and economic readjustment, but before they vanish we would pause a moment and fondly recall:

Starched muslin and a Roman sash with two petticoats for dancing school. Crisp, fragrant of hot irons, nonchalant.

The Stuart plaid for winter and hard wear. In box pleat and stout proof against surfaces, asphalt, roller skates.

Unsophisticated blue velvet for the Saturday matinée of *La Bohême*, *Tosca*, *L'Amore de Tre Re*. "Young girls are out of place at the modern sex play. We recommend the educational value of opera."

Consider certain ragged tweeds, burr-proof about the knees (not so with knickers), a noisy taffeta-tell-tale alluring, the first adventure in gold brocade, the awful majesty of a white satin train.

And suddenly we recollect the leg, the stocking, the garter. What of them in relation to trousered woman? Must we relinquish our "variable to infinity" degree of leg exposure, adopt the ukase of ankle or knee length, *hoc aut nullum?* Alas, the fate of the garter, that gentle feminine conceit! What woman will be persuaded to amputate chiffon stockings at the mid-calf line, snap rubber band and metal clasp on tender skin?

Our legs may not be news, dear sir, but we enjoy them, not solely with utilitarian purpose in mind. Woman must ever adorn, embellish, enrich, beautify. Naught

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have we more precious than our limbs. Without benefit of skirts, ribbons, silk, and lace, wound in wool wrappings, comic in that zany's fancy, the sock, we should not know them as our own. Crossed, bowed, or bandy, we stand on the merits, the rights of our legs. May they ever be free to go as they please whether in skirts, trousers, or even tights.

WINTHROP B. PALMER.
President of the Junior League of America.

New York.

Bally Hoo!

Editor of THE FORUM:

What *would* we do without the Pedestrian's hopeful and stimulating suggestions! Just as I was getting all "het up" over the possibility of having a theological despotism foisted upon us, here comes a jolly little irresponsible idea bubbling up from nowhere with a merry chuckle and its tongue in its cheek!

What a welcome change it would be for the tourist in Washington to sit "up top" on a big sight-seeing bus and, after viewing the usual places of interest, be treated to a special tour of the National Headquarters of: —

"On your right, ladies and gentlemen, you will see the white marble palace of the National Methodist Headquarters. This stupendous organization maintains an office force of one thousand trained secretaries employed by the Government to read and censor manuscripts of books, plays, periodicals, lectures, pamphlets, and scenarios before publication. That line of trucks at the rear is kept busy from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon carting undesirable contributions to the city incinerators. Since the establishment of this monumental concern it has become necessary to erect twenty-five additional incinerators in order to dispose of the refuse.

"That handsome scarlet car at the side entrance is especially constructed of fire and acid-proof materials, and is used to transport the most violent and salacious compositions to the home of the corporation chief, where, in the privacy of his study, he reads them and prays for the moral welfare of his people.

"Passing on down the street, at your left you will see a modest but substantial structure of brown stone, — the National Presbyterian Headquarters, which, although less conspicious in its public activities, is aggressive and determined in its denominational campaigns.

"Again, at your right, the simple but dignified erection suggestive of English architecture is National Episcopal Headquarters, maintained for the benefit of the remnants of our early American aristocracy. You will observe no doubt that it nestles confidently in the protective shadow of that majestic stone building just beyond which, by its grim and forbidding exterior, you recognize at once as National Catholic Headquarters. A significant feature of this last named institution is the fact that its controlling corporation has acquired the vacant lots adjacent in anticipation of future expansion.

"Turning to the left once more and proceeding toward the river, we are now passing through a lane of National Church Headquarters, a few of which are the Plymouth Congregational, Christian, Unitarian, Universalist, Disciple, Christian Science, Spiritualist, Seventh Day Adventist, Latter Day Saints, Holy Rollers, and Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

"Here, conveniently located on the banks of this magnificant, historic river, the impressive white stone structure directly before you is National Baptist Headquarters. Note the marble font in the garden surmounted by the Dove of Peace.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have seen all but one of the noble institutions erected and maintained by the Government for the sole purpose of safeguarding the morals of a great nation. Returning to the city proper, we pass through the heart of the business section and here, close to the Treasury and within a short distance of the hotel and theatre districts, we find an unpretentious but solidly constructed building known as New Jerusalem, or National Jewish Headquarters. You will be interested to note that the administrative offices are all on the first floor, while the seven floors above are made into apartments for rent at the usual Washington rates.

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"This, ladies and gentlemen, completes our afternoon tour, but if you care to see the night life of this wonderful city, I will be very glad to show you, among other interesting sights, the entrance to the famous underground passage through which uncensored scripts for the Cinema are smuggled to the twelve-mile limit, collected by high-power planes, and relayed by air to New York and Hollywood. It would be advisable, however, to secure your reservations now as the cars are always crowded. Good afternoon and I thank you!"

IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Ballade of Letters

Editor of THE FORUM:

I had a letter from you to-day
Couched in words that were stern and few;
Written in curtest, most business-like way,
With never a "Dear" nor a last "Adieu":
. . . "regrets to state" . . . (Then my fate I knew)
. . . "enclosed ms" . . . (Oh, the old routine!)
"Is unavailable". *Entre nous,*
Who writes the notes for your magazine?

Why the coldness and dignity, pray?
I had a letter last week from you
Reminding me, in a loving way,
Next year's subscription is almost due,
Saying my friendship is tried and true
And you'd miss me much if I left, you ween;
. . . "What is four dollars between us two?" . . .
Who writes the notes for your magazine?

How can I follow your vagaries, eh?
What in the world is a maid to do?
Sometimes you flatter and sometimes you flay;
You spurn my rime, not my revenue.
Each November you bill and coo,
The rest of the year you clout my bean.
Say, to your methods give me a clue, —
Who writes the notes for your magazine?

Envoy

Prince, my riming I shan't eschew.
I send you this poem with mind serene:
Who knows but some morning you'll change the two
Who write the notes for your magazine?

MARIAN HURD MCNEELY.

Dubuque, Iowa.

Lynching

The Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has been allowed the rebuttal in THE FORUM'S *December debate, "Is Lynching Ever Defensible?"*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I was astonished to read the so-called debate, "Is Lynching Ever Defensible?" given space in THE FORUM. It could hardly be called a debate, because the negative argument was almost negligible. Mr. Chamlee, for the affirmative, sets up a straw man, namely, that the cause of lynching is rape of white women by colored men. So doing he ignores the facts and figures. He even ignores the figures regarding lynchings for the year 1925 which he quotes from the report of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Those figures show that the total number of lynchings for the year was 18, and in only six of these cases have the alleged offenses anything at all to do with white women. The authentic records of lynchings kept for the last thirty-eight years and published by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People show that 3,590 persons were lynched, the great majority being Negroes. Of that number only 616, — less than 18 per cent, — were even accused of rape by the mob. Furthermore, during that period there have been 92 women lynched. How would Mr. Chamlee dispose of the lynching of these women in his argument?

White mobs have lynched Negroes for unbelievably trivial "offenses", — for "talking back" to a white man; for "not turning out of the road" for a white boy driving an automobile; in fact, rape is not, — nor has it ever been, — the cause of lynching except for purposes of propaganda against the Negro. The effort has been made to brand the Negro as a natural rapist; but the fact is that more whites are charged with rape by grand juries each year in the single city of New York and in the single city of Chicago than the total number of Negroes charged with rape by mobs over the whole country. A study of the records for New York County for the year 1917 showed that in that county 37 men, none of them Ne-

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groes, were indicted for rape in the first degree. This number was nine more than all the Negroes accused of rape by mobs in the whole country over a period of five years embracing the year 1917.

When the Commission on Immigration in 1911 made a study of crime in the United States, it investigated 2,362 cases in the New York Court of General Sessions; and in that investigation it was found that the percentage for the crime of rape was lower for the Negro than for either the foreign or native born white population.

Why does not Mr. Chamlee take into consideration the whole question of lynching and lynching mobs? He bases his argument upon a single case in which a young white woman charged a colored man with having assaulted her. The Negro was lynched, and Mr. Chamlee cites this as a justifiable incident. The Negro had been tried by a court, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; but here two colored lawyers entered the case and asked for a review of it by the federal court. (I am here taking the statements made by Mr. Chamlee).

Within a week after this the mob went to the county jail, took the Negro out, and hanged him. What did this mob fear? Did they fear their own white laws and white courts and white jailers, or did they fear that the Negro might be innocent? What chance has a Negro under such conditions unless he is beyond any question of a doubt innocent?

Why would not Mr. Chamlee consider a case like the Aiken, South Carolina, lynching which took place on October 8, 1926, and which is now, through the action of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the New York "World", being placed before the public?

In that case a colored woman and two young men, of a family bearing an excellent reputation, were brutally murdered, being taken from the Aiken jail with the connivance of law officers, after one of the young men had been acquitted of the charge, and new trials had been ordered for the other two prisoners.

What justification, or even apology, can Mr. Chamlee offer for a lynching of this kind?

When he sets up that these white mobs in the South become overwhelmingly infuriated, he appears to think he is making out for them the possession of finer qualities, but he is not; he is simply convicting them of being less than semi-civilized, of being barbarous and savage. The laws of the South are white men's laws; the courts are white; the whole machinery of justice is white. If Southern white people cannot live up to their own institutions they are actually on a lower level of civilization than savages, who at least respect their own code.

Mr. Chamlee goes on to state that lynching is "founded upon and nourished solely by the dread of 'social equality' with intermarriage between the races as an ultimate consequence." If I were a Southern white man I should be utterly ashamed to confess to any such idea of chivalry as that. Is Mr. Chamlee willing to analyze his motives and emotions on this point of "social equality"? Might he not find lurking somewhere in his consciousness or subconsciousness the fear that Southern white women do not feel so strongly on this point as he does? As a matter of fact, bodies of leading Southern white women in various states have publicly, on several occasions, repudiated the implication that their salvation depended upon the burning alive of Negroes and thrown out of court the plea that "lynching" was a necessary or defensible safeguard for the honor of "white womanhood".

Of course, lynching is not and has not been a "protection to the honor of white womanhood". It dishonors those who practise it and those in whose behalf it is practised. Rather it has been part of the post-slavery and post-Reconstruction system of terrorization by which the Negro has been disfranchised, kept in peonage, robbed, maltreated, denied justice in the courts and decent accommodation in schools and public places for which he is required to pay. The "white supremacy" in whose defense lynching is invoked is denied by the horrors of lynching itself, which could come only from inferiors in any known scale of civilization.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON.
Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.
New York.

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Tips

Editor of THE FORUM:

In these days of moronic publications, fatuous and idiotic movie pictures, blatherskite lecturers, and pusilaminous sky-pilots to entertain and uplift the public, believe me your magazine is a real god send, — a blessing to humanity.

And as you have given us so many good things, why not give us something that thousands of your intellectual readers are waiting for, viz: "Madame Blavatsky,— a Fraud?"

Believe me, this is a tip! It would take like a house on fire.

J. C. MILLER.

Manila, Philippines.

An Accusation

The editors have no comment to make.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Dr. Clarence True Wilson's article in the November issue of THE FORUM, "Methodist Rights in Politics," is its own best answer. To uphold the principle of the separation of Church and State with one breath, and with the next to justify the planting of the Methodist Building opposite to the Senate Office Building in Washington, with the intention of influencing the Government by the power of the voters in the Methodist Church, is to condemn the proposition simply by stating it.

Dr. Wilson, the Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is an able and sincere man. But in his article he would seem to have fallen from grace. As one of the Custodians of the Public Morals, he might be expected to set an example for the unrighteous and to point out to them the path in which they should tread. I had rather gathered that such an intent lay back of putting up the Methodist Building. So it was with surprise and disappointment that I learned from a lady whose interest in Church affairs is deep, whose reading is wide, and whose memory is accurate, that Dr. Wilson has cheerfully borrowed from Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ* a certain passage, has slightly changed the set-up so as to cloak it, if only a little, and sent it forth as his own child, with no allusion whatsoever to the real author.

In *The Life of Christ*, (by Frederic W. Farrar. E. P. Dutton & Company. New York. 1875), Volume II, pages 420–421, appears the following:

> "The effects, then, of the work of Christ are even to the unbeliever indisputable and historical. *It expelled cruelty; it curbed passion; it branded suicide; it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide; it drove the shameless impurities of heathen*dom *into* a *congenial darkness. There* was *hardly a class* whose *wrongs it did not remedy.* It rescued the *gladiator; it freed the slave; it protected the captive; it* nursed *the sick; it sheltered the orphan; it elevated* the *woman; it shrouded* as *with a halo of sacred* innocence *the tender years of the child.*"

In "Methodist Rights in Politics" (THE FORUM, November, 1926, page 674), Dr. Wilson writes as follows:

> "It (Christianity) stopped crucifixion as a means of punishment, it abolished *gladiatorial* exhibitions where human lives were sacrificed for the amusement of a populace, *it freed the slave, it protected the captive* from the execrations that were heaped upon him, it reformed prison abuses, *it* nourished *the sick, it sheltered the orphan, it elevated woman, it shrouded with a halo of sacred* purity *the tender years of the child. There* is *hardly a class* of *wrongs* that *it did not remedy. It expelled cruelty, it curbed passions, it branded suicide, it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide, it drove the shameless impurities of heathen*ism and of idol worship *into congenial darkness.*"

In the above quotations the italics are mine. Everything in italics is common to both.

The plagiarism is clear. It is almost verbatim. Not quite. Better for Dr. Wilson if it were. Then it might possibly be explained as some sort of error in acknowledgement. But as it stands, with the order of the sentences changed, with here and there a word or phrase left out and here and there a word or phrase altered, it is patent plagiarism, with a poor attempt at disguise.

From one of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, this is illuminating.

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Would it be impertinent to inquire as to which is the more serious offense: to take a drink in private or to pose as an Arbiter of Public Morals, and plagiarize in public?

In his article, Dr. Wilson writes: "As a nation we need a new education as to drinking intoxicants, and a new personal standard of respect for law and voluntary obedience to it."

Thanks to the activity of our dry friends, as a nation we are rapidly getting a new and thorough education as to making as well as drinking intoxicants; and, as to a new personal standard of respect for law, there are still many who do not consider it a wrong to take a drink but who do consider it a wrong to take what does not belong to them.

Or to plagiarize.

GUILLIAEM AERTSEN, JR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Feeble Rebels"

Editor of THE FORUM:

Yes, it is right to break unjust laws. But any man who has dared to risk his liberty for the sake of conscience can but despise those who find their highest heroism in the breaking of the liquor laws. These are feeble and spiritless rebels, not fit to be named as such. Their rebellion is too safe, too popular, too smug. The heroic conscience had never so cheap and easy a task as theirs. We know that tyrants cannot enforce obedience upon the free soul, for brave men have died to prove it to us. It may be pleasant to drink a cocktail; but it is certainly not brave. So let us talk no more of breaking unjust laws, when we mean paying a high price for a poor drink, — lest the martyred dead laugh at us from their graves.

FLOYD DELL.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

The Guest of the Evening

No matter how poor, friendless, inarticulate, and homeless you may be, someone is always likely to give you a dinner.

The thing swells. What was at first a select little party, just a nice little group of dear old friends, takes on the nature of a pageant, a three ring circus, or even a sesquicentennial. People you have never heard of before and whom you will never see again, crowd in. The banquet hall of the largest hotel in town is engaged for the purpose. It is festooned the night before with Christmas trees, hollyhocks, chrysanthemums, and other stage properties. A jazz orchestra, making the night hideous, is engaged for the evening. Siren horns are provided for the guests. A quartet of singers regales the company with ballads and other sounds. The gallery which, above, extends completely around the hall, is crowded with beautiful women and poor relations. That cheers you up a bit, because the ones who knocked you when you were very young and predicted that you would be a rank failure are there to be convicted of telling the truth.

Each guest, — of whom there are several hundred or several thousand, so it seems to you as you look at them, — has paid five ducats. You wish you had the total. If they could have just chipped in and sent it all to you, your present misery would have been turned to joy. No such luck.

The man who got it up is a small man, inarticulate like yourself. It is close, silent friends like this who always do you the most damage. He is your best friend and your worst enemy. And it is so much easier to defend yourself from your enemies than your friends. He has selected another man to be the toastmaster, — not because this man knows or cares about you, or indeed has the remotest conception of what you really are, of your inborn sensitiveness, of your hidden charm, of your innate refinement, but only because he has a large, hideous presence and a stentorian voice. Also, because he has that rarely rare combination of rollicking humor and vulgar sentiment which drives strong men, and nowadays stronger women, to muttered curses, while they openly applaud him.

This man now rises and wielding in his right hand a blonde, one hundred per cent Nordic mallet that would fell an ox, brings it down on the table with a resounding crash which makes all the speakers, including yourself, turn a deathly prison pallor and sink several more inches under the abused table. Like a confused blur, you can see in front the unhappy victims of this clarion call settling back in their chairs. They know

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they are doomed, they are gluttons for punishment. This is the sacrifice they make for cold storage chicken and canned peas. They love it. Nothing makes the average man happier than to be bored to tears.

First, there is the committee to be thanked. Has the committee done its deadly work? The committee has. Then there is your best friend, who first hatched out the idea. He sits at your right. He is responsible. The chairman tells about him, while he cringes, as guilty as he is, — of his offensive loyalty, of his horrible self-sacrifice, which would make a blue ribbon welfare worker blush to his shoe tops.

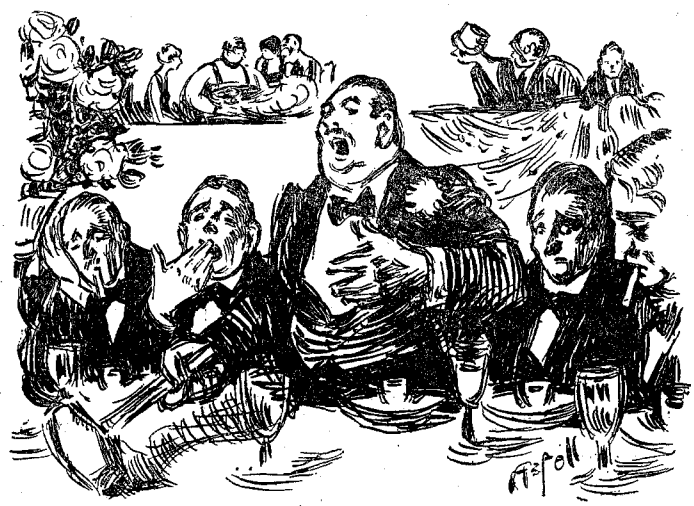
The first speaker is a retired admiral, who went to school with you, — God help you both. He gives a history of the navy. The next speaker is President of a trust company. He tells how you licked him. He is a liar. You still bear his scars. He then gives the economic history of the Federal Reserve. The third speaker is a humorist who tells the stories you thought you would tell. You remember nothing more than this.

Why are public banquets? Especially when they are concocted for the purpose of dragging otherwise obscure and inoffensive people out from their dens to exhibit them for virtues without which they might, — and certainly ought to be, — in jail? The food at all public banquets is not such as to warrant so much additional exposure to others. Not one of the speakers would dare to say what he does, or talk as long as he does, to any one man in the crowd. In this, their union, there is a hopeless weakness. Together they sit and listen to things they have heard many times before and never will remember again. If there is one guest of honor to whom the dinner is given, he feels worse than anyone else. The others can sleep it off. He never quite recovers.

If public banquets actually cured the speakers from making any more speeches, they would, so to speak, fill a long felt want. But it is a rule of banquet oratory that the worse a speaker is the more persistent he becomes.

THOMAS L. MASSON.

Glen Ridge, N. J.



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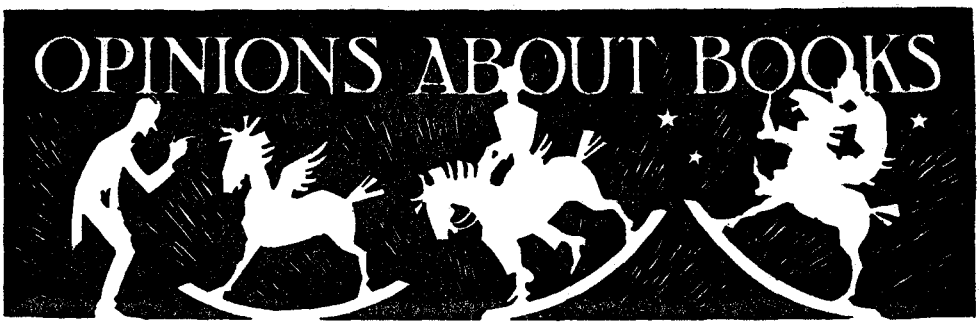

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.— *Keats*

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Treasure Trove

The astonishing thing is that this one-volume collection of the finest passages in Emerson's Journals, THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS, edited by Bliss Perry (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00), has not been made before. The Journals, after having been drawn upon and quoted by Elliot Cabot and Dr. Edward W. Emerson while still in manuscript, were published in 1909, — fourteen in ten volumes; but although determined readers who subsequently fought their way through the whole of this prodigious work came out (like explorers emerging from a newly discovered continent) and reported that they had found gold mines of Emersonian wisdom, few but indefatigable professors and aspirants for the Ph.D. had the toughness of fibre to cover so much territory in quest of treasure. Now, however, the task of assembling the most significant passages in the ten volumes has been performed by Bliss Perry, a man better qualified for such labor than any other living student of American literature, and we ordinary readers have the nuggets neatly collected for us in a single pile.

Let it be said at once that this is no book to try to read through all at once. It is too condensed; one would as soon try to eat a package of bouillon cubes at a sitting. It is a book to be dipped into, as if it were an anthology; to keep by one's bedside for an occasional taste in that last precious half hour before the light is turned out for the night; a sort of literary toddy. For Emerson's abrupt and compact style, ideally suited to the diary form, produces brief paragraphs as full of meat as many an essay of twenty times their length; and each of these should be relished at leisure.

The Journals contain little narrative of the events of Emerson's life. Most diaries are full of facts; they tell what the diarist did on such and such a day, with whom he had luncheon, what train he caught, what he bought at the shops; they weary by their accumulation of unimportant circumstances. But Emerson, who led an outwardly uneventful life, was concerned in his Journals mainly with setting down his random thoughts, scraps of memorable conversations, impressions of his contemporaries, highly flavored fragments of description that came into his mind in his

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walks about Concord or in his lecture tours; often we find the germ of a subsequent passage in the *Essays* or even of a poem. Frequently his language is figurative or elliptic to the point of obscurity. But for one who already knows the cast of Emerson's mind, — and anybody who dips through the Journals will soon come to know it, — this trick of writing is not a hindrance but a delight in itself. When Emerson expresses his admiration for the "sinew and vivacity" of Montaigne, he hits off perfectly his own gift of prose. And he does it again when he says in appreciation of the talk of truckmen and teamsters "Cut these words and they would bleed; they are vascular and alive; they walk and run."

In one entry he deplores his own shortcomings as a lecturer. "I have not once transcended," he says, "the coldest self-possession. I said I will agitate others, being agitated myself, I dared to hope for ecstasy and eloquence. . . . Alas! Alas! I have not the recollection of one strong moment. A cold mechanical preparation for a delivery as decorous, — fine things, pretty things, wise things, — but no arrows, no axes, no nectar, no growling, no transpiercing, no loving, no enchantment." I, for one, am not sure exactly what Emerson meant by "growling", but I am willing to testify that to me his Journals are full of it, — as well as of arrows, axes, and nectar.

From start to finish Emerson is the Yankee, the Puritan, the high priest of New England virtues. Cold? Yes. "I was born cold," he admits. But it is an invigorating coldness, like that of a frosty New England morning. He likes plain living, plain things, plain people. Agreeing one day with Kant that "detestable is the society of mere literary men", he adds: "It must be tasted sparingly to keep its gusto. If you do not quit the high chair, lie quite down, and roll on the ground a good deal, you become nervous and heavy-hearted. The poverty of topics, the very names of Carlyle, Channing, Cambridge, and the Reviews, become presently insupportable. The dog that was fed on sugar died. So all this summer I shall talk of Chenangoes and my new garden spout; have you heard of my pig? I have planted forty-four pine trees. What will my tax be this year? — and never a word more of Goethe or Tennyson." He likes frugality, likes the sort of originality of mind that he finds common among the Concord farmers of his day. Throughout he is the Yankee preacher: As Woodbury said of him, "All his ideas wear the black coat."

But if any who are not already Emersonians imagine that this Yankee preacher represents the sort of Puritanism upon which Mr. Mencken and his like are accustomed to heap reproaches, they are far from the mark. Emerson's quaint language occasionally dates, as the scholars say, but his gospel is astonishingly modern. He does not scold or rant of hell-fire, nor extol conformity and propriety; on the contrary, he is the apostle of a rigorous individualism. Rereading the Journals, one wonders if here is not a preacher made for the needs of the age in which we live. In the past two generations, thousands have found to their bewilderment and distress that they can lean no more on the faiths of their fathers and the dicta of authority and have been groping for a new faith which will help them to stand on their own feet. They talk of self-expression, of developing their personalities, of being true to themselves; yet they desperately need someone to inspire them by presenting to them self-reliance as something with heroic possibilities, something in which they can find exaltation. Many of them might find what they need in the Emerson of these Journals. He will not talk to them of obedience to authority, but of obedience to the best in themselves. He will not try to make them like himself; he will encourage them to be different. Surely there is a tonic quality for the individualists of to-day in the preaching of a man who late in life could say: "I have been writing and speaking what were once called novelties, for twenty-five or thirty years, and have not now one disciple. Why? Not that what I said was not true; not that it has not found intelligent receivers; but because it did not go from any wish in me to bring men to me, but to themselves. I delight in driving them from me. What could I do if they came to me? They would interrupt and encumber me. This is my boast, that I have no school follower. I should account it a measure of the impurity of insight, if it did not create independence."

FREDERICK L. ALLEN.

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Business and the Church

Manifestly the two great forming agencies in the history of the world have been the religious and the economic; and the crux of civilization is to bring these two factors into right relations. Remembering this fact, one opens this symposium, — so admirably arranged and so ably edited, — with eagerness, only, alas, to be disappointed. The title hardly describes its contents: BUSINESS AND THE CHURCH, Edited by Jerome Davis. (Century, $2.50).

From the initial essay we learn that "social justice" is an "impossibility", which leaves one wondering what is left of "Christian Idealism", — is it an air-hung abstraction? Mr. Henry Ford writes a delightful and stimulating sermon about "Social Blue-prints", but his real subject is "falling leaves", a charming spring-time homily. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., contributes a Credo of a religious business man, which moves with the rhythm of a ritual, — or is it a litany? Neither has a word to say about the Church. The defense of ministers' sons and deacons' daughters by Mr. Babson is hardly needed, as his essay proves. The essay on "The Worker and the Church", by Whiting Williams, is a human document of real value, helping us toward understanding; like the discussion by Mr. Coyle of what the minister can do with Labor, — *with* it, not *for* it.

The only writer who really comes to grips with the matter in hand is Mr. Arthur Nash, in whose life a profound religious experience is working itself out in a great industrial experiment. His achievement is actually a fulfilment of the prediction of Mr. Ford: "What this generation needs is a deep faith, a profound conviction in the practicability of righteousness, justice, and humanity in industry. There will come a race of men to whom money will mean only the opportunity to develop still bigger benefits for the men and their families who carry the world on their shoulders."

The two closing essays are exceedingly timely, the first asking what facts the Church should know about industry; and the second, by the editor, setting forth what the Church expects of the business man. The symposium, taken as a whole, is vastly significant of the trend of thought in the world of Business, Labor, and the Church, which are in fact one world trying to learn the principles of fraternity. It makes one ponder the prediction, recently made, that "the next revival" of religion will come through Business.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

Avenues of Song

Mimi, whose fragile bits of porcelain verse have appeared from time to time in F. P. A.'s column, the "Conning Tower", has at last revealed herself in a little collection of poems which she has named AVENUES OF SONG (Brick Row Book Shop, $1.75). Mimi is none other than Mrs. Mary Ballard Duryee, the daughter of Ellis Ames Ballard of Philadelphia, whose collection of Kiplingiana is probably the best in the world.

Mimi's verse, — it is impossible to visualize her under any other name, — has the unevenness of youth, but there are bits here and there which have the real lyric cry. Some of them, such as "Night Rain" are short enough to quote:

> "I only know your hand is kind,
> And hold it close against my face,
> And hear your sleepy comments trace
> The dear-loved places of your mind.
> The busy, watchful sun's away,
> The dripping breath of night is sweet,
> And all my comfort is complete,
> To know you near until the day.
>
> The night rain hems us all about,
> Even our thoughts cannot slip out."

In these times of the new vision it is relieving to find a volume of poems where sex is not stressed to the exclusion of everything else and restful to have a surcease of *vers libre*.

Here and there through Mrs. Duryee's writings are lines that remind one of the work of Amy Lowell, that great colorist of our day, lost, alas, too soon. Such verse as,

> "The green along the shore that flowed
> To milky lavender of sand,
> And far across the bay the land
> Blue-black where lights at evening showed, — "

has that intangible sense of color quite as difficult to achieve as cadence.

In her children's verse, which takes up the last third of the little volume, Mrs. Duryee is not at her best save in her

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"Invitation to a Birthday Party", and that last and loveliest of all, "Lullaby for Mary":—

"There is no peace in scorn,
There is no joy in hate,—
Remember this, white rose new-born,
Early and late.

Rest is in lovely things,
Sleep in the hovering sky,
Serenity in folded wings
When dusk drifts by.

Love wherever you may;
Laugh before time flies;
And open brave to every day
Your sweet blue eyes."

The musician who will write a fitting setting for this song will achieve a berceuse that will be long remembered.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

i compose curves

Mr. E. E. Cummings is under the impression as are others of us that two and two is five, and by a similarly superstitious triumph over logic, one tries to feel in reading IS FIVE (Boni & Liveright, $2.50), that poems which detract from other poems detract nothing and that it is possible to be pleasing when one is entirely displeasing.

The untrammeled terminology of hampered sensibility, psychoanalytic sententiousness, and the elaborated allusion to what sounds interesting when thought of as an impropriety-exact of the arbiter, unegotistic, unparalleled toughness of spirit; and although such fortitude is sometimes found in parents, the hedonist prefers usually to do something other than to endure poetry. Wary lest fearless fooling become sterotyped novelty and originality be mere cleverness, inceptors of poetry do not trust themselves unreservedly to poets, even to best ones and may in the instance of *Is Five* be casual with disrespectful amplitude; but they have also reason to be grateful.

Mr. Cummings reenforces offended justice in its disapproval of approved enormities, of war, of sartorial heroics, of unimagination, of upper-class triviality, of any overbearing rightness. He likes the cathedral, the procession, the hilltop; a mouse, lizard ladies;

"Cats which move smoothly from neck to neck of bottles, cats smoothly willowing out and in between bottles. . . ."

Modulations, musics subsidiary to larger ones, and fugue-like progressions of corresponding enumerations, "compose curves" of reptilian, imperceptibly segmented continuity. There are too, the monumental minutiae of emotion, transfigured moments in which an insulating externality encloses "faithful and mad" unstared-at drama.

MARIANNE MOORE.

A Human Being

Mr. Baldwin's addresses ON ENGLAND AND OTHER ADDRESSES by the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin (Stokes, $4.00) were well worth republishing. In the first place, they show the man exactly as he is, — a human being, pipe in hand, with plenty of original and individual thoughts on all sorts of subjects running through his head. For a man who has reached the position that Mr. Baldwin has reached, so conspicuous a piece of self-revelation would, even if it stood alone, justify the book. As a matter of fact, it is also justified on the ground which, after all, ought to be considered imperative in every book:— the ground of readability. The book throughout is good copy. It is not deep, nor learned, nor does it show great literary *finesse* or accomplishment. On the other hand, it has that intangible, undefinable thing, readability, — the power to interest, stimulate, and illuminate the reader. Whether Mr. Baldwin is discussing the Classics, Natural History, Art, Poetry, pure Literature, or matters spiritual, there is always the authentic atmosphere of vivid interest.

In one particular Mr. Baldwin differs from almost all his predecessors in the chief executive office of Great Britain and the British Empire. There is no touch of aloofness in him. Neither by birth, by culture, by mental attitude, nor by temperament, nor again by the possession of the scholar's, the philosopher's mind, nor by that of the man of science, is he set apart from the great bulk of his countrymen. Chatham, though not in any true sense an aristocrat, came of a family

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stock so curious and so eccentric that one could say of him, as was said of Swift, "Surely no man ever thought like him." The younger Pitt by circumstance and by personality was not merely aloof from the mass of his fellow-countrymen, but may almost be said to have lived as a hermit in a cold storage cell. Lord Liverpool bestrode a narrow, oligarchic rail. Lord Grey was always a man apart: "Grey by name and gray by nature". Lord Melbourne comes nearest to Mr. Baldwin in temperament but, though he hardly knew who his own grandfather was, or where he came from, he was essentially a man of fashion and of the great world, worldly. Fastidious, genially cynical, and touched, though not vitally corrupted, by the moral atmosphere of the Regency, he never inhaled the true English atmosphere. Peel understood the House of Commons, but he never understood his countrymen. Though an emotional man, he could never allow his emotion to be a bond of sympathy between himself and his followers. Mr. Gladstone always kept aloof from the heart of the nation. He fascinated us, he overawed us, he inspired us; but the British people could not think and act on his lines. Mr. Disraeli was too Asiatic to share the heart of England. Lord Salisbury had too much the mind of the man of science, was too little tolerant of fools; while the Celtic temperament of Mr. Lloyd George and his mental and moral agility made the nation breathless in its efforts to understand him and to keep pace with him.

One has only to turn over these addresses to know that there is no aloofness from the mental and average mood of his fellow men in the case of Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin is not only the normal Englishman, but seems to have in him a strain of almost every type of the race. He is in liaison with almost every category into which the British nation can be divided. He comes of a substantial West Country stock. His forebears, that is, were neither men of great wealth, nor of great distinction, though, at the same time, prosperous and well living. He was at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and therefore in a very exact sense he represents the English Public School and our best University tradition. Yet from neither did he take any touch of exclusiveness. He was in his father's business, and understood it: but here again he never became absorbed enough in business to suffer isolation of mind.

Though now of old standing in the House of Commons, even that strange assembly has not absorbed him. It has not made him into a Parliamentarian in the true sense. Again, owing to his mother's family connections, he lived the early part of his life in what might be called the world of Art and Aestheticism. Mr. Kipling is his first cousin, Burne-Jones was his uncle, Professor Mackail is his cousin by marriage, and he probably is more in touch with the Preraphaelite tradition at first hand than any man now living. In a word, he has passed through many fires, but none of them have subdued his British normality. In no respect is the smell of the furnace come upon his mental clothing. I wish I had Emerson's gift of lightning diagnosis in order that I might apply it to Mr. Baldwin's character. I feel that if Mr. Baldwin had lived in his time Emerson would have added a study of him to "English Traits" in order to show the American public by example as well as by precept exactly what kind of man the normal Englishman is. As it is, I can only refer readers to these *Addresses* and let them judge for themselves.

The address "On England" made at the Dinner of the Royal Society of St George, which heads the volume, is an admirable piece of work, as well as throughout representative of the man who made it. Besides, it is full of a pleasant sense of humorous self-criticism which is never in bad taste and never shows mental arrogance, — the pride which apes humility. It is, like everything else about Mr. Baldwin, essentially easy and sympathetic. Take, for example, the following general description of the Englishman. It is characteristic and it is a self-portrait. If anyone cares to turn from it to Emerson's "English Traits", he will see how fully justified I am in wishing for the pen of the great Bostonian.

"Then, for a more personal characteristic, we grumble, and we always have grumbled, but we never worry. Now, there is a very great truth in that, because there are foreign nations who worry but do not grumble. Grumbling is more superficial, leaves less of a mark on the charac-

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ter, and just as the English schoolboy, for his eternal salvation, is impervious to the receipt of learning, and by that means preserves his mental faculties further into middle age and old age than he otherwise would (and I may add that I attribute the possession of such faculties as I have to the fact that I did not overstrain them in youth), just as the Englishman has a mental reserve owing to that gift given him at his birth by St George, so, by the absence of worry he keeps his nervous system sound and sane, with the result that in times of emergency the nervous system stands when the nervous system of other peoples breaks.

"The Englishman is made for a time of crisis and for a time of emergency. He is serene in difficulties, but may seem to be indifferent when times are easy. He may not look ahead, he may not heed warnings, he may not prepare, but when he once starts he is persistent to the death, and he is ruthless in action. It is these gifts that have made the Englishman what he is and that have enabled the Englishman to make England and the Empire what it is."

This particular Address ends with a touch of sentiment which is in perfect taste and is also perfectly sincere and exactly representative. Mr. Baldwin asks himself what it is that he means by England when he thinks of England abroad. His answer is a true piece of literature:

"The sounds of England, the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in the country smithy, the corncrake on a dewy morning, the sound of the scythe against the whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill, the sight that has been seen in England since England was a land, and may be seen in England long after the Empire has perished and every works in England has ceased to function, for centuries the one eternal sight of England. The wild anemones in the woods in April, the last load at night of hay being drawn down a lane as the twilight comes on, when you can scarcely distinguish the figures of the horses as they take it home to the farm, and above all, most subtle, most penetrating, and most moving, the smell of wood smoke coming up in an autumn evening, or the smell of the scutch fires."

I can only add to my attempt to draw a picture of Mr. Baldwin by saying that the articles on literature such as "The Classics," "Shakespeare," "Byron," and also the Nature articles, e.g., that on Mr. Hudson, give proof of the refinement and versatility as well as the normality of Mr. Baldwin's mind. They give proof that even that refinement of mind which no true critic can fail to see in Mr. Baldwin, never reaches the point which makes it a ground for separation from his fellow men. He may differ from the vast majority of his countrymen in degree, but never in kind.

To say all this is, I am sure, to draw a true picture. Whether the qualities I assign him are those which enable a man successfully to conduct the destinies of his country is another matter. In spite of my personal sympathy for Mr. Baldwin and for the plain man and the normal Englishman in general, I am not at all sure that the quality of aloofness is not wanted in the man at the helm.

J. St Loe Strachey.

Hangman's House

Don't read "A Foreword to Foreigners", or you will start out with a prejudice against Hangman's House by Donn Byrne (Century, $2.50). And *Hangman's House*, for all the delight in its first half, isn't quite buoyant enough to float a prejudice. If only the author had been content to give us his beloved Ireland without a midvictorian sugarcoating of violent melodrama and violet morality, this reviewer would have no word to say against this book. However, quite apart from the tale itself, Mr. Byrne has much to offer, — vivid old Irishmen with a strong flavor to their philosophy and their talk; the dash and pace of a fox hunt; swift racing, and the beauty of horses; a hero and heroine who are interesting as long as the plot lets them alone; bits of folk lore, given with freshness and rare humor. The story of "Dan Hoyser, the great Irish poet, and how he met Venus in the mountains of High Germany," is a delicious excursion, and though, — or possibly because, — it has nothing to do with the main plot, it alone makes the book worth owning. The reader of *Hangman's House* must do a lot of winnowing, but the kernels of wheat are well worth the trouble.

Viola Paradise.

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Light in a Fog

This small volume EVOLUTION AND RELIGION IN EDUCATION by Henry Fairfield Osborn (Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.00), is a collection of various brief articles which were called forth by the late Mr. Bryan's railings against the theory of Evolution and by the public excitement over the Scopes trial. These clamors and the outcry in the newspapers made it plain that millions of people in this country had but the vaguest notions of what the controversy over Evolution was about. They regarded Evolution as a dangerous subject which threatened to destroy religion and morality. Even to think about it was sinful.

Mr. Osborn's whole life has been devoted to the question of Evolution, and his experience reaches back to the period when similar outcries were raised in England. He is aware of the importance of awakening our people at large to an understanding of the question, even as his friends Huxley and Tyndal had done in the Eighteen Eighties. He differs from most scientists in that Science with Osborn has never been a passion that consumed all other interests, but has taken its place beside religion, education, and the duties of citizenship. Mr. Osborn has always been aware of the limitations of Science, — the very question which is at the present moment agitating the most advanced thinkers on the subject, and which they have arrived at very slowly. He is a man of wide reading; his activities have brought him into more kinds of contact with humanity both in Europe and America than any one else in this country can claim, and he writes with enthusiasm, touching upon every side of the evolutionary question that can be made comprehensible to a popular audience.

The collection of essays ought to give the average American a new idea of the modern scientific thinker, whom he has been taught to regard as a monster; and incidentally it will serve to give the general reader a bird's-eye view of the various skulls and bones of prehistoric man, together with the dates of their discovery, and their supposed relation to certain geological epochs. This review of the bones is extraordinarily interesting and might, I should think, even serve a specialist as a convenient summary of the subject.

The short chapter on "How to Teach Science" would of itself justify the volume. "Science," says Osborn, "should at first be taught only from Nature herself, under the apprenticeship of a sympathetic and skilful teacher." "Following direct observations of Nature under the teacher's guidance, there should be brief and simple lessons and verifications from books."

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

Two Ardent Spirits

For those who believe in the Magic of Words there is much ammunition in the letters AL. Would Cain have killed his brother had his name not begun and ended with these ominous letters? It would be rash to dogmatize. But certainly Socrates would never have drunk hemlock had it not been for Alcibiades, nor would Rome have been sacked but for Alaric. Think what the Albatross did for the Ancient Mariner, Alchemy for the science of the Middle Ages, and the *Alabama* for the relations of Great Britain and the United States. Alfred was equally devastating as regards the cakes; even Al Smith became a storm-centre; and then there is Alcohol.

Could anything but Alcohol arouse the passions of the statistician? Dr. Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics at Yale University and America's most respected economist, has been an abstainer for thirty years, yet even the dry figures with which he is concerned whet his appetite for violent language. Alcohol, he says in PROHIBITION AT ITS WORST (The Macmillan Company, $1.50), is "out of place in the human body"; those who drink it are "playing with dynamite". It is one of "the marauders, the robbers, the disease spreaders, the enslavers, and the killers," an insidious enemy "implanting in the breasts of future millions a drug craving".

From this standpoint, Professor Fisher proceeds to sink the bait by which he seeks to elicit our suffrages in the waters of statistics. He condemns prohibition referenda as nullifying, disrespectful of the Constitution, futile, misleading, unrepresentative, and insincere, and sets to

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work as an expert to justify these adjectives by showing both that America has saved $6,000,000,000 in increased productivity due to the Volstead act, and by exposing the figures which the wets presented before the Senate in their efforts for its repeal. There is little doubt that his able analysis of the charts prepared by the Moderation League must be accepted, and wet statisticians must beware of the Professor in future. Social, moral, and gastronomic arguments are all he leaves them.

On the retrospective side, too, devotees of the bottle must cease to beat about the bush, and uncork something choicer than they have yet provided for the historically minded. For in his PROHIBITION IN THE UNITED STATES (George H. Doran Co., $5.00), Dr. D. Leigh Colvin has produced a survey of the liquor problem from 1789 onward which no one can afford to neglect, strongly though he may resent the author's propagandist bias. It is curious, however, that while Mrs. Carry Nation receives a page of appreciation, the volume fails to assist the inquisitive to "place" Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson. Dr. Colvin himself was nominee of the Prohibitionist Party for Vice-President of the United States in 1920; and in spite of his apparently dispassionate chronicle, the literature of the extreme prohibitionist left wing has revealed no more ardent spirit.

A. M.

Metaphysical Ninepins

Judging by the two volumes which have come to hand, the best thing about "The Library of Contemporary Thought", published by Alfred A. Knopf, is its title. No doubt a certain mentally ambitious section of the public will subscribe to this series in a laudable desire to learn what the thinkers of various nations are thinking, but if they find out they are welcome, in advance, to the hearty congratulations of the present reviewer, who for his part has not found out.

A handbook of philosophy is apt to succumb to two evils: either it turns out to be a glorified index or a game of ninepins in which one philosopher's theories are carefully set up for another philosopher to bowl down, the process continuing till all the names on the list are used up and every theory felled.

Dr. Isaac Benrubi in his account of THE CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF FRANCE ($2.50), displays the indexing type of mind. Scarcely a man who has produced a metaphysical monograph in France (or Switzerland) within the last half century but is allotted a paragraph or a page, under one of these three illuminating heads: Empiric Positivism; Critico-Epistemological Idealism; Metaphysico-Spiritual Positivism. This furnishes a precise and futile record of what Littré borrowed from Comte, Taine from Littré, Lévy-Bruhl from Durkheim, Claude Bernard from Renouvier, Bergson from Boutroux, not to mention a score of others whose names are of great interest to those bent upon the perpetuation of pedantry.

Dr. Angelo Crespi, in the CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF ITALY, doesn't run to indices, possibly because his poor country has only two really outstanding contemporary thinkers. To these two, Croce and Gentile, he devotes the greater part of his book, his method being to set up an idea and knock it flat, then another and another and another; and though he is a doughty bowler, the exercise does far more to toughen the sinews of *his* mind than it does for the mere spectator of the game.

The plain truth of the matter is, if you wish to know what conclusions they've come to in France and Italy, you may as well go direct to the difficult sources and read a few pages of Boutroux, Bergson, Croce, Gentile. At least you will then get hold of a few thoughts into which you can sink your intellectual teeth, to say nothing of the aesthetic gratification afforded by the works of these great stylists, as contrasted with the tight feeling in the head and the sensation (or would they call it emotion?) of sheer boredom which will be your reward for ploughing through the pages of their conscientious interpreters.

FRANK C. DAVISON.

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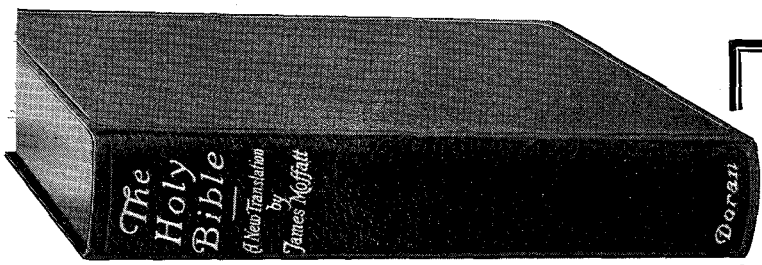

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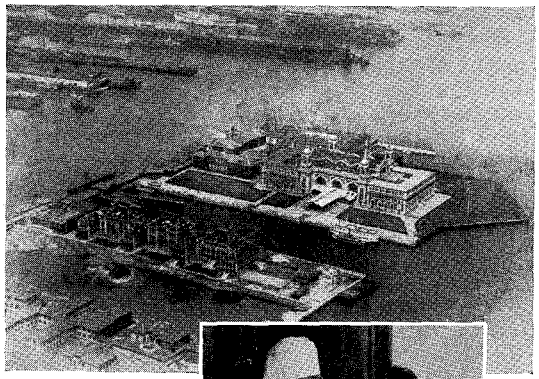
Saluting the Skyscrapers



Our House of Welcome

Ellis Island By Liberty Darkened

See Page 331

An Infant Arrival

An Immigrant Family

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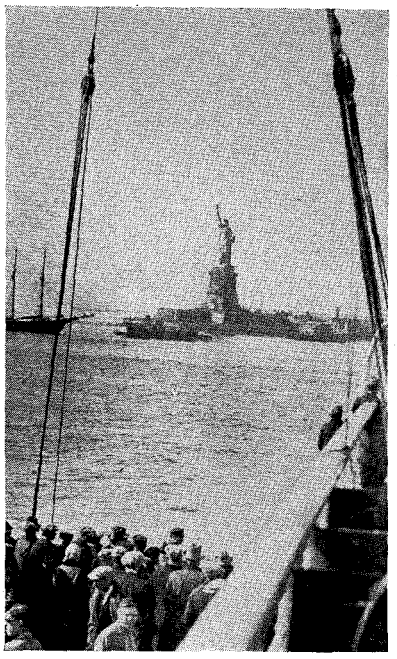
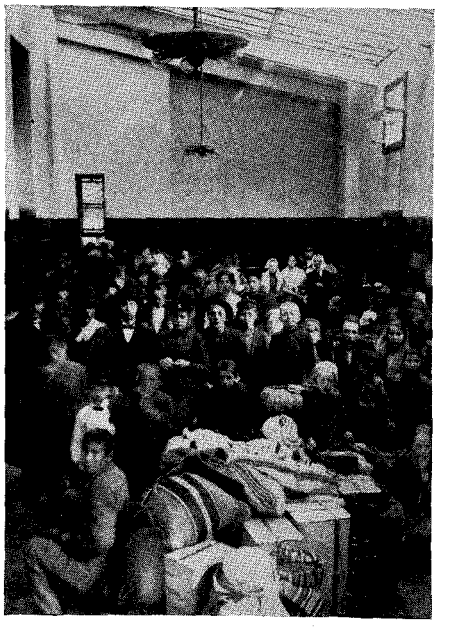
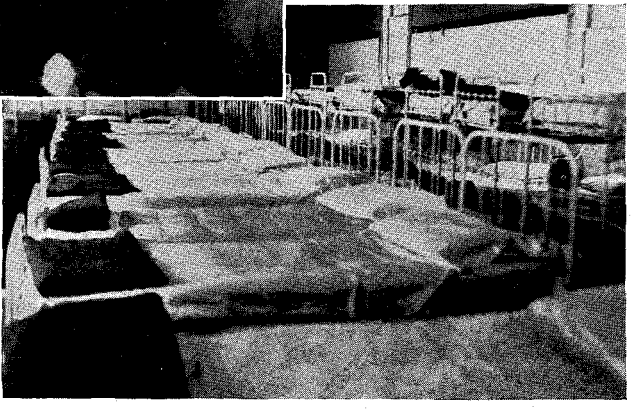


Liberty?



Detention

The Inner Man



Two Tier Beds for Women

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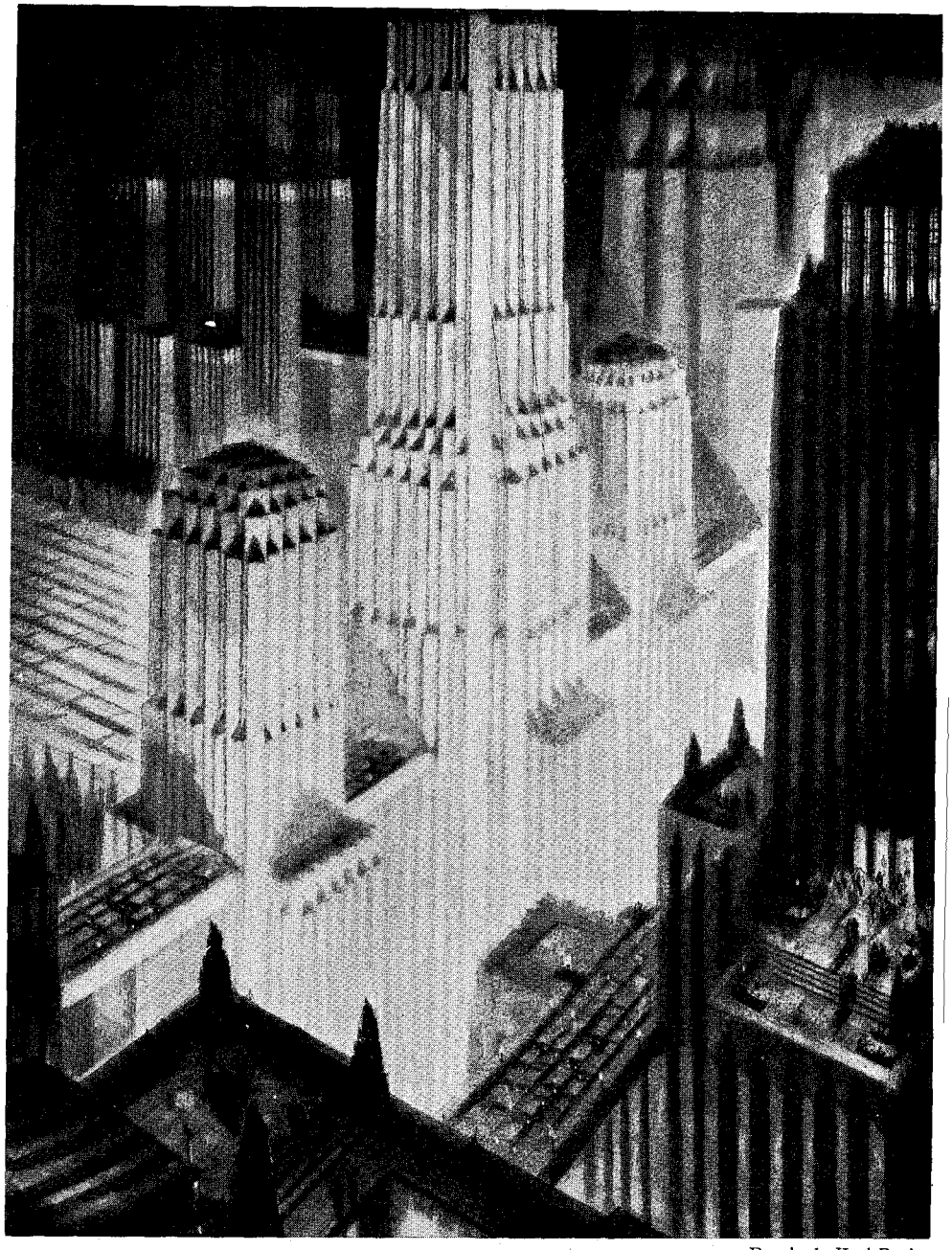

Drawing by Hugh Ferriss
Courtesy Corona Mundi
International Art Center

An American architect's impression of an Imaginary City of the Future, — a city which is destined to be scientific in the opinion of Thomas Edison, and one in which only chaos can result in the opinion of Thomas Hastings, famous architect who will continue the skyscraper discussion next month, unless there is a limitation to the height of buildings in the great metropolitan centres of America

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